THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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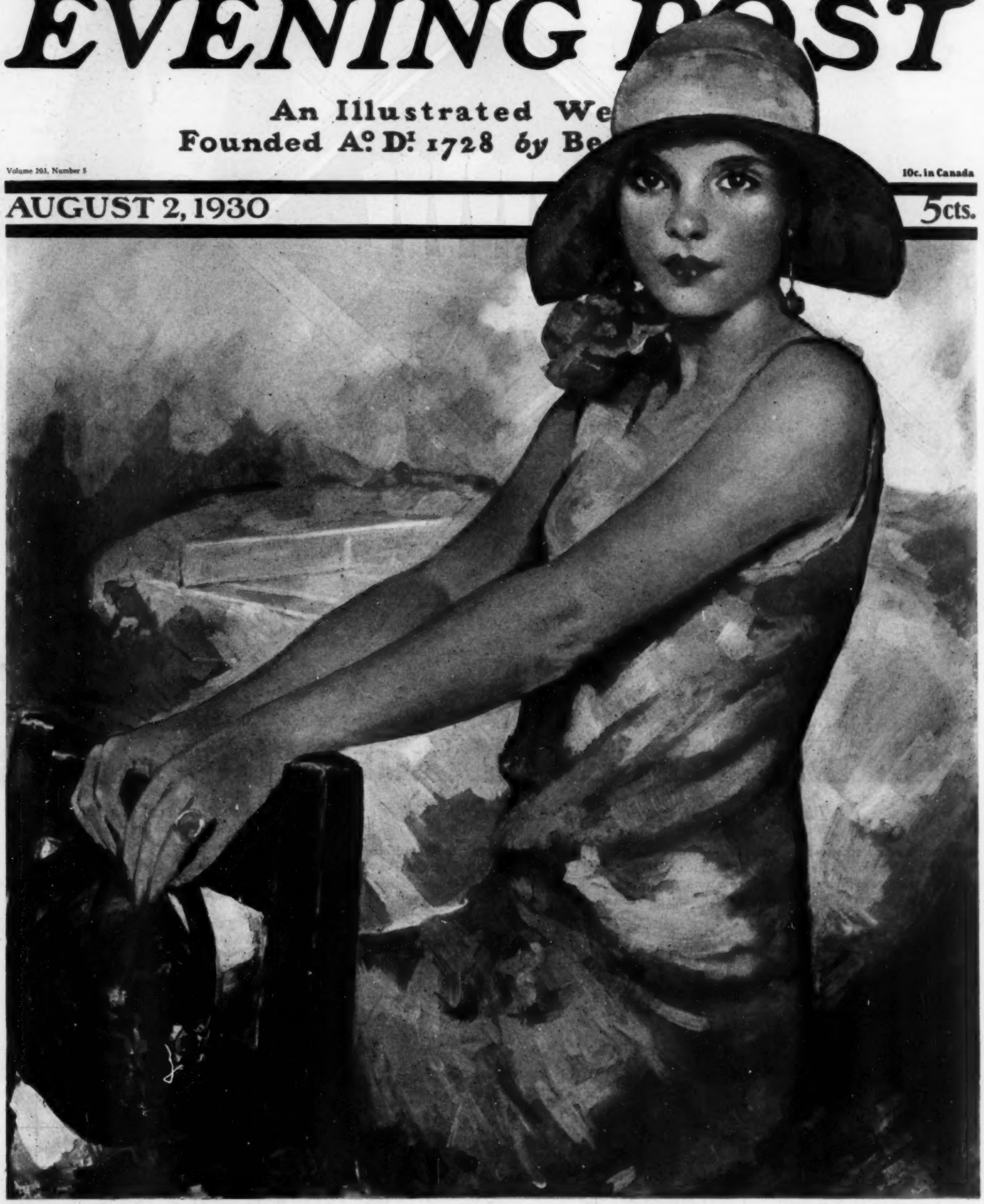
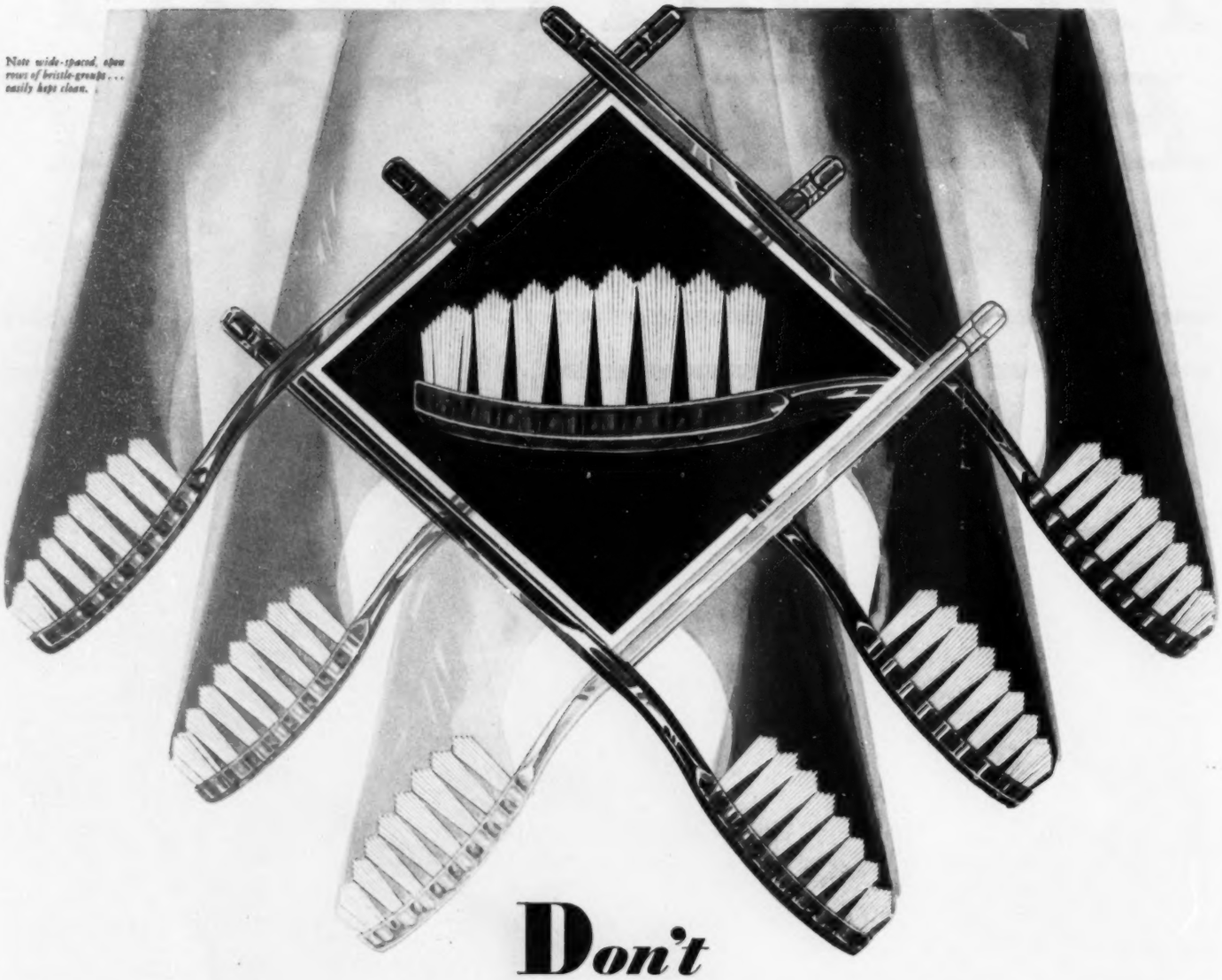


Sophie Kerr—Garet Garrett—John P. Marquand—Margaret Culkin Banning
Horatio Winslow—Alfred Pearce Dennis—Henry Ford—Nunnally Johnson



Note wide-spaced, open rows of bristle-groups . . . easily kept clean.

Don't risk UNCONSCIOUS NEGLECT of teeth!

This famous toothbrush stops it—at once

BRUSHING your teeth with a brush that doesn't clean them is Unconscious Neglect. And it's a common evil—because lots of brushes can't clean your teeth.

Brushes of clumsy, bulky design *can't* clean teeth thoroughly. Inferior bristles *can't* clean properly.

DR. WEST'S—the modern toothbrush!—*stops* unconscious neglect of your teeth because it cleans thoroughly: inside, outside, and between all teeth.

Its design is correct: 20% to 50% smaller than awkward old-type brushes. It will reach and clean every tooth, every crevice, in *any* mouth.

Its bristles are the finest-quality toothbrush bristles to be secured in the world. No others are used in DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. *No other 50c toothbrush provides them.* Even when wet they remain erect—cleansing and polishing.

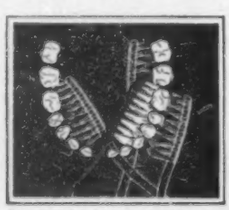
DR. WEST'S brushes come to you "surgically clean"—thoroughly sterilized, specially sealed, untouched until you open the package. As further protection for users, any DR. WEST'S brush that proves defective is promptly replaced by dealers everywhere.

Get some and *stop the risk of unconscious neglect.* All good stores have them for each one in your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "professional" size, 50c. Six beautiful colors of handles.

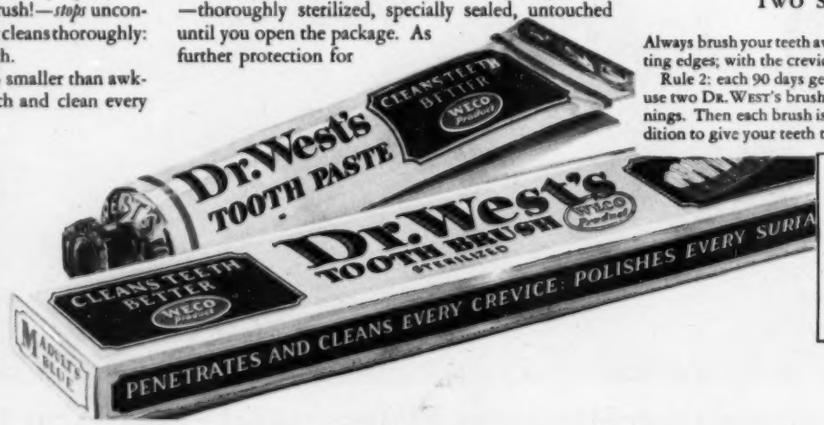
TWO SIMPLE RULES:

Always brush your teeth away from the gums—towards the cutting edges; with the crevices, never across. Dentists urge this.

Rule 2: each 90 days get a new brush. Better still, keep and use two DR. WEST'S brushes—one for mornings, one for evenings. Then each brush is always dry, sweet and clean, in condition to give your teeth the most thorough cleansing.



SWEEPS all crevices clean. Reaches and cleanses every tooth in any mouth. Premium-quality bristles are always erect—cleansing and polishing!



America is giving sensational success to DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste, also. It adds gentle double-polishing to the most thorough cleansing.*

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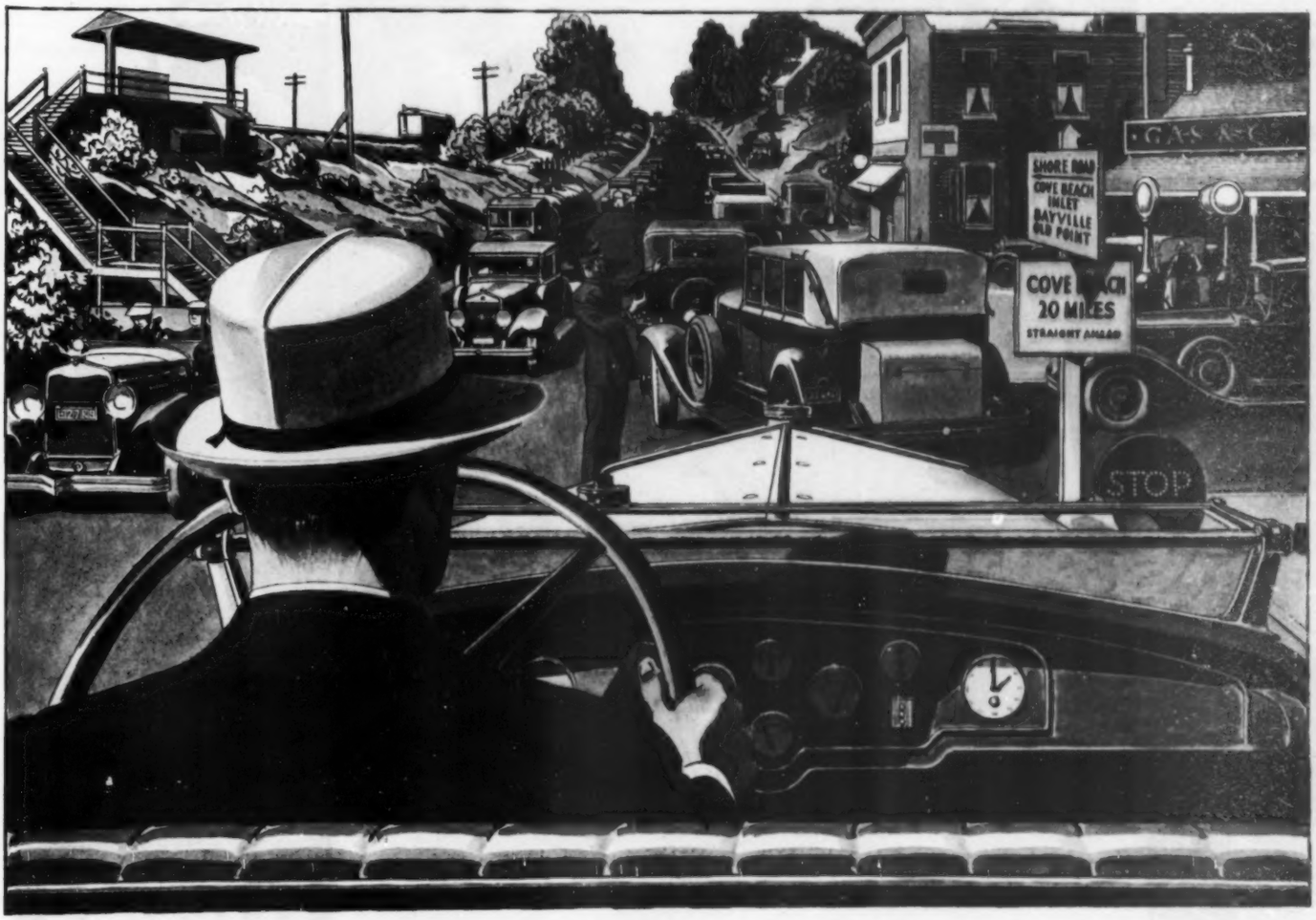
20 miles by *Road* - 1 hour by *clock*



A traffic-clogged road is a 20-mile road at best. If our 60-mile-an-hour cars are ever going to do even 40 as dependable running time, wider roads and safer roads are the only possible solution.

HAVE you noticed that many of our automobile manufacturers now proudly advertise that their cars are good at going slow?

"Throttles down to a crawl"—"Three miles per hour in high"—"Wonderful in heavy traffic"—vivid expressions of America's thwarted desire for speed and opportunity to use it safely.

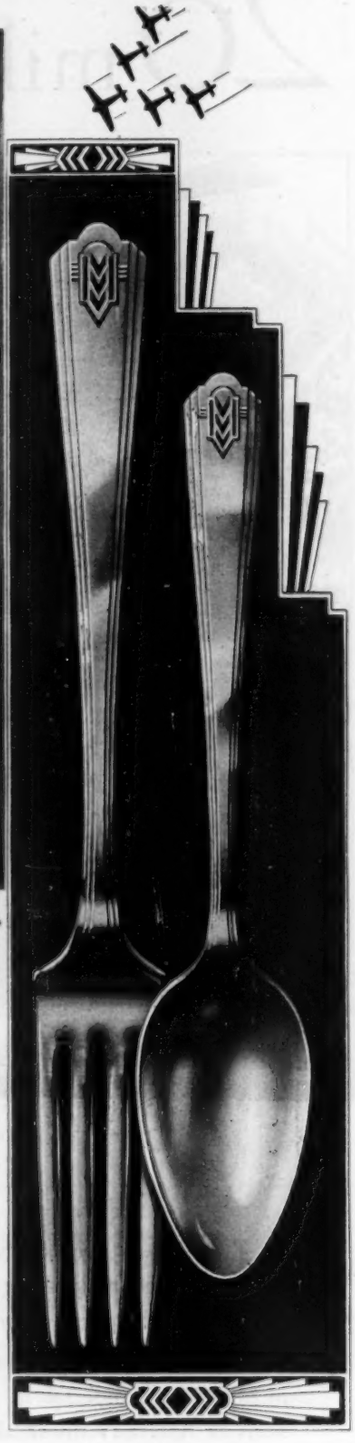
Yet no country in the world is more "sold" on the good roads *ideal.* Everybody believes in it. Two billion a year is spent on it. $2,000,000,000—yet 83 per cent of our roads are still unimproved! Before we ask for "more money for roads," hadn't we better study the possibilities of "more road for the money"?

Wider roads—smoother roads—safer roads. The low cost of Tarvia construction and maintenance will bring any community nearer to these goals. Meager road appropriations develop possibilities of greater accomplishment after one investigates the cost of doing the job with Tarvia.

The Tarvia organization is not a recent convert to, but the originator of, the *low-cost* idea. As such, it can be of immeasurable assistance to any community that wants more roads for the money. The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

Tarvia
GOOD ROADS at LOW COST

THE SWIFT, SURE GRACE OF PLANES SOARING IN ECHELON FORMATION INSPIRES "CHEVRON," NEW HEIRLOOM DESIGN



"CHEVRON"—*Modern as Youth itself*

TO YOUTH—dreaming of soaring planes and hopes—living the sweet, swift ecstasy of *now*—the beauty of today comes silver-bright in "Chevron," the newest design in WM. A. ROGERS HEIRLOOM.

"Chevron"—spirit of speeding squadrons in the sky—brings, to the table where the Modern Hostess reigns, the slender grace, the clear, crisp modern rhythms of sophisticated smartness.

As "Chevron" is her design, so HEIRLOOM is her Silverware—for Modern Youth must have the best—and HEIRLOOM quality, guaranteed for a Century of Service, is wrought to aristocratic standards.

That is why HEIRLOOM is truly exclusive—why it cannot be had from every jeweler. So famous a Silverware—of so superb a quality—can only be entrusted to jewelers or silverware departments of highest repute. The manufacturers of HEIRLOOM have especially selected them because they are representative of HEIRLOOM quality and HEIRLOOM service.

Ask the *selected* HEIRLOOM jeweler near your home to show you the new "Chevron" design. Make sure you see how it looks in a complete service.

You will be amazed to know how little such a service will cost you.

Complete Services in WM. A. ROGERS HEIRLOOM *may be had for as little as twenty-nine dollars.*

WM. A. ROGERS HEIRLOOM which has been for years a standard of quality and beauty of design for fine silverware, is created by the same silversmiths who create the famous 1881 ROGERS

WM. A. ROGERS HEIRLOOM

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KAYO! OKE!

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

At Such Moments Mr. Gomez Would Come Back at Mr. Plotski With Short, Snappy, Pistonlike, Binging Jabs

IT IS difficult, I must admit, for a woman like myself, who has suffered much with neuritis, and is not—well, not in my first youth, and, I don't see why we couldn't call it prettily, as the French do, of a certain age—yes, it is sometimes difficult to be as modern as I should like to be. There is another drawback, and that is Wilbur, my husband, for Wilbur is not modern in any way and glories in it. He is a conservative, an old-line Republican, a fundamentalist, and he detests Stravinsky and Schœnberg so much that I believe he would do something violent if either of them ever came personally to Newton City.

I say to him sometimes: "Wilbur, times have changed, and we must at least inform ourselves as to what is going on," but he always answers, "Why?" Which is quite unanswerable in any convincing way.

Nevertheless, I do my best. I take in two of those queer weeklies full of sneers and hate of everything American and praise for Russia, but I read them when Wilbur is out of the house and keep them put away in my bottom bureau drawer under my silk knickers. I listen to modern music and try to keep an open mind, even though it does sound to me like feeding time in the Zoo. I read modern books; though after some of the most sewerish I do have bad sick headaches. That is, however, as far as I can go. I cannot speak the modern language accurately, and I will not replace the furniture Wilbur's ancestors and mine left us with chairs and tables made of boxes and iron pipe, nor will I give up our pieces of Staffordshire and old Chelsea for china and pottery beasts and birds in misshapen shapes and wild colors. I would not do this under any circumstances, and the fact that Wilbur would undoubtedly divorce me if I did has nothing to do with my stand in the matter. A husband can be obtained almost anywhere, but a beautiful and harmonious environment of antique treasures is rare and enormously valuable.

Of course, Newton City is a progressive place, and moves with the times, and, naturally, I am proud of that as a citizen and a native-born Newton Citian. We are fortunate in having many well-to-do people who take an active interest in all that concerns the city's welfare, and when I say active, I certainly mean active. We never see a worthy cause but that we get out and do something for it, and we are fortunate enough to have in our midst a woman who is a born leader in all good works, with plenty of money to put things through. This is Mrs. Amy Romanay Jones, whose husband, Caleb Romanay Jones, died some years ago and left her the gas works, the electric-light plant, the trolley system and a perfect gold mine of land suitable for real-estate propositions of various sorts. Mrs. Romanay Jones and her two daughters, Eleanor and Genevieve, are all women of advanced views and practical brains and splendid energy, and they have developed and increased all the property left them in a way which Caleb himself could not have bettered, and Caleb Romanay Jones was, as Wilbur says, a little coarsely, I fear, but with truth in his statement, "One of those men whose money breeds money like guinea pigs breed guinea piglets." Naturally, Mrs. Romanay Jones has been chiefly responsible for the increase in her fortune, but the two girls have been able aids to her.

And nobody need think that because they are all so smart they are also homely and rawboned, even if it is an axiom that smart women are never handsome. Amy Romanay Jones is simply magnificent. She is tall and ample, but not a bit fat; her head is almost Grecian; she has regular features and a good color, and her hair is just beginning to turn gray, and is thick and has a slight natural wave, and her eyes are large and dark and shining, and she does not wear glasses except for the telephone book or print as fine as it is. Even Wilbur admits that she is truly Junoesque, and Wilbur is inclined to be a little severe about her because she is so much in the public eye, and he believes that woman's place is in the home. As for Genevieve and Eleanor, they are a pair of beauties; fine, upstanding, athletic girls, full of dynamic energy every minute. They are great favorites among the younger set of Newton City, and rightly so.

Besides her engrossing business activities, Mrs. Romanay Jones gives much time and money to charities and general public works. Being a leader by instinct, she finds opportunity in these to shape our civic life in a beneficial way. She is prominent in the Newton City Hospital, Newton City Improvement League, Newton City Orphans' Home, Newton City Home for the Aged of Both Sexes, Polyhymnia Musical Union, Art Center, Handicraft Guild, the Public Library, Song-in-the-Home Club, W. C. T. U., Plant More Trees Club, Mothers' Club, Y. W. C. A., the Cultural Encouragement Club, Playground Association, Women's Political Education Club, and many, many others. It was no surprise to me, therefore, to have her call me up about a new organization which she felt the city needed.

"Lucetta," she said, "could you come in to tea tomorrow? I want your help. I am asking Elvira Delphane and Marie Matthis and one or two more of our most prominent women to discuss something which is of great importance to us all."

Of course I could go, for when Amy Romanay Jones asks my help I am pleased and glad to give it, and I may say that in the past I have, in my feeble way, been able to strengthen and uphold her in more than one trying situation. The occasion when Baron Holtzapfel lectured here, for instance, and we were obliged to subdue him and cut off his whiskers. I did not wield the shears, but I held his left arm as in a vise while the deed was done. Wilbur told me afterward that I was *particeps criminis* in committing mayhem, or something like that, but with Amy Romanay Jones to guide me, I would go farther and do worse, indeed I would.

When I arrived at the Jones mansion the next afternoon I found that, besides myself and my hostess and Elvira and Marie, there was only Virginia Haller, making five in all, and without any flattery we five are the vanguard of all Newton City's best social enterprises, using the word "social" to indicate both regular conventional society affairs and social service to our native place.

No sooner had the tea been poured and the cinnamon toast passed than Amy began to explain why we were there. In her direct and lucid way she told us that she was shocked and grieved at the present status of the English language in Newton City; that not only were there a large number of foreigners in the mill district who spoke no English at all, but that our younger generation, many of them of excellent families, expressed themselves in words incomprehensible to ears trained to the exquisite cadences of Shakspere and Milton and Wordsworth. I have never read much Milton myself, but I knew what she meant, of course. Picking up a book from a pile on a table near by, Mrs. Romanay Jones read the following sentence to us: "She did not want to be no palooka's wife."

"What is a palooka?" asked Marie Matthis.

"Something Eskimo, isn't it?" ventured Elvira Delphane. "You know, they have igloos and parkas and mukluks."

But Amy Romanay Jones did not reply. She turned to another place in the book and read another sentence: "That boy gets rid of money faster than nobody else—why, he no sooner got his split for the last go than he lost half of it on a full-time digger." Then she turned to another page: "He's in a good racket; he gets mash notes by the ton."

From a second book she read: "No kid, baby, it's a pipe the wet smack's sunk for keeps." Then: "Boloney, ten grand'll square the skirt for all her hot chatter."

"Now, have you any idea," said Mrs. Romanay Jones, "whether I am reading English or Eskimo, as Elvira suggested? Of course I am giving you isolated bits, without the context, which might offer a hint as to meaning. But it is not only literature which gives us such jargon but life also. All about me I hear strange, vulgar expressions, meaningless words. Even familiar and respectable words indicate something quite different from their rightful definition. 'Green kale,' I am credibly informed, is no longer an ordinary vegetable, but paper money. Now, my friends, I will not tire you with instances. I think this desecration of our native tongue has gone far enough. I propose that we form an Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to the English Language, and in our small way beat back the rising tide of gibberish."

"But what can we do?" asked Virginia Haller. "Why, my own children talk in a way that is extraordinary. I'm often obliged to ask what they mean."

"We can begin very simply," said Mrs. Romanay Jones, "by speaking good English in our homes and refusing to answer our children when they lapse into argot. We will enlist the aid of the teachers in the public schools and bring the matter to the attention of our local editors. But first of all, we need an organization, a fund and some first-rate publicity. We can form the organization now, and we can get our fund and our publicity by giving a large pay entertainment."

"Oh, Amy, I think you're wonderful!" I cried at this. I could not help it. Such generalship! Such inspiring ideas! "What sort of an entertainment ought we to have?"

"Something modern, in step with the times," replied Amy instantly.

"But aren't we," objected Marie, who mistakenly thinks herself intellectual—"aren't we organizing to combat modernity in language? Would it, therefore, be logical to have a modern entertainment?"

"We are not organizing to combat modernity in language, but the debasement and defilement of language. And if we do not have a modern entertainment we shall not make any money." Dear Amy, always so practical!

"Don't let's have a play," I begged, "even a modern one. Remember the row in the Dramatic Club."

"And don't let's have a kermess," said Virginia, "for I cannot stand seeing the Travers girls dressed up as Italian peasants again."

"And don't let's have a society vaudeville," said Elvira, "or Rosa Smith will wish herself on us to do her Spanish dance."

"And Bob Clawson will insist on singing comic songs," added Marie bitterly.

"I am sure," said I, "that our hostess has some suggestion which will be at once novel and interesting."

Mr. Pietski Became Very Angry. "Say, Wotcha Game?" He Said Very Rudely. "Wotsa Big Idear of Kidden My Talk? Can'cha Unnerstand the English Langwich?"

"Thank you, Lucetta," said Amy. "Yes, ladies, I have a suggestion. I think we should have a prize fight. In the new stadium."

"Prize fights are not exactly modern," said Marie, "are they?"

"It is modern, however, and very modern, for women to attend prize fights; that has not been generally done until the last few years. Also, it will be an innovation in Newton City. We have never had any large prize fights here, in my recollection. And it will be modern, indeed, for women to manage a prize fight."

"I think it will be lovely," I said. "I've often listened to prize fights on the radio, and they sound fascinating. And besides, if we who are here today sponsor it, it will be a great success; we can say that of ourselves without flattery." And I looked particularly at Marie, who likes to fancy herself as much of a leader as Amy Romanay Jones. She at once became more complacent. It is in little ways like this that I have managed to make my coöperation with Amy really helpful, and it is because she appreciates my unobtrusive assistance that I have become more intimately associated with her than any other woman in Newton City.

Now, it is the way of our little group that, having once determined on what to do, we proceed to go ahead and do it. As the warm days of June were near, and there is a full moon every month—such a nice arrangement—we at once rented the stadium just before the moon would be at its fullest, because at that time it seldom rains, and we were, naturally, anxious about the weather. However, the manager of the stadium—a pleasant young man named Perkins, but no relation to the Mather Perkinses who live on the Boulevard Drive—said that if it rained we could postpone the fight to the first clear night if we liked.

Having rented the stadium and made such satisfactory arrangements about the weather, the next thing we had to consider was, who was going to fight. I had not the faintest idea of how pugilists are procured, and neither had any of the other members of the committee. Even Amy Romanay Jones did not know, but she is so resourceful that it did not bother her for a minute.

"We will consult the sporting editor of the Newton City Orbit," she said.

So Amy, Virginia and I drove down to the Orbit office, and really I was surprised to find out how downright grubby a newspaper office is. I didn't expect Oriental rugs and mahogany furniture, naturally—but it was so bare! It was so untidy! And by far the greater number of the men working there had taken off their coats, but had kept their hats on their heads. I have always believed in the dignity and power of the press, and I was shocked. Perhaps editors can be dignified and powerful in their shirt sleeves, but they certainly do not look it.

We made some inquiries for the sporting-page editor, and finally reached a small room crammed with three desks and three typewriting machines, a coat rack—in use—three chairs, an amazing amount of paper litter, and quantities of tobacco smoke. There was a man in there, semibald and very bulgy in his clothes, but, nevertheless, not unintelligent-looking, as I observed at once.

When he saw us he rose and said "Good God!" and made a desperate effort to fix his tie and collar, as both were hanging open.

As it turned out, he was the sporting editor and his name was Trevor, but no relation to the Worthington Trevors on Acacia Avenue, for I asked him later. He seemed surprised when we stated our errand—yes, he seemed downright astonished.

He kept saying: "You ladies want to put on a bout at the stadium for the benefit of the English language? Well, well, well, well!" And he kept rubbing his chin and looking from one to the other of us.

But he was very nice. He brought in another chair from somewhere, and though we were very crowded, we all managed to sit down. We told him about Mr. Perkins, and he said, "Yeah, I know Jim Perkins." We told him about the weather, and he said, "Yeah, that's usual."

When we got to the matter of hiring prize fighters he rose and stared out of the window with his back to us.

"It's this way," he said at last: "You can't put on a title match or anything like that, and if I were you I'd stop right now calling it a prize fight and call it a boxing exhibition."

"It does sound better," said Virginia. "Prize fight is rather a rough term."

"I prefer to call it a prize fight," said Amy; "I believe more people will come to a prize fight than to a boxing exhibition."

Then Mr. Trevor explained to us that prize fights are illegal in our state, but boxing exhibitions are not. We could not comprehend why, and at last he said: "Take it or leave it, that's the fact, and it doesn't really matter, does it? I mean, you can't change it, and it has nothing to do with your own party. Let's get on to details."

So we went on to details, and that man was a mine of information—yes, a perfect mine! He explained about the size and shape of the ring, which, oddly enough, is square instead of being round, as you would suppose by its being called a ring. He told us about the length of rounds, and about the referee, and the seconds, and the announcer, and all the different weights, and the proper gloves, and—well, I can't remember it all, but it was most instructive and interesting; quite a little world of its own. He said we ought to have several fights on our program—preliminaries, he called them—before the best fight, because one fight does not last very long—not long enough for an entire entertainment.

"Sometimes," he said, "even in a ten-round match, one of the lads runs into the other's mitt for a kayo and it's all over in the second or third round."

"What is a kayo?" I asked.

"Kayo is short for knock-out, and a knock-out means that the fighter is unable to go on fighting until after the referee has counted ten. If he gets up at the nine count he goes on fighting."

"But look here," said Amy; "we don't want anything like that. We must stipulate in our arrangement that each man must fight the full ten rounds, even if he is knocked out. Otherwise our audience will feel cheated."

Mr. Trevor groaned, opened his mouth to speak, but seemed to think better of it. He sat there mopping his forehead and looking queer and distressed. The heat, doubtless—it was a warm day for May and, as I said, he was stout.

"We haven't found out yet where we hire the fighters," Virginia reminded him.

He mopped his brow again. "Well, ladies," he said, "if you will go down to the Columbia Gymnasium on Burrow Street, and ask for Pete Ranse, and say I sent you, I believe he will fix you up with a full card. But don't let him gyp you.

(Continued on Page 78)

POINTS SOUTH—By Garet Garrett

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

CLIPPED to the hotel menu card is a little folder entitled, Points of Interest in Richmond. Among them you may particularly notice these three: Tomb of President James Monroe, Hollywood Cemetery; tomb of President John Tyler, Hollywood Cemetery; tomb of President Jefferson Davis, Hollywood Cemetery. Jefferson Davis was never President of the United States.

Points of interest may as well be unexpected as historic. For example, in the window of the Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, an illustration of tolerance: Something About Eve, by James Branch Cabell; Lummox, by Fannie Hurst; a reference to The Rogue Song, showing in the movie theater across the street.

Then, in Richmond it may be that you will notice for the first time the natural way of a Southerner with a situation of fact, which is to stalk it. When you pull up at the curb in the middle of the block and ask where a certain hotel is, you may expect the answer to be as simple as you think the question is. You are wrong, to begin with. It is not a simple question. The Southerner's mind will compound it for you. He looks at you, at the license plate on your car, at you again, then right and left along the street.

Presently he says, "I think you'd better turn around and go back to the next crossing. Then you can see it."

"Right or left at the crossing to see it?"

"Left."

"Then, why can't I keep on around the block from here, to the right?"

"Yes," he says doubtfully—"yes, you can do it that way."

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A Native of Sapelo Island, on Her Way to Town With an Ox-Drawn Farm Wagon

As you do it that way you may wonder what was going on in his mind all that time. Why couldn't he have said at once, "Go on around the block until you see it, on the corner diagonally opposite"? Well, for several reasons. First, he is amazed that you have passed the hotel without seeing it. Then he looks to see if there is anything legally wrong with you, and next at the license plate to see where such dumbness is from. You have asked where the hotel is. That is not what you want to know. You should have asked how to get to it. Having revised your question accordingly, he asks himself one. If he were you, what would he do? But he doesn't answer his own question. He rejects it. What he would do if he were you, he cannot properly say, because he cannot imagine himself passing the largest hotel in town without seeing it, and looking for it all the time. He must take you as you are in the circumstances given. The shortest way for you. To turn around is a little awkward; on the other hand, it is improbable that you will be able to lose yourself in one block. If he sends you around the block, you may keep going round and round, or you may turn up at the graveyard. So he tells you to turn, go back to the next crossing and look. All that is what went on in his mind, and he was too polite to tell you.

BLACK ANKLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

This is backwoods in the plateau country, above the old sea floor to the east and before the mountains on the west. Near here is a jug graveyard. Instead of headstones or headboards, the graves are marked by jugs—common jugs, except that the potter seals the mouth. Not merely an empty jug, therefore; a jug doomed to emptiness. A grim and simple symbol, yet with some lowly grandeur in it.

People are native here in a conscious way. One says, "I came here in 1670," or another, "I have been here since 1720," meaning the stock of him and when it appeared in this environment. From this, you would think it had struck deeply into the soil and was culturally rooted there. But the relation of the North Carolina backwoodsman to the soil is still what it must have been always—insolent and wheedling. Just enough is plenty. Nature is soft, good-humored, a little too easily persuaded, like a woman more to be desired for herself alone than to be recommended for good housekeeping. As it is not altogether good for a man to love that kind of woman, or better to have one that nags him to enterprise, so neither is it well for him to find Nature in this pleasurable mood, never provoking him to arrogance or to wrestle with her for mastery.

It was true pioneer stock. To get here at all, it had to be moved by a spirit of high adventure. What happened to that spirit? Not why did the pioneer stop in North Carolina. Take that to be the irresistible temptation. But having stopped in just these woods, why was he never minded to transform his environments? The same stock might have had a very different history in New England. Inertia fell upon it here. Nothing else detrimental appears to have happened. Strong, fertile, rich in natural intelligence, realistic, jealous and proud, it is fine stock still. On its tongue are words of Elizabethan time and traces of Chaucer. To buss is to kiss. Post is postie, nest is nestie, wasps are wasties. To scatter is to squander. For intent, or to say what one means or means not to do the locution is, "I aim." For example, "I don't aim he shall ever see me again." Of a prying person it is said, "She is the proganest mortal alive." Moonshiners are blockaders. Classical names are brought to baptism: Homers, Jasons and Fraines—the last obviously a slight corruption of Phryne.

The backwoods woman has, perhaps, never understood what it was that detained her man in these thin pines on a lazy land while so many others went on, or what happened to him there. Her history is written in coverlets. From her little world of log cabins there were no roads out, no place to go if there had been roads, in any case no money to buy anything with. The life was self-contained. All things of use and need they made themselves—shelter, furniture, utensils, clothing. We of sophisticated taste now see in such objects as the crossroads cupboard, the pine table, the crude pottery and the homespun textiles the æsthetic values of folk craft. But to the backwoods people it is all backwoods stuff, and this is, perhaps, particularly true in the feelings of the women. For them, too, many of these objects are associated with dull drudgery and with resentment at having had more than their share of that human curse. Their men were unmindful, dreamy, brooding. It is not so explained why they put the log cabin so far from the spring; sometimes as far as a quarter of a mile. Almost invariably they did. It was a pioneer idea. Lincoln's father did it, as Beveridge tells. Bringing the water was the woman's task. Spine trouble was her commonest ailing. Nevertheless, as she kept on the tongue of her race the habit of Elizabethan words, so she kept in her heart a craving for things to delight the eye alone, and she found time to express in weaving those exquisite coverlets now so prized by collectors. One a hundred years old may be as fresh in color as when it was made. The modern dye industry is seeking the formulas these women knew for making fast vegetable colors. The designs were often elaborate, and for each design there was what they called a form, written in a kind of code on bits of paper that passed from hand to hand. The names the different designs received tell you much of the hunger that caused this art to survive over drudgery, names such as Young Man's Fancy, Youth and Beauty, Frenchman's Delight, Bird of Paradise, Lover's Chain, Rose in the Wilderness, or, with a sense of humor, one called Missouri Trouble. They distilled the dyes, spun the yarn, worked the loom by hand, and between times wrote this backwoods tale of a woman's heart.

JUGTOWN, NORTH CAROLINA.

The name is right, but there is no such place. However, if you believe there is and keep insisting, local telling will bring you upon two log cabins in the woods. One is a house and one is a studio, both purposeful examples of the first and only pure American architecture. Behind these will be a potter's shed and back of that in the hollow some kilns, fired with wood. The clay mixer at one end of the shed is a round vat with a vertical wooden-toothed timber turning in it, and the turning of it is by a mule hitched to a beam overhead. The mule goes round and round the vat. The spirit is primitive, anti-machine age, willfully inefficient. The only way a folk craft may be revived is by willful inefficiency. Nevertheless, in another shed you will see the

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Street in Charleston, South Carolina

motor cars in which the potters come to work; also a motor truck for hauling the packed-up pottery to the railroad station. The machine has a stealthy way and the spirit is, after all, vulnerable. But how strange to see the descendants of the Staffordshire potters who settled here two centuries ago coming in motor cars to work as their fathers worked, in sheds like their fathers' sheds, turning their wheels by treadle as their fathers did, mixing their clay with a mule.

This is the original undertaking to revive the craft of pottery making as it was in North Carolina. The jug was the old potter's staple product; he made also whatever the wives wanted for their kitchens and tables—pitchers, crocks, bean pots, candlesticks, plates, cups and saucers—all in such simple forms as his hands instinctively knew. When he had made a wagonload he put a ring jug full of moonshine on his arm and went out to peddle his wares. There were Moravian potters and English potters from Staffordshire. To the Busbees, of Raleigh, who got the idea of bringing the craft back as a native art, it seemed that the forms handed down by the Staffordshire line were the best-looking. This preference determined where in the backwoods the name Jugtown should occur, for in that neighborhood were found some direct descendants of the Staffordshire men having still the feeling for plastic clay in their hands. When they had exhausted the possibilities of native forms they turned presently to Persian and Chinese shapes for bowls and jars, and there is now art in their hands where before there was only good craftsmanship.

Elsewhere in North Carolina, and in Virginia, too, rickety old potter's wheels have been set up again, fallen-in kilns have been dug out and restored, and a great quantity of ware is made for the whimsical motor-highway trade. There will presently be in the world a lot of crockery that is of no value whatever, except for the notion people had when they bought it that they were doing something to encourage the revival of a native folk art. That patter goes with the crock.

Generally the spirit is commercial. But even where it is otherwise, as at Jugtown, there is still a question whether lost or abandoned arts and crafts may be restored in a sound cultural sense.

For long generations these backwoods people make things for themselves and use them without knowing they are good-looking or that they have the slightest æsthetic value, never so much as thinking about it. Now come people from an outside world where the machine has displaced handicraft, and say to them: "These quaint old things are lovely. We want you to make some for us, just as you made them for yourselves, and we will pay you very well." But if they make these old-fashioned things again and sell them, and then buy modern machine-made things for themselves, as they are bound to do, wherein is their own enjoyment of native things, natively wrought? Moreover, will the hand have the true old feeling for the material when the thing to be made is not for use? The hand-wrought object may be, in fact, more æsthetic, more pleasing to cultivated perception, than the machine-made thing; yet even if these people had that feeling for it, that perception of it, still they could not afford to keep it for their own enjoyment. They would have to sell it. Suppose you found a backwoods woman to weave you a Youth and Beauty coverlet and paid her fair wages for the time it took her to do it. How would she spend the money? She would go the next week to town and buy herself ten times the quantity of machine-made fabric for her own use—not that she would prefer it but that she could have so much more; whereas before, having woven the coverlet, she lived with it and enjoyed it for the rest of her life. Motor cars come from afar to Jugtown and bear away objects to gratify the developed æsthetic sense; people are willing to pay for these objects much more than their value is for use. The potters who make them spend their wages and get their æsthetic thrills in the nearest chain merchandise store.

Now it is proposed in North Carolina and elsewhere to teach handicrafts in the public schools—pottery making, weaving, and so forth. Is it vocational or recreational? Everybody is a little vague at that point. If it is vocational and leads to a very extensive revival of folk craft in a machine age, then the product will be so cheapened by the increased supply that nobody will be able to make a living by it.

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

The Edgar Allan Poe Shrine, Richmond, Virginia

KINGSTREE,
SOUTH CAROLINA.

A proper guidebook might think to say: "As well here as anywhere else in the Old South observe the standard American anachronism"—if that were not too much of a word for a guidebook. A thing not belonging to the present, living out of its time, such is an anachronism. The setting for this one has some opera in it. Overhead the air mail glooming. On a broad concrete highway a purring stream of motor cars to and from Florida. And on either side of this highway the one-mule cotton farmer, very often plowing with one hand. He is an error of time, existing unawares. He knows what the year is. If you ask him, he will say it is 1930. But he does not know that he is still living in 1870. You could not explain to him that, as the rate of change now is in the world, sixty years are equal to several centuries of any past era. He does not know that in Texas and Oklahoma animal power has been displaced by machine power in cotton culture and that the amount of cotton so produced per man-hour of labor is four or five times what his can possibly be, running his labor parallel to the power of one mule. As a farmer, the man is a total loss. He can hardly produce enough to eke out with, let alone to support his share of a concrete highway or an air-mail service. Yet, in the Old South environment he is a figure so authentic and customary that his economic absurdity is locally unobserved.

Along the same concrete highway you will see the billboards of a Southern fertilizer company representing the one-mule cotton grower, more than life size, as its most optimistic customer, and talking about it to his one mule, Pete. It is not farming, really. It is cotton patching. And thousands of such cotton patchers produce each

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PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

The Famous Sword Gates of the Simonton House, Charleston

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Going After Weeds in a Dixie Cotton Field

THE SAME THINGS

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Do I Understand," Said Dennis Swale, "You've Come Here to Tell Me the Right Thing to Do?"

EVERYONE in our town knew Tom Swale. There is something in the echo of the name in our town still, though it is lost among all the other echoes whispering on the wind. Suppose you walked down Middle Street, past the old distillery to the river, where the waves are slapping against the soft swirl of the tide. Let it be the time toward sundown, when all sounds linger in the air, moving slowly seaward like the river, in a mellow golden light, and suppose you stood on the piling of the wharves and shouted out the name "Tom Swale," the sound would not be strange. It would fall in peaceful order upon all the other sounds that have stirred the air of Haven's End.

"Tom! Tom Swale!" You can remember how old Dennis Swale used to call him in his harsh, flat voice. It was not so long ago. It was down by the old yard where the Swales built the wooden chasers in 1917; the last of the wooden ships that came out of Haven's End. You can see the last unfinished hull still standing in the blocks, already gray and weathered, just as they left it when the war was over.

"Tom! Tom Swale!" Perhaps you can remember the old man's voice above the hammering, for Haven's End in those days was stirring from its sleep. "Get down off that scaffolding! Do you want to break your neck, Tom Swale?"

"Tom," someone would say, "your old man's calling."

Then Tom would look up quickly. His face was as sharp as his father's face. He had the same long nose, high cheeks and narrow mouth of all the Swales, but his eyes were different. They seemed always to be looking toward the distance at things one did not see.

"Yes," he said, "I hear him. He's afraid I'm going to die, and then there wouldn't be a Swale."

Then Tom Swale would laugh. His narrow lips would draw apart and his whole face would change, until anyone could feel his amusement at absurdity. He was laughing at a vanity that must have been in him, too—laughing at the town and the Swale house on the ridge above the river. And he was laughing at an old man's fear, secure in that illusion of immortality which is never lost to youth.

There used to be a garish recentness in that shipyard, even when the wood was rotting, which would bring the whole thing back. It was like a ruined building, when you saw it in the dusk, poignant, lonely, like all the vanished hopes which the river bank had seen since the shipping had died out and Haven's End had grown small and narrow. It lay like the last effort of the Swales, their last fling, like our town's last fling against a changing time. The sight of it would bring back that glimmer of excitement just before the war, when Dennis Swale was making money out of wooden ships and when the tide of money turned back to Haven's End. And Dennis was the one who turned the tide. Anyone could tell you that. He was already old in that restive time when values toppled and wages rose, but he thought of wooden ships. The place was like a great house falling to decay, and right beside the rusted barbed-iron fence the Scarlet shoe shop stood, freshly painted, like something which had survived the wreck; a solid, heavy building like the Scarlets in our town. A sign was reared in front of it in clear black letters, so that you could see it across that lonely yard, and that sign was like the ending of a story, as patently New England as the white houses and the elms.

"John Scarlet," it said. "Shoes and Findings."

Old Dennis Swale used to stare at it when the hammers and the saws were going. That sign represented the new commercialism since everything was going into signs.

"Findings?" Dennis Swale once said. "What are findings, I'd like to know?" And then he smiled and gave his head a shake. "A trade word," he said. "The Scarlets always look for trade words."

That was the strange part about it. He never seemed to think that he was in trade himself, and that was like the Swales. The shipyard was always something more than that.

"Findings!" said Dennis Swale, and then he laughed. "What the devil do you suppose they find?"

There was nothing strange about his laughing, because the Swales had laughed at Scarlets since our town began. The Scarlets were rich in those days, and they were solid people; but when Dennis spoke, you had a picture of old John Scarlet and young John Scarlet with bended backs, grubbing for their findings, the last of grubbing generations, and there you had the difference between the Scarlets and the Swales. And there you had the story standing straight before you like the stories of our town, with all the hopes of Dennis Swale rotting in the dark and the name of Scarlet black and clear, and you could almost hear the echo of Dennis' voice.

"Tom!" he was calling. "Can't you hear, Tom Swale?"

Sue Swale was the one to tell you, if you knew her. Susan was Tom's sister, and, in a way, to blame. She had been in the Swale house as long as she could remember, and she could see it through her father's eyes.

When you saw her in the wide front hall that was always cool and dusky when one stepped out of the summer sun, you could imagine her stepping from some shadowy chaos of all the other Swales who had walked that hall, and she alone seemed real.

"The house is awfully old," she said. "You understand it when you live here."

You could understand it when she told you. It was not like one of those museum houses, because the Swales were there. She could show you the rusty cut-and-thrust sword which Col. Richard Swale had worn when he led a company in King Philip's War. She could show you the silver in the dining room which Swale privateers had taken. She could show you the paintings of the Swale ships, heavy Federalist vessels with every rope and spar in accurate proportion, but when she showed them, all those things seemed to come together into an austere, vague shape.

There was something in it which made her sad, as though she knew her own inadequacy. Yet she could put it all together, even so; she could break away from the silence of the house and shrug her shoulders at it—pretty, awkward shoulders. "You see," Sue said, "that I don't matter. There had to be a man to keep it all together. Now, let's go out. I'll tell you all about it out-of-doors."

She could sometimes think that they were never grown—she and her brother Tom. Whenever she began to think

back, there would be Sue Swale and Tom, walking down the street in the hot summer sun. Her dress would be white and starched, with lace upon it. Tom would be in an Eton collar and the wind would be always blowing the straight part from his hair. Then there would be the voices, half hushed and half derisive:

"Lookit; there's the Swale kids!"

They were always different from the rest of Haven's End. Dennis Swale could never see that he was standing for a worn-out custom, but Susan Swale must have been in revolt against it from the very first. She could see how the Victorian world was cracking before the war sent it galley-west.

"Are you laughing?" Sue Swale said. "I don't blame you laughing. We're preposterous. The whole thing was preposterous—little small-town people living in a house out of repair and acting as if we were important. And we weren't nice. We were nasty, but father believed in it. It's queer how things grow real if someone just believes enough."

Yes, Susan could piece it all together; perhaps because she hated pompous make-believe. She was not the heir to the make-believe. She was not the one her father watched, but his voice was always chiming with her thoughts.

"Tom, keep the safety lock on that duck gun. . . . If it's blowing in the harbor, don't you take that boat outside. Do you think I want you drowned?"

On a long walk beside the marshes she could remember best; it would seem as though the wind brought it all back when it blew at her short tweed skirt and set the strands of hair blowing across her forehead. As she looked across the marshes toward the sand dunes, her lips would twist upward, not exactly in a smile.

"Yes," she said, "do you believe in premonition? I do, sometimes. Father always was afraid. There were the things he stood for. There had to be a Swale."

Then all the rest would come back to her—the voices and the faces that once had stirred her thoughts.

"Father," she was saying, "what's the matter?" And there would be old Dennis Swale, standing in the library in his woolen dressing gown, looking out the window toward the black and quiet street.

"Nothing," he was saying, "but I can't sleep. You'll find out when you're old."

And Susan knew that all the things he stood for were moving in the dark and leaving him alone with nothing but old voices.

Sue could not have been sixteen in those days before the war disturbed the peace of Haven's End, but she could remember exactly how it was, because it always seemed like yesterday. It was June, Sue Swale could remember—June, 1916, because the century was always just her age. The sun was coming through the curtains of her bedroom window, bringing the shadows of leaves which danced upon the curtains of her little four-post bed. The sunlight glanced from the mirror on her dressing table and back to her dark brown hair, making it almost golden as she combed it.

She remembered looking at the mirror with a sudden sharp surprise at the brightness of her eyes and the straightness of her lips. It was as though she had never seen her face all those other mornings.

"Why, Sue," she said, "you're beautiful!"

It was not strange that she remembered, since it was the first time that she knew.

It was the first time she understood why John Scarlet had stared at her as though she had been a stranger when he met her on the street, and perhaps one should begin with that. It was really the beginning.

She had been walking down the street when John Scarlet came around the corner just by the old First Church. Of course she knew—because the Swales knew everyone in Haven's End—that he was the son of old John Scarlet who owned the shoe factory by the river—a solid, red-faced boy with heavy hands.

"Hello," he said. "I didn't know you, Sue."

"Hello," she said. "You ought to."

Then something made her smile and pause. Why was it that she smiled? John Scarlet was in a blue serge suit such as the town boys wore, but she did not smile at that.

"Yes, I ought to," John Scarlet said; his voice had a singsong drawl, very slow and quiet, "but I never thought ——"

"What about?" she said. The sun was moving on the old brick walk. She remembered exactly how the leaves made patterns on it that never stayed the same, because the wind was blowing.

"I never thought," John Scarlet said, "you looked like you do now."

"Didn't you?" she asked him.

"No," he said. "I've got my boat out. I'll take you out tomorrow, if you'd like to go."

"Yes," she said, "I'd like it."

And that was all—his voice and her voice speaking words. She could say them over one by one. There was a sort of peace in remembering exactly how they went, a gentleness and a kindness which she had never known, without a touch of pretense, without a flash of fire, and she knew why he asked her, now that she saw her face.

That was all, but everything seemed new. There was a simplicity about it which she could never quite forget. He had nearly said that she was beautiful, and it did not seem strange. Wide, patient eyes which looked at her and quietly looked away, steady shoulders, fresh color in his cheeks.

"I don't care," she said. "He's nice. I wonder if I'll love him."

"Sue," she heard her brother's voice outside the door—"Sue, are you up yet?"

Tow Swale was in his bathrobe with a wet towel around his head.

"Why, Sue," he said, "you're good-looking. I never thought of that."

"Didn't you?" said Sue. "Do you want me to get you something?"

"Yes," said Tom. "Give me a glass of water. I came in to say good morning. What are you dressed up for? What are you doing to your hair?"

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Then They Were Walking Up the Street to the Beating of the Drum

The Wrong Side of the Tracks

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"That's Where the Malcolms, the Swellest People in Town, Live. I Guess They're Millionaires. Anyway They're Terribly Stuck Up"

THE night before I was finally presented at the Court of St. James's, after a struggle lasting three years, I had a dream which I can still remember, although it occurred almost ten years ago.

It seemed to me that when I was taken up to Queen Mary, she looked at me scornfully and then turned to the King and said, "Why, Mrs. Lemar doesn't belong here! She comes from the other side of the railroad!"

I suppose this dream is the real reason I want to write about my life. For I have pretended so much, I have told so many different stories to different people about my origin, that in time I came to pretend even to myself. The dream, which, in various forms, I have had many times, expressed the fear which has always haunted me, beneath all my attempts to deceive the world at large. Now, they tell me that if I make a clean breast of it all, I shall be relieved of this fear, and this nightmare will cease. It is painful to go back to those early days, but it is more painful to be accompanied always by a ghost.

I am now forty-two years old. In theory I am thirty-five, and in the evening I sometimes look younger than that, and even in the daytime I rarely seem older. This is not due entirely to the great care of my appearance which I have taken since my marriage to George Lemar; for before that I knew what it was to go hungry to school, and as a child I had rheumatism, which they called "growing pains," because I often was too cold to sleep at night and there were no more blankets. My youthful appearance is due more, I believe, to the expression in my eyes. They are blue eyes, variously likened in color to delphinium or lapis lazuli, depending upon whether my current admirer runs to botanical or mineral figures of speech. In shape they are unusually long, and both the upper and lower lashes, which are slightly darker than the chestnut reddish-brown of my hair, are long and thick, and curl outward. In itself this is a great asset to a woman who has had to fight every step of her way up in the world.

But mere shape and color of eyes are less important, I think, than what they reveal of the character behind them. And mine have that expression known as innocent, which indicates that I move in an unreal world. I am the most practical person I have ever known, yet up to the time I decided to write this story of my life my practicality has been at work in a totally made-up life. Today, for reasons which I shall explain later on, I must coördinate reality and my daydreams, so I am trying to see myself as I really am.

I was born in 1888, in Boston—a fact which I have been careful never to mention to any of the Bostonians I have met during the past eighteen years. Undoubtedly, it is on the records there: "Ruth Macomb, f., white; daughter of James J. Macomb and Katherine Wilson Macomb." But even for purposes of a passport, I have never used it. My husband's New York office got that document for me when I was twenty-six, and it read: "Born at Fording, Illinois, 1895."

My father died when I was eight. He was killed at Saratoga while exercising a race horse, which was his profession. In later years I have often spoken of his death as if it occurred on one of his own horses in the hunting field. But the horse really belonged to the man of whose stables father had charge. I knew nothing about his forbears, except that they were Scotch-Irish and had been in this country for two generations.

My mother, to whom horses and race tracks were synonymous with everything evil, married, within two years, a German cellist. He was playing with the orchestra of one of the theaters in Boston and she met him, I believe, when she went there to deliver costumes for some of the actresses. She was an expert seamstress, and the most difficult woman to understand that I have ever known. Tall, angular, raw-boned, with light hair and sky-blue eyes, she was forbidding, and, to me, more terrifying than anyone I have ever seen.

She had an indifference toward me which amounted almost, in later years, to dislike. As a child I invented the story that I was only her adopted daughter, and I hinted this to my schoolmates, but of course I was really hers. To this day I cannot rid myself of some of her characteristics. Her antagonism to me was based at first probably on my complete physical resemblance to my father. He had made her very unhappy, and she had certainly reciprocated. I can still remember back to those early days when he would come home hilariously after a successful race and have to be put to bed for several days. Except when forced to be taken care of by her, he was rarely in the house. Occasionally he would take me out to the race track where he trained his employer's colts and give me a thrilling ride in a high two-wheeled cart behind a spirited horse. Sometimes he would bring me a present from a county fair, but usually he paid little more attention to me than to my mother. Yet I did not blame him for this; in all their quarrels I was on his side. I liked him because he had moods of gayety, when he would sing and shout about

the house, and because I felt he wasn't afraid of anything. I was even romantic about his death, for he was thrown by a horse that no other trainer would go near.

I have always thought that "Uncle Otto," as I called my mother's second husband, married her because of the two thousand dollars which my father's employer paid us after he was killed. Whether or not this was true, he quit his job in the orchestra shortly after their marriage, and quarreled so violently with the manager of the theater that he could get no other place in Boston and they would no longer let my mother make the costumes.

They decided then to go West. Uncle Otto had a German friend in Illinois who had written him that Fording was a growing town, and urged him to come there. By this time I had been at the nearest public school for four years and had skipped a grade and was ready for the sixth grade. I did not want to go West. My mother paid no attention whatever to my protests. I cried all day when we packed.

We lived in a five-room house, painted white, on the outskirts of town, not far from the school. It was not much of a house, probably, but I had been born there, and there I wanted to stay. To go into the unknown, to a strange school, with new teachers and different children, and to go with mother and Uncle Otto, filled me with miserable forebodings.

The train ride was long and hot and uncomfortable. We sat up in the day coach for the two nights of the journey, and ate dry sandwiches and bananas and hard-boiled eggs done up in cardboard shoe boxes.

When we got off on the third day at the red frame station faintly marked Fording, I was too tired to feel any further disappointment. I had felt all along that any place Uncle Otto chose would be awful. We were met by an even fatter, redder-faced man than Uncle Otto. He embraced my stepfather, shook hands with my mother, and would have kissed me if I had not dodged.

Arm in arm, the two men marched across the tracks, each with a big satchel, while mother and I followed, carrying just as heavy ones. I had to keep changing hands, my arms ached so, although it was only about three blocks before they stopped. The only building in sight was a red-brick two-storied house, with a sign in front, Saloon.

"Here we are!" said Uncle Otto's friend.

Then, for the first time since her recent marriage, my mother protested. Before this, whatever Uncle Otto did she approved of just as regularly as whatever my father had done she had disapproved of.

Now she said, "But, Otto, we can't stay here. We can't take Ruth into a saloon."

Our host explained: "My wife and daughter are there. You just go in the side entrance and right up the stairs. You don't have to pass through the saloon at all."

Mother still stood at the corner. Uncle Otto came over to us and whispered, "You must not offend Herman. Besides, it will not cost us anything."

I cannot describe my feelings as we turned into the door marked Ladies' Entrance and climbed the steps. In Boston I had always thought of the saloon not far from our house as a mysterious and sinister place, and my mother had forbidden me to walk on that side of the street when I'd been sent on errands to the butcher or grocer in the next block. A saloon was associated with my mother's eternal arguments with my father, and the reason for his days in bed. And here I was being taken into one by my own mother!

In the upper landing we were met by a cheerful, stout woman who welcomed us effusively in a mixture of German and English. She took us into an immaculately clean kitchen where, on a table covered with a red-and-white-checked cloth, was the most wonderful coffee-bread, fresh butter and a dish of oranges. On the stove a coffee pot bubbled and gave forth a delicious aroma.

"Mein little girl will be back soon from school," she said to me. "But first you must eat something."

Never before or since have I so enjoyed food. She produced homemade currant jelly, a pan of hot rolls and fresh sausages. I was sorry when my hunger began to be satisfied. I wanted to be able to keep on eating forever.

We were still at the table when her little girl came running up the stairs. She was half a head taller than I, with long dark braids hanging down her back, and almost black eyes, set a little too closely together. Her name was Elsie.

She asked one question after another with a sharp and unfriendly inquisitiveness, then having learned, among many other things, that we did not speak or understand German, she turned to her mother and spoke in this language. It was clear she was talking about us. Before this dialogue ended, the two husbands came up the steps. It was the first time I ever saw Uncle Otto intoxicated. Apparently the chance to get all the free liquor he wanted had been irresistible.

He pinched Elsie's red cheek. "Now, there's a fine girl," he said, with a contemptuous glance at me.

"And smart!" her father added. "She's the youngest in her class."

"What class are you in?" I demanded.

"The advanced sixth."

It was disclosed that Elsie and I had been born within ten days of each other, and I made up my mind that I'd get ahead of her at school.

I had to share a room with her that night. If anyone was ever born malicious, I believe it was that girl. She made no secret of her instant dislike of me, or her belief in our rivalry.

Her mother and a blond fifteen-year-old brother, Heinie, who worked in the brewery two blocks away and only came home for the six o'clock supper of noodle soup, sauerkraut and pigs' knuckles, were kind to me. Heinie gave me a copy of Swiss Family Robinson to read. It was a great joke of his father's that Heinie liked books and had wanted to keep on at school. Elsie, although smart, as they said, never read a word that was not necessary. Her memory was wonderful; she would skim over the pages in her geography or history and be able to recite them word for word.

When she took me to school the next day, it was an agonizing performance for me. When the first bell rang, we started. I had on a clean dress of dark-blue-and-white-checked gingham and my hair was parted in the middle and tied with a dark-blue bow. We both wore long black cotton stockings and high, buttoned shoes.

We walked briskly through the almost deserted street toward the station, across the tracks, then past several blocks of stores, then for some distance we went on cement sidewalks, in front of houses set back in nice green lawns,

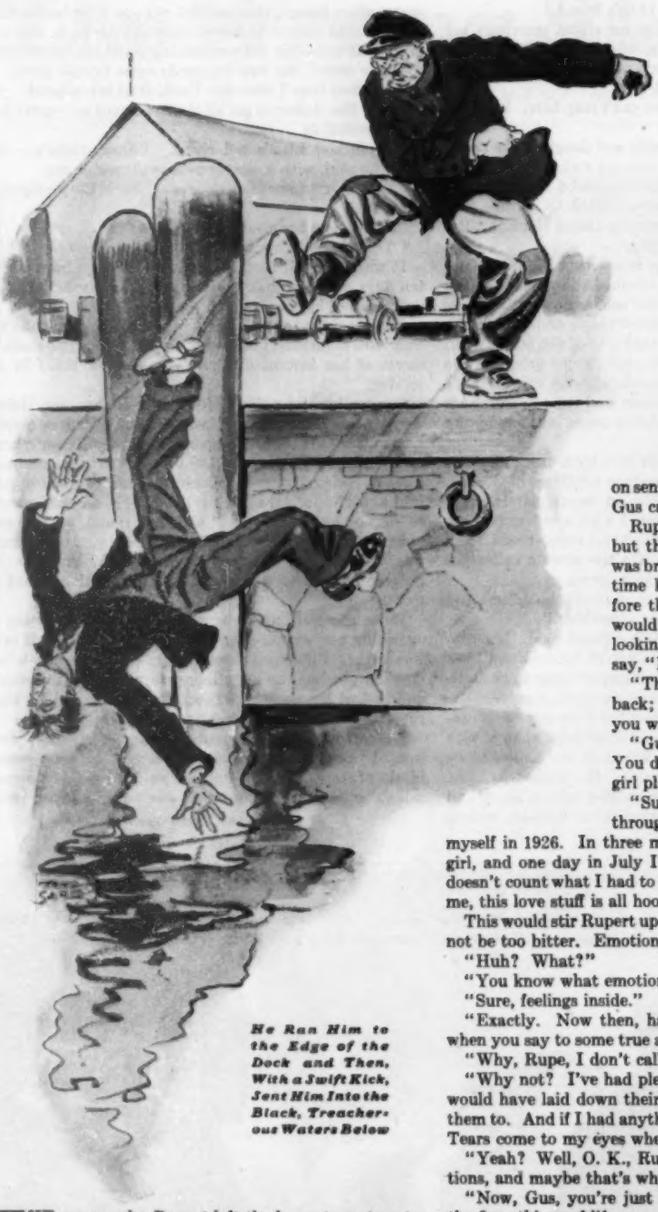
(Continued on Page 86)

Arm in Arm, the Two Men Marched Across the Tracks, Each With a Big Satchel, While Mother and I Followed, Carrying Just as Heavy Ones

OLD PAL

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



He Ran Him to the Edge of the Dock and Then, With a Swift Kick, Sent Him Into the Black, Treacherous Waters Below

THE reason why Rupert left the home town to get a job with the Amalgamated in Pearl City was because the last of his old pals had gone and got married. And it was an offshoot of the same general reason that made him accept the offer made by Gus to go fifty-fifty on a small flat. Gus had the desk at the Amalgamated next to Rupert's and had counted on sharing the flat with Rupert's predecessor, until the latter had been transferred to the Chicago office.

"It's a splendid location," Rupert agreed, "and I'd like nothing better." He was tall and slender, with a lofty forehead, a lot of tragic black hair, and eyes that were at their best when engaged in silent suffering. Gus was short and about the general shape of an electric-light bulb. He had no forehead to speak of; his hair, so far as he had any, was blond; his eyes weren't worth mentioning, and he had a fishtail handshake. When you looked at Rupert, you wouldn't have been surprised to hear him hiss between clenched teeth, "Stand back, you cad, and let the lady pass!" But when you looked at Gus, you couldn't imagine him saying much of anything but "A little more gravy, please." What had attracted Rupert to him was the remark, "This love stuff is all hooey. No more of it in mine."

If Rupert had known Gus for more than one office day, the chances are he never would have signed the lease or the furniture contract. But after he was once installed there was nothing to do but accept the situation.

"There's nobody quite like Gus," he announced publicly more than once. "He's a wonderful pal." But at heart he often wondered how he'd been blind enough to let himself get roped into that flat. Here was the drawback: From the age of fourteen up Rupert had always been heavily interested in some girl. Being what is known as a good picker, he had had his heart broken regularly at least once a year. He was just recovering from the last bitter experience, where, as usual, the lady had married his best friend, when he met Gus. In the light of this latest raw deal, he needed the companionship of someone who looked on sentiment as being all hooey. But Gus carried a good idea too far.

Rupert's heart might be shattered, but there were still pieces left. He was bruised and hurt, but at the same time he had memories. Sitting before the gas grate evenings, Rupert would sink his chin in his hands and, looking at the imitation Persian rug, say, "I will never forget her—never."

"That's all right," Gus would kick back; "remember her, and maybe you won't get stung the next time."

"Gus, old pal, you don't get me. You don't know how big a part that girl played in my life."

"Sure I get you, Rupe. I been all through it. I was gonna be married myself in 1926. In three months I spent $49.56 on that girl, and one day in July I spent $8.95 on her, and that doesn't count what I had to spend on myself. Take it from me, this love stuff is all hooey."

This would stir Rupert up. "Now, Gus," he'd say, "let's not be too bitter. Emotion is a fact."

"Huh? What?"

"You know what emotion is, Gus?"

"Sure, feelings inside."

"Exactly. Now then, haven't you a definite emotion when you say to some true and tried friend, 'Old pal'?"

"Why, Rupe, I don't call anybody 'old pal.'"

"Why not? I've had plenty of fine old pals, Gus, that would have laid down their lives for me if I'd ever asked them to. And if I had anything they wanted, it was theirs. Tears come to my eyes when I think of it."

"Yeah? Well, O. K., Rupe, but I don't go in for emotions, and maybe that's why I never have any."

"Now, Gus, you're just talking. You know very well the finer things of life mean as much to you as they do to me. For instance, when you see the sun setting in the west—doesn't that give you a definite feeling?"

"I'll say so, Rupe. It makes me feel cold."

"Try to be serious, Gus. Suppose you were walking quietly along the street when there ahead you saw the woman of your dreams. You never knew she existed, but there she is before you in flesh and blood. How would that make you feel, Gus?"

"Rupe, it would make me feel like seeing a good eye doctor."

Naturally, this sort of thing rasped Rupert. And yet it was impossible to get out of the flat arrangement except by spending a lot of money, to say nothing of offending Gus. There seemed to be just one escape, and that was to change Gus' way of looking at life. So, in spite of protests, Rupert read Gus poetry and persuaded him to go around to all the serious plays put on by the local stock company; he had him take out a library card and made him tackle various literary masterpieces; and Rupert started conversations about the higher life, the obligations of a gentleman, nature's wonders and similar topics.

But it was a discouraging job, because, as far as the human eye could discern, all this made not the slightest impression on Gus. To tell the truth, Rupert was getting desperate when he met Irene Cloud and thereby once more justified his reputation as a good picker.

After his first call on Irene, Rupert came back to the flat not sure whether he was on skates or aquaplaning.

"Say, what's the matter?" Gus asked. "You act like you're sick."

Rupert sank down in the nearest chair, head bowed. "Yes, old pal, I have a fever."

"Fever, huh? What doctor do you want?" Gus was practical, as usual.

Rupert smiled a patient little smile. "It's not that kind of a fever, Gus."

"What kind is it?"

Rupert stood up, and catching Gus' right hand, gripped it as though he were competing in a strong-man contest. "Gus, old pal, can I trust you?"

"Huh? What? Sure you can. Where does it hurt worst, Rupe?"

"Old pal, it's a girl."

"A girl? What did she do, Rupe? Run you down? Were you trying to beat the lights?"

Rupert pulled another patient smile. "No, old pal; I just mean I've met the girl of my dreams, and she's the most wonderful thing in the world. I'm in love, Gus. I'm in love."

"Oh," Gus said, "I thought it was something serious."

This little conversation pretty nearly broke up the flat, because Rupert was frantically in love with Irene. He couldn't sleep nights; he couldn't keep his attention on his job daytimes; and every twenty-four hours it grew worse. After being accepted, he knew he would have gone raving crazy if Irene had said "No" instead of "Yes." It was the first time any of Rupert's love affairs had really got to first base. Once or twice in the past he'd had an understanding with the girl of the moment, but it had always turned out to be not an understanding after all. Now everything seemed settled, and he was so happy that he didn't see how he could go on living if there wasn't somebody to listen to him talk about it.

But in spite of Rupert's efforts, to all appearances Gus was the same old Gus. When Rupert described how Irene's hair curled behind the right ear, or the way her little finger stuck out when she manipulated a teacup, or the kind of perfume she used, Gus would only say "Yeah?" and the way he said "Yeah?" made it worse than if he hadn't said anything at all. He hadn't met Irene, and he said frankly that he wasn't going to meet her if he could help it.

At five o'clock one Saturday evening in March, Gus stood in the middle of the flat parlor playing

His Husky Voice Seemed to Make These Efforts Appealing to Irene

with a putter. Rupert had invited Irene and her mother to come to tea that afternoon and he was trying to think of some way of breaking the news to Gus. After a little reflection, he took a big photo of Irene that she had just given him and set it on the mantel above the gas grate. Then he called Gus' attention to it.

After looking at the picture for about a tenth of a second, Gus went back to perfecting his stance.

"Well?" Rupert said when the silence had become oppressive. "Well? Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Well, here she is, Gus—here she is."

"Here who is? I dunno what you're talking about, Rupe."

Rupert grabbed the putter away from Gus, at the same time making an effort to keep his voice down to normal: "Gus, old pal, it's Irene."

"Who?"

"Irene. I don't have to explain, Gus, who Irene is. When we're married I want you to be best man."

"Huh? What? Oh, sure, Irene. All right. Gimme the putter."

Rupert had the idea that when Gus saw the picture he would be struck all of a heap and find it a pleasure to meet the original. And after that he'd understand better how Rupert felt, and would be able to listen intelligently when Rupert rhapsodized.

Hanging right onto the putter, Rupert continued, "Yes, old pal, this is Irene as the camera saw her. See that exquisitely charming contour of the throat."

"Huh? What?"

"This delicate curve right here. Do you see it, Gus?"

"Sure I see it," Gus said. "What of it?"

Rupert stepped back as if he'd been hit. "What of it! Is that all you have to say?"

His indignation evidently had an effect on Gus. There was an earnestness in the latter's voice as he responded, "What else do you want me to say, Rupe?"

Rupert walked to the window, counted up to ten, took a long breath, and then turned back.

"Think, Gus, think."

"Sure I'll think, Rupe. What about?"

"Gus, do you mean to stand there and tell me that you can look at this photograph and not feel an indescribable emotion?"

Gus shuffled his feet.

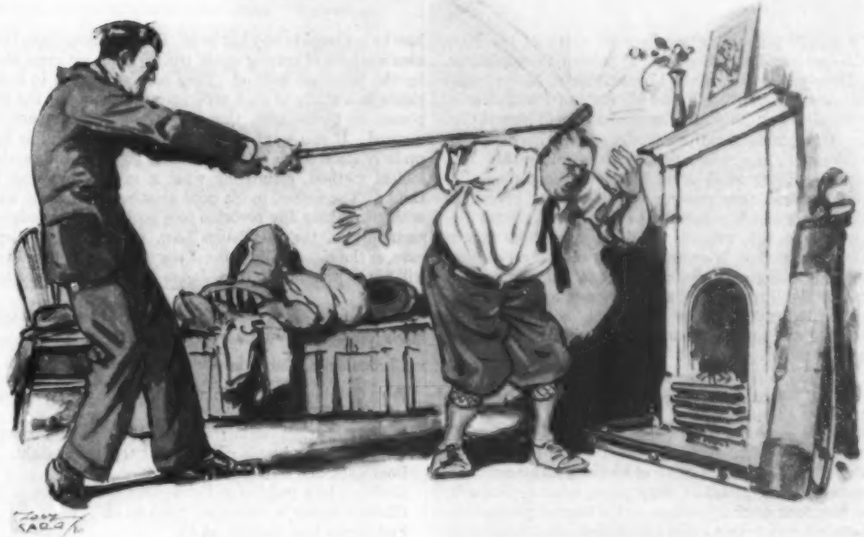
"Admit it, Gus. When you set eyes on that photograph you felt an emotion. Admit it."

"All right, Rupe, I'll admit it. . . . Lemme have the putter; I'm practicing."

Rupert hung onto the putter. He didn't want Gus to be distracted. "You see, old pal, that, after all, there is such a thing in your make-up as emotion. Now, let's think a little harder. What was this emotion you felt? What was this ennobling sensation that came into your life when you set eyes on the photograph? Describe it, Gus—describe it."

Gus looked again at the picture and shook his head. "No, I guess I can't, Rupe; no, I better not."

He Yanked Back the Putter and Crashed it Down on Gus' Head



"Rid yourself of these foolish inhibitions, Gus. Let yourself go. In your own words, tell me just how you felt when, for the first time, you looked at this picture of Irene."

Gus cleared his throat twice without getting any farther.

"Go on, Gus, old pal. Don't be afraid. Say it."

Gus opened his mouth; closed it; opened it again. "You're sure you want to know how I felt, Rupe, when I looked at that girl's picture?"

Physically and mentally, Rupert was on tiptoes. He could hardly wait for what Gus had to say. "Yes, Gus; yes, old pal; tell me just how you felt. Describe the sensation."

"Honest, Rupe, the only sensation I had was just a kind of surprised sensation that you could get so excited over a girl with a face like that."

Before Rupert realized what he was doing, he had yanked back the putter and crashed it down on Gus' head. As though he'd been shot, Gus crashed down on the imitation Persian rug.

II

IT WAS certainly one terrible moment for Rupert as he looked down and realized what he had done. Eyes closed, Gus lay crumpled on the floor, and as near as Rupert could make out, the breath of life had gone from his body.

"Gus!" he called hoarsely, dropping to his right knee and placing his left hand under the relaxed neck muscles. "Gus!"

"You Brute," Irene Snapped When Rupert Came Back, "Didn't You Hear Me Say That I Hate You?"

And then, as though the enunciating of his name had worked a miracle, Gus' hitherto inert chest heaved, the head lifted, the eyes opened and looked straight at Rupert.

"Gus," said Rupert, with a thrill of hope in his strained voice—"Gus, old pal, say you're all right. Why, I'd give my heart's blood, Gus, if this had never happened. Speak to me, Gus—speak to me."

The eyes kept right on staring up into Rupert's, and as they stared, the momentary elation which Rupert had experienced became an oppressive dread. They seemed like a pair of eyes Rupert had never seen before. Previous to this moment there had always been something cold and fishy in Gus' regard, a quality reminding one of his handshake. Now this was gone. The eyes were bright and warm, flashing with an utterly unfamiliar glitter.

As he looked, there whirled through Rupert's memory case after case of recorded blows to the head and their unhappy psychological consequences. It was all as vivid as though once more he read the actual accounts the way they had been printed on Page 2 of the afternoon paper or, with larger illustrations, in the Sunday supplement and magazine section. The press proved that society was thronged with unfortunates who had been born virtuous and whose blameless characters had been changed by cranial shocks and concussions. Upright babies, dropped headfirst by their nurses, invariably developed into criminals of the worst type; temperance workers, once blackjacked, became drunkards; aggressively honest business men stopped falling bricks and spent the rest of their lives as kleptomaniacs. One good wallop where the hair thins, and the most worthy and exemplary citizen was fated to become the lowest of the low.

"Gus," Rupert said, and there was agony in his voice, "pull yourself together. Gus, speak to me."

The lips were moving. Evidently Gus was trying to speak. Rupert crouched there wondering whether the blow had changed Gus into a forger, or a cat burglar, or a blackmailer, or what.

"Gus, tell me that you forgive me."

With an obvious effort, the prostrate man raised his right hand and patted Rupert on the arm. "Old pal," he said in a curious, husky whisper—"old pal!"

Rupert's mouth opened. If it had been anybody else speaking, he'd have known he was being kidded, but there was no possibility of that here. Gus was no actor, and he never had been. He couldn't possibly have simulated that expression on his face if he hadn't really and sincerely felt it.

"What—what did you say, Gus?"

Gus struggled to a sitting position. "I called you 'old pal,' Rupert. I called you that because you're the best and finest pal a man ever had. I want you to know it was all my fault, and I admit it."

"All your fault, Gus?"

"All my fault, Rupert, old pal. I had no business speaking as I did, and I regret it profoundly." Gus stood up, leaned against the mantel and covered his face. His shoulders shook with dry, racking sobs.

There were tears in Rupert's eyes as he said, "No, Gus, I was a cad and coward to act as I did."

(Continued on Page 44)

PUDDLER JIM—By Alfred Pearce Dennis

IT SEEMS almost a sacrilege to speak of the Hon. James John Davis, Secretary of Labor in three cabinets, Director General of the Loyal Order of Moose, senatorial nominee from the grand old state of Pennsylvania, as "Puddler Jim," but Mr. Davis himself will have it that way. Iron puddling is the central theme in his delightful autobiography and he likes to have his friends call him Jim. There is nothing offish or high-hattish about plain Jim Davis, and that's one reason why the one-time poor little Welsh immigrant boy became head of our National Immigration Service, why he has been translated from a mill-town shanty in Western Pennsylvania to a beautiful home in Washington, and why, after a long apprenticeship in the murky, super-heated atmosphere of a puddling furnace, he is headed for the delightfully cooled, warmed, ventilated and rarefied atmosphere of the United States Senate chamber.

From Tredegar to Sharon

THE success curve of Mr. Davis displays an unbroken upward trajectory covering a period of some forty or more years. Shallow thinkers speak of him as a lucky man, but is success over a period of forty years, whether in cards, love, the stock market, business or the learned professions, a matter of luck? One heard a good deal about Lindbergh luck when he first blazed into fame. We now hear less about Lindbergh luck and more about Lindbergh's genius how he has come to be what he is. Deep thinkers have their own methods of getting at the truth. Some set great store by the historical method. They seek an answer to every riddle in a study of past experience. Others put the emphasis on perspective, thus relying on the comparative method. If you want to estimate an individual, line him up in relation to his fellows. Others go in for the psychological method, estimating what a man is by what he thinks. The writer, in his poor amateurish, humble way, without making any pretense to a profound knowledge of metaphysics, the Mendelian Law, the rule in Shelley's case, or the Kantian doctrine of the categorical imperative, will try to present the Hon. James J. Davis as he was and as he is.

Let us first, then, after the manner of deep thinkers, apply the historical method:

Chronological Table:

Born October 27, 1873, in a two-room brick-row cottage in Tredegar, Wales.

Poverty-stricken immigrant to America and shanty dweller in Pennsylvania mill town at the age of eight.

Bootblack and messenger boy at 9.

Assistant iron puddler in Pennsylvania mill town at 11.

Clarinet tooter in mill-town band at 13.

Full-blown iron puddler at 16.

Home-run batter on local nine at 17.

Cook and roustabout in Southern peonage camp at 18.

Tin roller in mills of Tin Plate King Reid at 20.

Head of local labor union at 22.

City clerk in Elwood, Indiana, at 25.

County Recorder at 29.

Director General Loyal Order of Moose at 33.

Capitalist at 35.

Secretary of Labor, Harding Cabinet, at 47.

Secretary of Labor, Coolidge Cabinet, at 49.

Secretary of Labor, Hoover Cabinet, at 55.

Republican nominee, United States Senator from Pennsylvania at 56.

This is simply the bare scaffolding; we'll have to fill in a bit or two. When young Jim Davis was dragged feet first, kicking and protesting, from his ancestral home in Wales to embark for America as a steerage passenger, along with his mother and her five small children, he laid hold of the plank floor and bore away in his tight little fist splinters from the ancestral home. They were following a father who had gone to America some months ahead to improve the family fortunes. The old gentleman never learned to read and write, but it would be a mistake to set him down as an illiterate. He had a native store of common sense and intelligence that is more essential to good citizenship than the learning of the schools. Shortly after landing in America he made an emphatic cross mark by way of signing his application for naturalization. Mrs. Davis succeeded in piloting her six young children, all under twelve years, to Sharon, a Western Pennsylvania mill town. The feather bed, the dean of the family furnishings, was stolen during the voyage.

Two of the six children strayed away in the streets of New York and were lost for days. The family resources were entirely exhausted in an effort to recover the children. Some benevolent gentleman took up a collection and saw them through their difficulties. Barring these misadventures, the passage to America was uneventful.

Youth in a Pennsylvania Mill Town

THE Davises in Sharon, Pennsylvania, like the Coolidges in Northampton, Massachusetts, occupied the hither end of a double frame house, with this difference—the Sharon home was an unpainted shanty which possessed about all the modern conveniences and luxuries of an Aleutian Island wikiup.

Some men are born to riches, education, social position. These pampered mortals are not goaded by the primal instinct to struggle upward. They are up before they start. "God gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul," writes the Psalmist. Young Jim had little to start with, but he had richness of soul. He was of genuine stuff, strong, lusty, plebeian, full of pluck, full of patience, full of good nature. While yet a stripling he crept forth in the gray hours of the morning from a Pennsylvania mill-town shanty to give the strength of his youth to hard, muscular labor. Fate, it seemed, had condemned him to penal servitude at hard labor in a beautiful world of freedom where children frolic and play, get their proper

Jim Davis at the Age of Eleven, Assistant Puddler in Sharon Iron Works. (Young Davis Seated Back of Sign Holding Rope)

for his job. Is success in politics a matter of playing the game correctly? But what are the rules of the game? We have what might be called an industry of politics, but have we an art of politics; and if we have an art of politics, does there lie back of it a science of politics? Is there any systematized body of knowledge which a young man may master and infallibly become a successful politician, just as he may master the principles of medicine and become a successful practitioner? Is political success to be attained by direct seeking, or, as a by-product of something else, is it to be attained like happiness itself—indirectly? Politics is the art of carrying elections, and we say a man wins an election when he is more popular than his opponent. But what is the secret of popularity? In college it is fatal for a man to set out to make himself popular. The behaviorists will tell you that a man succeeds because it's implicit in his nature. He simply follows the larval instinct to struggle upward to the light. The lowly grub crawls out of the earth and becomes an iridescent-winged creature of the air. Thus it is that a man builds his success just as a robin instinctively fashions its nest.

The writer having known Mr. Davis at close range, it may be worth while to consider in a scholarly, workmanlike fashion

A View of the First Home of the Parents of James J. Davis, at Sharon, Pennsylvania

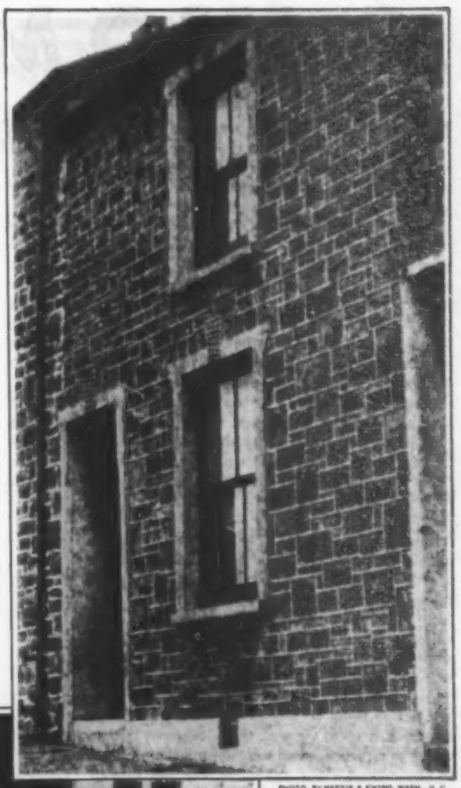
schooling, and live with no more care or responsibility for their keep than the lilies of the field. Early sufferings and privations such as would have warped and soured a nature second to his, only served to make him one of the kindest, most amiable, most sympathetic of mortals.

Years of labor as an iron puddler in the searing heat of the molten metal left no more mark upon him than did King Nebuchadnezzar's burning, fiery furnace upon Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Time, with its labors, its anxieties, its struggles, etches as with a corroding acid the lineaments of men who struggle upward out of poverty and obscurity to the heights. The do-nothings are also marked by time; they degenerate like the penguins, which, having lost their power of flight, waddle and flounder. Few men come into the world with so rich a heritage of mental and physical health as Jim Davis. His superb physique found its complement in perfect adaptation to the muscular job of iron puddler. Jim Davis was born with the potential strength of a prize fighter, and, like a prize fighter, he can take a stiff blow on the chin and come up smiling. He has come up fast, just as a man with sturdy legs can beat an escalator by leaping up three steps at a time while the contraption is slowly ascending. Young Jim Davis asked not so much for happiness as for an opportunity to exercise his capacities. No job was too humble or exacting. He did about everything a boy can do in a mill town to turn an honest penny. He blacked other people's shoes, ran other people's errands, carried other people's parcels.

To Indiana by a Southern Detour

YOUNG Davis was a child without any self-pity, with an inextinguishable gusto for life and its activities. He got an education, but he didn't get it from the schools. "Labor," he wrote in after life, "is the foundation of all true knowledge; handicraft is the basis of the best schooling." He got an abundant education out of the handicrafts, learning two trades—iron puddling and tin rolling—before he was twenty-one. How much intelligence goes into these jobs one is not prepared to estimate, but iron puddling means stirring a charge of viscous molten iron with a twenty-five-pound iron rake for ten hours a day in a room as hot as the stokehole of an ocean liner. A man may have the will for such work, but not one in a hundred has the physical stamina. Jim Davis had both—liked his job, gloried in it, applied to it all the fierce energy of his powerful young body.

During the hard times of the early 90's, mills shut down, jobs were scarce and money hard to come by. Young Davis became a tramp looking for a job instead of the conventional tramp trying to avoid a job. Laid off at home, he went to Pittsburgh, thence to Birmingham, Alabama. His fellow lodgers in a Birmingham boarding house known as The Bucket of Blood objected to his burning the lamp for midnight reading and expressed their disapproval by throwing him bodily out of a second-story window. From Birmingham he drifted to Louisiana, and was greeted on arrival by a lanky Southerner. "You-all are coming down hyah lookin' for food and work. In '65 you was down hyah lookin' for blood." Jim found blood in a peonage camp where he was put to work driving a mule hitched to a dirt scraper. Becoming entangled with the mule and the dirt scraper, Jim emerged bruised and bleeding, and was discharged on the spot as an incompetent, with no pay other than an application of horse liniment to his wounds. From Louisiana he tramped and bummed rides on freight trains to Elwood, Indiana, where he got a job in Daniel Reid's tin-plate mills. In course of time he came to be chief of the local union, kept the men out of foolish strikes, won a place in the hearts of bosses and fellow laborers. A solid package of self-expression, he sang his way, talked his way, clarineted his way into popularity. But fate handed him some stiff rebuffs. Handy with his fists, he found plenty of use for them. One day he knocked out the village bully for ridiculing his hand-me-down pants. Another time he settled accounts by wiping up the floor of a newspaper office with the local editor. When he got to be city clerk of Elwood, he established contact with a crooked paving contractor by giving the man a beating which sent him to the hospital. In Mr. Davis' own words: "I grew into manhood with muscled arms as big as a bookkeeper's legs." If anyone desires to settle a dispute with Mr. Davis, he would do well not to appeal to the arbitrament of fists.



PHOTO, BY HARRIS & EWING, WASH., D. C.

The Davis Ancestral Home in Tredegar, Wales

Mr. and Mrs. Davis With Their Family

Mr. Davis' campaign speeches for city clerk lacked the verbal nicety and elegance which distinguish the diction of Walter Pater and Edmund Burke, but he employed language that even the village idiot could understand. There was only one confusion of language in the campaign. He put out cards inscribed, "Jas. J. Davis." This confused many voters who knew him only as "Jim."

Comparison

IN COURSE of time the poverty-stricken little immigrant boy becomes chief of the National Immigration Service. Mr. Davis came to enjoy the distinction of holding a cabinet position under three Presidents. The late James Wilson, of Iowa, and Mr. Davis' fellow townsman, Andrew W. Mellon, of Pittsburgh, are the only other Americans in our history that have served in the cabinets of three administrations.

The Comparative Method:

The merits of this method are obvious. A man's position in the world of space and time is established by his relation to other objects in the universe. The sailor establishes his position at sea by his relation to the sun and the stars. Following this method, a comparison may be set up between Mr. Davis and Mr. Coolidge. Both exemplify uninterrupted success in American politics. Mr. Coolidge was born on July Fourth, which augured well for a public career, just as Mr. Davis, almost contemporaneously, was born on October 27, Theodore Roosevelt's birthday. Mr. Coolidge, arriving on this planet a little ahead of Mr. Davis, kept ahead of him, and of course will remain ahead

(Continued on Page 73)

PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING

The Davis Home, Washington, Next Door to the New British Embassy

A WOMAN LIKE YOU

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

THE hotel was built around a bricked court, steeply. The sun had to climb to the very top of the sky before it could look completely over the inclosure, and that rarely happened now, for it was October and beginning to be rainy in Paris. It was rather a large court and gave a fine effect of space and dignity; though not because of its furnishings, which were chairs and tables of wicker or iron that all looked as if they had been bought because they were cheap, or possibly because other people were through with them. There was even a high-backed rattan rocking-chair, whose incongruity had to be absorbed into the dignity of the place.

The dignity came from the tiers of white shutters, one above the other, opening on room-length windows, from the cleanness, from the way shabbiness was high-handedly ignored, from the excellent manners of the waiters. Christophe alone could make almost any guest into a gentleman. Every morning a porter in an immense apron flooded the bricks and washed everything to immaculateness, so that it would be ready for the people who sat at the little tables later in the day and drank cocktails and wines, and gossiped and made plans and wondered about one another. Many Americans came to the hotel because it was so French, and other distinguished people who were not Americans came there because it was not too French.

Carolyn, looking down from the window of her sitting room to see whether her watch and the clock fixed in the wall outside agreed that it was seven o'clock, saw that the same woman was in the rocking-chair again. It was the woman who had the room next to her own. They'd been in the hall together yesterday when Carolyn was experimenting with the grandiose brass key of her door, which sometimes would not turn easily. But Carolyn had managed not to turn around; so they hadn't spoken to each other. Carolyn hadn't wanted to. She was never free with strangers, and this one was not attractive. Even seen as now—from above—the woman looked coarse. She sat there, slightly rocking, with her invariable cocktail on the table beside her. She was not fat, but her face was settled and heavy, and the lines in it were grooves—two straight ones between her eyes where the flesh bulged a little, two slanting ones from her nose to the corners of her mouth. She had thick, dark hair, too carelessly or infrequently cut, and in the evening she wore a coat of yellowish fur over a black lace dress. Nothing about her indicated that she invited or expected attention except from the waiter she occasionally summoned.

Every night she wore the same dress, just as in the daytime her unfailing costume was a black tailleur and a black felt vagabond hat which, on her, lost any intended roguish lines and became the slouch hat of a tramp. Sometimes the queer, hawk-like woman with the great fuzz of straw-colored hair came to sit with her, and once, during the two weeks she had been in the hotel, Carolyn had seen the woman with a sullen-looking man who seemed much younger than his companion. But most of the time she sat alone and rocked and watched. What she watched was not apparent, for in her glance there was none of the eagerness of the tourist looking for names and faces to make the trip worth while, nor any of the hopeful interest of the woman who may see a friend or acquaintance at any minute.

Carolyn turned from the window, looked in one of the seven gilt mirrors in the room and opened her evening bag to put on a trifle more of the new powder—No. 37 Frenelle—which was certainly her shade. She was very glad she was going out tonight. She was restless to get there, impatient to stop thinking. And she knew she looked well. Nothing was better than white, after all; especially when you were twenty-eight and slim and dark. And lapin was as good as ermine for an effect. It was a clever wrap, all of snowy fur, with flesh-colored lining showing like a promise as the broad, loose sleeves fell back. Carolyn held it about her as if it were ermine indeed, and went downstairs in the tiny lift to get a taxi. Her room was in the corner of the hotel farthest from the entrance, and she had to cross the court. It was rather pleasant in a way, for, as her gold slippers tapped the bricks lightly, men looked up with interest and women with curiosity. Carolyn bowed to Mrs. Layton, of Chicago, who had been very friendly, even if curious, and to Mr. and Mrs. Geer, who were entertaining guests. Then she passed the rocking-chair and met the eyes of the woman in it. They were, beyond a doubt, the eyes of a woman who had been beautiful. Something left to the last in them—the fading reflection of admiration or the dregs of confidence—proved it. Even in the dim light of the court, which came from the frugal electric lights in remote corners, it was impossible not to see that. And, as Carolyn went swiftly by, she knew that if she made the slightest gesture of friendliness, the woman was ready to meet it, waiting to return it. Some intangible overture had been made without smile or word, and Carolyn hurried away with an obscure sense of rudeness. She didn't know why she felt so. She didn't even know the woman's name, or want to know it, and there was no reason to let herself in for an acquaintance with a person whom she found so unpleasant even at sight. But outside in the concierge's office a slight depression pursued her. She opened her bag again while the porter summoned her taxi, and looked in the little dangling mirror within almost anxiously.

In the Heinemann apartment her confidence was restored. It was always reassuring to be there, and good to be with people who knew about her and agreed that she had done the only possible thing in leaving Allan. Some of them had known Allan. Signe Heinemann had, and she was especially definite. Signe was very sure about things, in a rapid succession of enthusiasms and convictions which

never paused to see if they contradicted one another or were merely cumulative. Her apartment was lemon-colored, and here and there stripes of scarlet made or broke a line, or showed where the wall ended and furniture began. There was a plaster cast of a naked man playing a concertina, and a single portrait faced the door—the picture of a lady in a high-necked black dress buttoned down the front, with white gloves crossed in her lap, a hat with red roses, and stifled, maddened eyes. The glassware was astonishing, the drinks American, and many people came there on account of Signe. She was like a candle flaring at both ends—ugly with weariness, beautiful with excitement. There were critics who were ready to take oath that she had written some of the most beautiful contemporary prose and who used her novel as a divining rod in finding what merit there was in others. But Signe was convinced just now that the written word was tripe. She had turned to sculpture as the only intelligible medium of expression. Ten years ago, in a girls' school, she and Carolyn had known and loved each other. That affection was still true, and Signe was openly glad that Carolyn was done with Allan Field, because he'd never be better than second-rate. There was too much charlatan in him. Hugh Marlow would be better for Carolyn. He'd bring out courage in her, tramp down the provincialism, and she'd be more of a person, no matter what happened in the end. Signe had slight interest in endings anyway.

Her apartment and her parties were always charged with an atmosphere of people leaving one another or finding one another. They did not do it from sheer eroticism. There was always a good deal of intellectual rending and piecing together.

Hugh Marlow and Carolyn were admittedly finding each other. Everybody knew that.

"I missed you this afternoon," he said; "I wanted to be with you."

"You see me now." She smiled.

"And still I'm sorry for the little dead want of this afternoon."

"We've been together three times this week."

"The week has seven days. And this is the seventh."

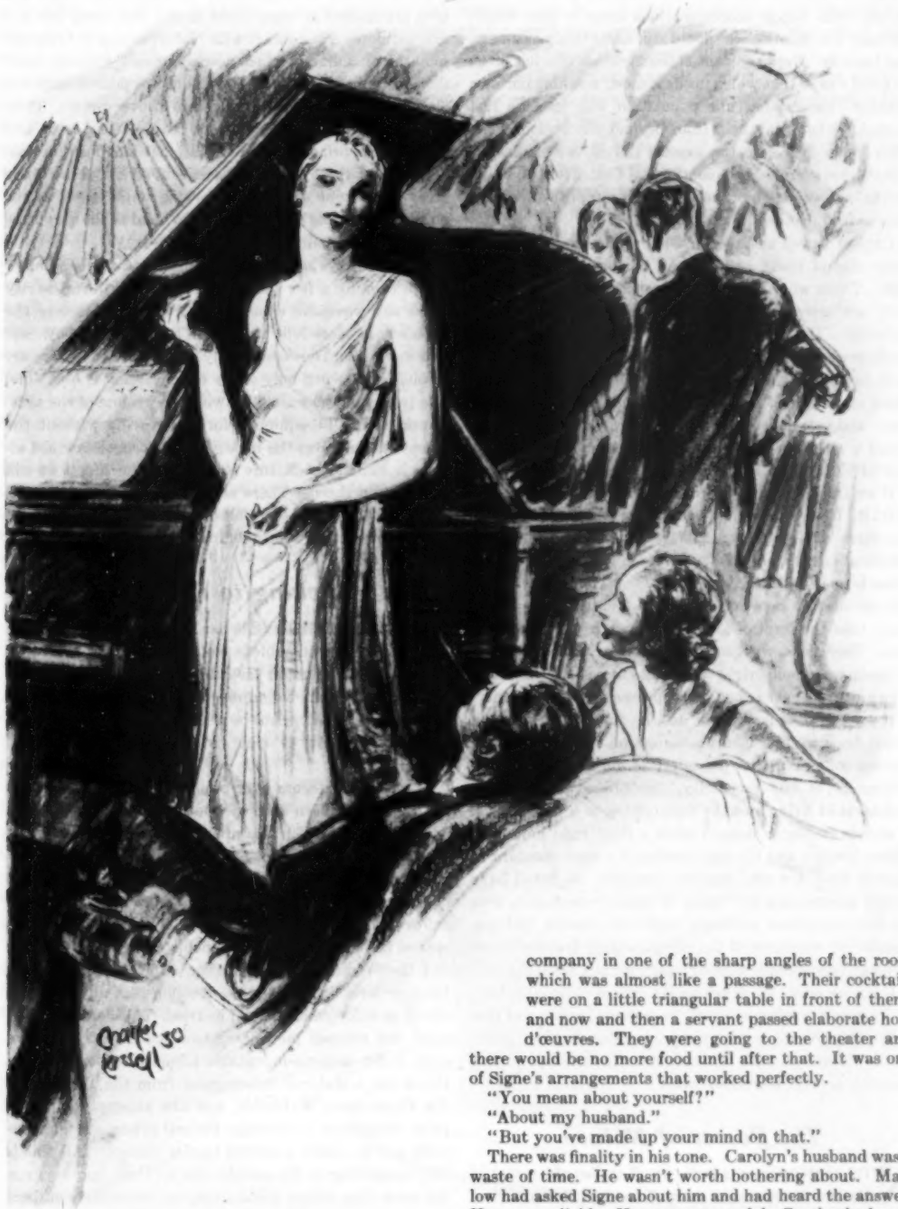
"I can't take all your time, Hugh."

"You can if you like. Tell me why you wouldn't see me. It's not really because you're trying to schedule the time we're together, like servants' days off."

"No. I wanted to see you. But I was better alone. I've been trying to think things out. I've been wondering."

"About what?"

"Oh, just wondering whether I am really doing the right thing." He had segregated her a little from the rest of the company in one of the sharp angles of the room which was almost like a passage. Their cocktails were on a little triangular table in front of them, and now and then a servant passed elaborate hors d'œuvres. They were going to the theater and there would be no more food until after that. It was one of Signe's arrangements that worked perfectly.



Her Apartment and Her Parties Were Always Charged With an Atmosphere of People Leaving One Another or Finding One Another

"You mean about yourself?"

"About my husband."

"But you've made up your mind on that."

There was finality in his tone. Carolyn's husband was a waste of time. He wasn't worth bothering about. Marlow had asked Signe about him and had heard the answer. He was unreliable. He was unsuccessful. Carolyn had married him in a mist of juvenile romance and the mist had been completely dispelled. Allan Field hadn't held his wife or deserved to hold her. The only decent thing about him was that he seemed to have left her quite unbattered, still beautiful, with a blend of experience and innocence that was very difficult to find, mixed to Marlow's taste. There were many things about Carolyn that delighted Marlow, and he had not lived in Paris for many years with a good deal of money and a good many friends without knowing what he wanted. His tastes had simplified. He wanted beauty in women, but he preferred now to have it accompanied by steady nerves. He wanted a woman who was capable of enjoyment. There was always a danger that he himself might stop enjoying things from lack of companionship, and the imitations of enjoyment annoyed him as all fakes did. It had been great luck to come upon Carolyn, to find out that Signe had been right when she said, "At first she may seem just one more commonplace young American woman with a pretty face and a nice taste in clothes. But she's more than that. She is one of the few women I know who is both honest and delicate. She's not discouraged, either, in spite of this mess she's in. She's still sure that living is worth all this fuss."

Cynthia Aldis

That was what Marlow wanted most of all—to be close to someone who was sure of that. He was rich. He was the promoter and financier of a great automobile company and he didn't need any more money. He was interested in a great many things—the theater and books and people like Signe. At one time he had thought he loved Signe, but they had argued their way out of that. He was not sorry. He knew she was as bad for him as a drug. But Carolyn would not be bad for him, and at thirty-nine he was beginning to consider that aspect. Carolyn would be like good food. And a man could be an epicure and yet desire her.

"I know I've made up my mind," she said.

"Well, then?"

"I keep stumbling over something," said Carolyn in a puzzled way. "It's certainly not regret. It's not quite pity. I think it's more like responsibility. I can't shake it off."

"But it was his responsibility. He failed. He didn't hold you. You gave him every chance."

"And still he wants another. He wrote me a letter ——" she stopped.

"What could he say?"

"Nothing new. It was the same letter I've had many times before. I used to believe them."

"You shouldn't open them any more."

She was silent about that.

"Let's not talk about him, dear," said Marlow. "You never even have to see him again, you know. You can probably clean the whole thing up from here. You want to look in the other direction. Do you realize how much there is ahead for a woman like you?"

He offered her the thin-stemmed cocktail glass, and she took it and drank as if it were a toast to his suggestion. It was a fine phrase—it was a fine thing to be a woman like herself, beautiful and young and free and desired. The man beside her said something more caressing, and then Signe called them. Signe hated loitering over drinking. She never drank herself and tonight she wanted to get to the theater. It was a new piece and one of her enthusiasms.

"You'll like it, Carrie," she promised Carolyn. "It's a Way Down East theme, with characters by Joyce, emotions by Proust, and kindergarten settings. It's amazing."

But Carolyn didn't like it much. It seemed a peep-show of jealousy and passion, as raw in French as it would have been in English. The thing that interested her was the way the sympathy of the audience flooded to the man who was the hero of the play. Her own pity was resistant, and suddenly she realized why. It was because he was doing exactly what Allan had done. He might have been Allan, except for his looks, making life hell for a woman, charming her, cheating her to save his own vanities, never admitting failure, and determined to make a fine fellow of himself, knocked down, getting up, ending on a phrase. Yes, that last was Allan. He would do just that.

But nobody else seemed to see the parallel—not Hugh Marlow, not Signe. They were talking about a "defense reaction" in the man.

"It's a wonderful character—that of the man," said Signe.

"You've never had to live with one like it," thought Carolyn. "The defense reaction across the footlights may

(Continued on Page 94)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 2, 1930

Arithmetic and Unemployment

THROUGHOUT the civilized world the problems arising from industrial and agricultural depression and the hardship which grows out of the waste incident to widespread unemployment are exceedingly difficult to cope with. Perhaps for the first time in history we are beginning to believe that these dreaded valleys of stagnation are not traceable to acts of Providence, but are the inevitable results of man's unenlightened economic management.

Broadly speaking, unemployment is one of the world's greatest and most acute problems. Everywhere it is the object of attack. Everywhere economists are sitting up nights trying to devise means to stabilize the demand for labor and thus avert the evils which assail jobless populations. Many sound, but partial, programs have been urged; and along with them sundry others which are fantastic, chimerical or overpaternalistic. Speaking for the world at large, we are still in the shadows, though we are groping our way toward the light.

If our own unemployment problem is less pressing than that of Britain and some of the Continental nations, it is, nevertheless, grave enough to warrant our earnest solicitude. We have already taken some forthright steps toward its solution, but in the welter of tariff legislation and in the bewildering mazes of party politics we too long delayed to do the simple, obvious and effective thing. We protected our manufacturers and farmers by a new tariff act which goes to such extremes that it may put in jeopardy our foreign-trade relationships and earn us the ill will of all the world, but we have done little to prevent the further spread of unemployment or to protect our own native labor through relieving it of foreign competition by a drastic scaling down of our immigration quotas.

Late in June, Mr. Albert Johnson, chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, introduced his resolution for the protection of our own people by reducing immigration quotas one-half. Some such measure should have been initiated by Mr. Johnson or one of his colleagues many weeks or months previously; and having been introduced, it should have been recognized for what it is—an emergency measure to be given emergency precedence, to be rushed through committee, favorably reported and appropriately advanced upon the calendar. Considering how things are done in Washington, the country will be fortunate if this measure runs the gantlet of hyphenate objection, native inertia and chronic calendar congestion, and is put into effect by the time the robins nest again in 1931.

This bill would divide by two the inflow of aliens from European and other quota countries. Mexico, Canada, Cuba and other political divisions not subject to the quota system would be limited to half the number of their nationals who lawfully entered the country during the year ending April 30, 1930. Other countries of the Western Hemisphere would be allowed a minimum of five hundred for the year. This would give Canada, in round figures, 24,000; Mexico, 9000; and Cuba, 1100. No farmers from Europe would be admitted, but their places would be taken by relatives of American citizens.

The merit of this resolution does not depend upon the existence of an industrial depression or upon the magnitude of the present amount of unemployment. Before it is likely to be passed it may well be that business will have taken a sharp turn for the better and hundreds of thousands who are now idle will have returned to work. Even should these happy consummations come to pass within the next few months, we should still favor this measure no less heartily. Every student of immigration who has no ax to grind—save that which needs it most, meaning our own country—knows that our population will increase fast enough without any help from beyond our own borders. Fifty years hence, so the experts tell us, we shall have 230,000,000 persons in the continental United States, which means that we shall have nearly double our present population to feed, clothe and find jobs for.

Capital as well as Labor now knows that both share the same slice of bread and that all the butter is upon one side. There will always be differences as to details, but both are agreed upon the larger program of American industry. This forecast of major policy embraces more machinework and less handwork, more efficient production, lower costs, higher pay, more leisure and steadily rising standards of living. It may sound too good to be true; and yet, none can deny that we are steadily forging ahead toward this goal, and if we compare our estate with that of Europe, we are already within easy distance of it.

If we think this destiny too good for us, we can easily avert it. If we believe that low-grade labor, low wages, low standards of living, longer hours and no leisure are the specifications for national well-being, we can have it on those terms. Nothing, seemingly, can come between us and our destiny save our own folly. That folly may, perhaps, take the form of lax and fatuous immigration policies. They alone, with no added blunders, have the power to knock our whole bright future into a cocked hat. There is no graver menace to our future prosperity and solidarity.

If we lean over backward, we lean toward safety. In a recent book we find Chairman Johnson writing: "I have become convinced that the safety of our institutions, the continuity of our prosperity, the preservation of our standards of living and the maintaining of a decent level of morals among us depend upon a most rigid limitation of immigration and the maintaining of a rigid standard as to even those few who may be admitted. In fact, I have all but arrived at a firm belief in absolute exclusion, with the few exemptions necessary under our treaties, and permission for admission of the comparatively few wives and children, now abroad, of aliens legally in the United States."

If err we must, let us err on the side of national safety. So long as we continue yearly to import, legally and illegally, 500,000 aliens who want jobs, the simplest arithmetic will tell us that the answer to the unemployment question is more unemployment.

The Power of Nature

NOW that summer is here, we all realize the power of Nature to re-create man. The time is here when millions visit the country, the outdoors, for the varied benefits that can be had in that way, and that way only. This is no idle generality, no merely pleasant comment on the changing seasons. There is significance in the increasing resort to camps by the younger elements of the population. Here is a force which has not yet been fully reckoned with, making not only for physical health and education but for discipline and spiritual upbuilding.

It is not pretended that every summer vacation at the seashore or in the mountains is an asset. Much time is wasted at resorts, and the jokesters never tire of telling how much more comfortable people can be at home. Nor are all vacations confined to the summer season. Palm Beach and Miami are almost national winter symbols. But, after making every allowance, there is real meaning in the great exodus to summer camps by so many boys and girls. The summer camp is a comparatively new institution. These camps are maintained by churches, by the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, by the Boy and Girl Scouts, by other more or less similar character-building and educational organizations, by a number of employing corporations, and, finally, in enormous numbers, by private parties.

As far as can be determined, camp influence is, for the most part, of the most wholesome kind. The standards are those of physical fitness, sportsmanship, simplicity, willingness to work, and discipline. It may be that boys and girls are spoiled at home these days. But camp life is a fine antidote. The contact with Nature is sure to bring out qualities of character which need emphasis. Clearly, much depends upon the leaders. Not all camps possess inspiring leaders or nature activities sure to prove useful. Their programs are at times spotty. It requires hard work and vigilance to bring out the educational and inspirational activities of these places most effectively. But here is a great instrument or tool, of growing importance, in the normal upbringing of youth, come to hand at the very time when many despair of the task.

There are boys and girls who cannot go away to summer camps even for a few short weeks. But for them the city parks and woodland areas within a short distance of the cities can be more fully utilized. The interest of boys and girls in birds and flowers is easily aroused. Hiking trips are possible even when only a day or half a day is available. The trees and rocks are filled with the wisdom of the ages. Youth cannot be equipped for modern life without the school system. But the most valuable schools are not always in buildings. Nature equips us all for life, if we will but see and listen. There are no interests, no activities more strengthening, more absorbing, more healthful and more inspiring for young or old than those of the outdoors.

Sticking to Realities

PRESIDENT HOOVER has referred to prohibition as an "experiment, noble in motive." This indicates that he has an open mind on the subject; he envisages sympathetically the desire to improve social conditions which lie behind the legislation, but he also admits that the question of its practicability is open, by his very use of the word "experiment."

In recent discussions over prohibition the arguments of the wets have been met by the challenge to produce a definite workable plan as a practical, constructive alternative. But even this point is somewhat premature. Prohibition cannot be repealed until those who put it on the books are convinced that an honest effort is being made to enforce it and that such enforcement is impossible. This central fact explains the whole policy of President Hoover and the Wickersham Commission on Law Enforcement. In other words, they take the position that all legitimate efforts at enforcement should be tried. This does not mean cruel and unusual punishments, which defeat their own ends, but it does mean suitable administrative measures. Hence the transfer of enforcement from the Treasury to the Department of Justice, and the attempt to relieve court congestion, to increase Federal-prison accommodations and to create a unified border control. All this is very unexciting to the people who let their emotions run riot when they debate prohibition, but we strongly suspect that the country will not make up its mind to change the Constitution again in this particular until these or similar measures devised by the leading technical experts have been tried in good faith and found wanting.

UNEMPLOYMENT OR LEISURE?

By Henry Ford and Samuel Crowther

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS often said that the responsibility for unemployment rests with the leaders of industry. This is not quite true. Modern industry itself rests upon useful employment. But it is a certain very definite grade of employment. Merely hiring men and setting them to work at anything and at any kind of wage is not employment in the modern industrial sense. Employment and high wages are so inseparably linked together that the concern which pays low wages to more men is a public menace, a positive barrier to economic progress, as compared with the concern which pays high wages to fewer men. For employment is a matter not of quantity but of quality. Unemployment is usually the result of low-quality employment. In this sense, the industrial leader who creates low-quality employment is directly creating unemployment, and is to blame for it.

Both wages and profits have a broad social effect in sustaining consumption, and consumption sustains industry, and industry sustains employment. If the wage link in the chain be weak, the chain will break and the whole machine will stop. Taking the industrial picture as a whole and from the impersonal viewpoint, the only employment which matters is that at high wages, and we shall have to learn to distinguish between leisure and unemployment. We have accustomed ourselves to thinking of a man without work as a man without support, because in the past there has never been any margin in wages to finance leisure. When men commonly worked from ten to twelve hours a day, a concern went on the eight-hour day only during slack seasons. That meant a loss all around. Now the eight-hour day is nearly standard and men have more than when they labored longer and earned less. Likewise the time came when men were given work for five days a week only because there was not enough to employ them for six days. In our industries we have established five days as a normal week, making Saturday a full holiday instead of a half holiday. Nowhere today is the Saturday half holiday taken as a sign of dull business. It is recognized as a period of leisure and not as a period of unemployment. The general conceptions of leisure and unemployment have already changed. And in attacking the problem of unemployment, it is necessary to tread carefully, else leisure and unemployment may be confused.

Statesmanship in Industry

IF THE six-day week of twelve-hour days were restored under modern production methods, then shortly we should have a great closing down of shops simply because the people, regardless of their finances, would not have the leisure to consume what was being produced. It is the part of the managers of industry not only so to arrange their affairs as to pay high wages but also to arrange that the workers have leisure, for not otherwise can the wheels be kept constantly turning. Leisure has an important economic phase and is sharply to be distinguished from the idleness of unemployment.

The responsibility, therefore, for the well-being of the people rests in a larger degree than we have recognized with the leaders of industry—not with the political managers, but with the leaders of the daily work of the people. A statesman is one who clears the way for what Almighty God is going to do. But a statesman is not always a member of a political government; he may be merely a director of daily work. We have come to the point where we must recognize and accept the essential statesmanship of industrial leadership. Politics, misguided, has power to prevent progress, but it cannot create prosperity. For prosperity can come—and this cannot be too often repeated—only by the providing of an abundance of goods at honest values and by so designing the goods and the processes of their production that high wages and low-priced goods may be among the results achieved. Thus business must be considered as something very much more than a method of earning a living. It is also one of the forces that shape the nation's life.

The leaders of business are as responsible for the welfare of the people as the generals of an army are responsible for the welfare of the soldiers. Also the leaders of business are responsible to one another. For everything is interdependent. I do not mean to say that the leaders of business are either the guardians or the overlords of the people. They are servants, else their tenure is very short. Their responsibility has to do with continually seeing to it that their activities are beneficial to the people as a whole. A big business never became big by being a narrow society looking after only the interests of its organization and stockholders. What we call prosperity is simply the more general distribution of the national income through industry. The extent and usefulness of that national income have been brought about by the use of machine power to cheapen the cost of the production of goods and at the same time distribute higher wages.

Too Many Men for the Work at Hand

UNDER the old conditions the output was of necessity so low and so many men had to be employed in the process that wages also had to be low. We can increase prosperity only as we increase production. If we increase the number of men employed without also increasing the production, we have not increased employment at all; we have only diluted it, for we must divide the amount available for wages in any company by the number of men and, if the production drops per man, the wages of all will, of course, drop.

This fact becomes of high importance to unemployment, for, if more men are at work than the jobs in hand call for, then we may be much worse off than if a number of men are employed at good wages and the others are either not employed at all or otherwise employed—for those latter are at least not destroying employment by diluting it. For instance, back in 1919–1920 too many men were being employed for the work there was to do; there was no industrial leadership and everyone was madly after wages or profits instead of work. Prices went very high, and then almost overnight business stopped. The wages at the time were supposedly high because they contained a great number of dollars, but prices were so high that the wages had little buying power and hence were really low. The lack of industrial direction caused too many men to be employed, and since costs were not watched, naturally prices had to go up.

The number of men employed at any one time on a given amount of work is thus by no means an indication of the state of industrial prosperity. It may be a sign of coming trouble. It cannot be too often repeated that industry

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It is Recognized as a Period of Leisure and Not as a Period of Unemployment

"Stick Around, Jimmy, and Watch Him Light His Pipe"

POST SCRIPTS

There Ain't No Justice

HAPPINESS is very dear,
Sadness very cheap;
Cars and castles bring us cheer,
Onions make us weep.

Travel costs a pile of jack,
Mumps are thrust right at us;
Shows and sherbets set us back,
Chilblains we get gratis.

Halls of fame are gained by grit,
Jails are soft of entry;
Birth brings lots of "please remit,"
Death is compliment'ry. —*Albert G. Miller.*

Bedtime Story for Backward Children

COME, children, rally round while I tell you a little story about a girl named Susy Buckwheat, and her boy friend, Bill Garlic. Susy was an awfully sweet girl who aimed to please, and she was simply crazy about her Bill. Bill was good-looking, generous, played the ukulele, and had a rich uncle who was about ready to cash in. But Bill had one bad fault—he was too changeable. He loved to change cars, was always craving a change of air, and he doted on a change of scene.

One night when Bill and Susy were sitting in the porch swing, Bill said: "Baby, why don't you bob your hair? And, do you know, I think I'd like you better with curls. Curls are so feminine."

Susy was surprised, but, as I mentioned before, she aimed to please. So she replied, "Why, certainly. Anything you say, dear." So Bill gave her a little squeeze and murmured; "That's a good girl, and while you're about it, why not have something done to your eyebrows? And isn't there something you can get to take off those freckles on your nose? They kind of make me cross-eyed, honey."

Well, the very next day she put on her bonnet and shawl, and ankled down to the Venus Beauty Parlor, and went into conference with Madame Venus. The upshot of it was that Susy spent most of the week and all of her pin money at the beauty parlor. The permanent wave set her back twenty-five bucks, and a short circuit burned off a large piece of her dome. They tried all sorts of facial creams, and finally decided that the only way they could remove the freckles was to remove the skin too. So they had to peel our Susy, to the tune of another twenty-five bucks. Not only that, but the girl who arched her eyebrows had been out late the night before, and it is really very harrowing having your eyebrows pulled by somebody whose hand is shaking like a leaf.

At last it was over and Susy settled her debts and walked out of the Venus Beauty Parlor, broke but triumphant.

"It was worth it," said she to herself, "to hold the love of a man like Bill Garlic. Anything to please my sweetie."

So Saturday night Susy got all dolled up for her date with Bill. At 8:30 she flew downstairs to meet the boy friend at the door.

Bill slowly removed his coat and scarf, and took his ukulele out of its case. "Well, well, well," said he, "turn around and let's have a look at you."

Susy turned around, a happy smile playing over her renovated map. "Don't you think I'm beautiful, dear?" she whispered.

Bill struck a few muted chords on the ukulele. "Well, do you know, honey," he said, going softly into the Gypsy Love Song, "it's funny, but somehow I think I liked you better the way you were before."

And that is the end of my story, children. Oh, my, yes, indeedy; there's a moral to it. It is: "Men with rich uncles can afford to be changeable." Good night, kiddies. Nightie, night. —MARGE.

Tape Fever

(With Additional Apologies, Now That Mr. Masefield is Poet Laureate)

I MUST go down to the Street again, to the corner of Broad and Wall,
And all I ask is a hot tip like the one I had last fall,
And a customers' man with nice eyes and a sense of humor,
And a fountain pen, and a blank check, and a merger rumor.

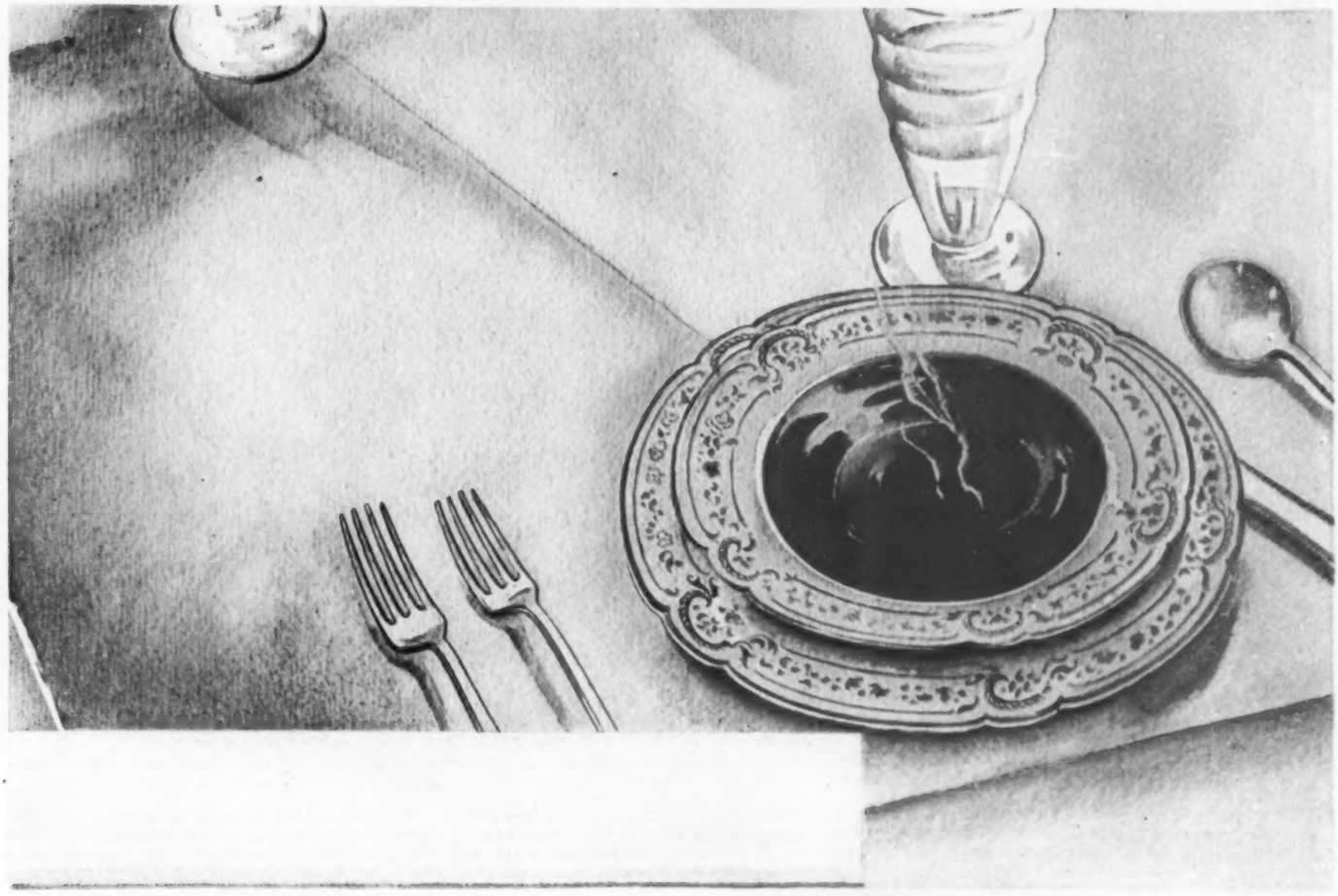
I must go down to the Street again, for the call of the ticking tape
Is a loud call and a sweet call that no man may escape,
And all I ask is a six-point ride with a bullish trader,
Or a swift drop and a quick turn with a big bear raider.

I must go down to the Street again, for talk of a pool is rife,
To the board's way, and the tape's way, where an eighth of a point means life,
And all I ask is an even break when my coin's expended,
And a sweet smile from the margin clerk when the trading's ended. —*Harold Angell.*

"But, Father—I Won't be Happy at Yale—I Don't Like Their Songs"

How it Feels to Trump Your Wife's Ace

Just see how this lively soup makes the summer meal sparkle!



WHEN spirits droop and appetites are sluggish—revive them with Campbell's Tomato Soup! Among all the cold foods and iced beverages, let it bring you its vivid flavor, its tonic refreshment, its wholesome, healthful invigoration. This famous soup seems to taste even better in summer, perhaps because in hot weather, we require something extraordinarily delicious and enlivening to tempt us. You have it in this soup — a real treat! You crave it again and again. It's but one of the 21 famous Campbell's Soups — a fascinating variety. 12 cents a can.

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Your choice . . . Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

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Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

THE BELL BIRD

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"I Knew That You Were a Dear the Moment I Met You and Heard You Talk, Happy, and I Felt Also That You Were Not for Me"

II

THE splendid three-masted schooner auxiliary yacht Democracy towed sedately down through The Narrows and on across the Lower Bay. Hapgood's bet that she could make the run inside of twenty-seven days under sail alone began at the pilot-station boat.

There was a light breeze in the southwest, and it would freshen toward mid-afternoon. Democracy's beautiful new sails were loose and hanging in the lacing jacks, ready for hoisting. She was provided with some racing kites—balloon jib and spinnakers and a huge maintop-mast balloon staysail of creamy silk that, after several hours of straining work, would have to be lowered away and rested, that its elasticity might draw it back to its proper dimensions.

The sailing master, an elderly man with a sad but pleasant face and abstracted eyes, who looked more like a professor of mathematics, was standing near the wheel where a quartermaster, who looked like Eric the Red, and might have been a descendant, was stolidly steering the courses given him as mechanically as an Iron Mike. The human element would enter in when Democracy was under sail, skillfully guided full-and-by—which is to say, with canvas kept full and drawing, and by the wind—as close to her course as she could be held.

Talking to Edna Worden and Avis and Suzy was a man who might have been of any age and any calling of an indoor sort. He was pink and white and shiny bald, with a round moon face in which were set the brown, appealing eyes of a calf torn roughly from its mother and destined to furnish veal cutlets and *ris de veau*. Yet his expression could be merry or sad or crafty or frank or appealing or tragic, as it was moved to express these emotions less by inspiration than by art. He was a strong man gone fat from a dislike of hard physical work or exercise, a robust appetite and magnificent digestion. He appreciated the chef, and the chef appreciated his appreciation.

This was Mr. Day, ex-chief steward and now ship's husband. Matrimony had elevated and dignified him. As a bridegroom he shone. His social position might have been anomalous in the case of another individual, whatever that person's position happened to have been before his nuptials with the beautiful Miss Democracy, that in this case was no elderly spinster. But Day was *sui generis*. There was nobody else like him.

The duties of ship's husband were not heavy with the ship at sea, but Hapgood knew that Day would be useful as a slack-hour entertainer. In this respect he shone, always ready to talk amusingly, take a hand at cards, recite reams of prose or verse, or tell marine tales or those of the supernatural, for which he had great ability and relish. He taught them new games that were ingenious and amusing. He messed with the ship's officers, but had the run of the guests' premises.

Getting out now to the station pilot boat the skipper gave the order to make sail.

"Here," said Hapgood, who had joined the group of which Day was acting as sight-seeing announcer, "is where we start our sailing race of one entry. Incidentally saving quite a fuel bill."

"Don't hurry on my account," Sally said, coming down from aloft. "This is the life."

"Wait until we start climbing a few steep ones under full head of sail," Hapgood told her.

"They can't turn my stomach. It's gym hardened."

"When I first went to sea I suffered agonies," Day said. "The cook spread a nice big slab of pork fat on a tin plate and poured molasses over it. 'That would make me sick ashore,' I said. 'You're at sea now, lad,' says he, 'and when you can hang on to that you can hang on to anything.' He was right. It cured the seasickness, which was good, but he cured me also of pork or sweetening, which was not convenient aboard ship."

Avis rose and walked back to the stern, which had an overhang and was equipped with cushions and a taffrail line in low brass stanchions with a fancy weather cloth of heavy duck worked by the sailmaker to keep cushions or guests from going overboard. This retreat was known by Hapgood's name of the "back porch." The girl flung herself down there. Hapgood followed her.

"You've picked the end of the seesaw," he told her.

"Drape yourself if you like. I was a cradle baby."

He dropped down not too close. It was the first time they had been apart together. Neither had said a word about the incident of the immigration detective.

Avis now approached it indirectly, "I feel as if a ton had been lifted off my chest."

"Good. Let's try to keep it off."

"There's something to be said first. What have you thought since that no-trespass officer told you Ralph never had a sister?"

"What I thought already. That he is your father."

"Why that?"

"You have that subtle resemblance where the features are not alike, that comes of the same blood."

"Ralph simply had to get into this country," Avis said.

"How did he get aboard the ship to start?"

"I don't know. Whatever it was, it evidently wouldn't get him ashore over here. I didn't know about this. He told me only that for business reasons our name had to be Croydon. Fancy that man being sent to Doctor Smalley's. . . . Why did you sit tight?"

"You were in a tight jam and I wanted to help you."

"Not many would. Ralph was never a traitor. The German drafts were for a business deal. He couldn't prove that."

Hapgood had expected something of this sort. Still, he reserved decision about Ralph. It was Avis he had wanted

(Continued on Page 24)

Plump and tender, richly flavored—Libby's Pork and Beans, served in little individual bean pots

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's...Vegetables, Fruits, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

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PEAS BEETS CORN STRINGLESS BEANS

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And Wednesday mornings over a coast-to-coast N. B. C. chain, Mary Hale Martin's Household Period: 9:45 Eastern Standard Time; 8:45 Central Standard Time; and by special arrangement 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 22)

to help. Admitted that one does not dread the loss of what one has not got—an established social position—it would still seem as if a young and lovely and cultured woman should have ambition to build one up and then to fortify it. Hapgood now expressed to her something of this sort, but she shook her head.

"I'd have to cut loose from Ralph, and I simply can't do that. I'm all there is between him and utter ruin. He is older than you'd think, and his nerve and energy slip their clutch sometimes. Then anything might happen if I weren't standing by. I don't care much what happens to me, but I care a tremendous lot what happens to him."

"You love him as much as that?"

"I adore him. He may have been a hard lot in his attitude toward the world and people, but he's always been a sweet father to me. Always kind and thoughtful and generous, and wanting me to have the best. But he admits that we have to get it as best we can. He is a curious combination of faults and virtues, Happy. He might trim a friend pretty close, but he'd share his last pint of water with a stranger adrift on the ocean in an open boat."

"What would he think about your attitude toward me?"

"That would depend."

"On what?"

"Mostly on what he thought yours was apt to be toward me—whether or not I'd be happy. Ralph hasn't any fixed principles left at all. He considers only results. He is bitter as gall and as final as the edge of the guillotine. He has been soldier and sailor and trader and prospector, and now he is high financier. He believes at this moment that we are going to be rich."

"From what?"

"A concession for an airport on an island of the Greek archipelago. That's why he had to get to the United States by hook or crook. Not only that, but he had to get an interview with a financier who is absolutely inaccessible without a proper introduction. I don't believe that Ralph stole Frank Croydon's passport and papers. I think they fixed it between them. Frank could get in without a passport through friends. He did."

"Who is Frank Croydon?"

"Ralph's first cousin. They are the same age and used to be taken for each other. There's still a strong resemblance."

"Then your name really is Croydon?"

"Yes. After the war we took Ralph's middle name of Carroll. That was his mother's family name."

"Is Frank Croydon interested in this concession?"

"Yes. He financed Ralph while working for it, and gave his name to it. Frank is a hopeless incompetent, though brilliant in spots. He married money and got most of it when his wife died a few years ago. He doesn't like Ralph, but respects his daring and energy and ability. I think that immigration detective frightened him and he lied."

"He was wise," Hapgood said. "A man could get a long prison term for slipping his passport to a barred alien or one who had lost his citizenship. . . . Has Ralph placed his concession?"

"He thinks he has. It's in Frank Croydon's name. Frank could never have managed it. He couldn't have explained it or held anybody's attention or confidence while trying to. He understands that he is to keep out of it and forward all the papers to Ralph. He has sense enough for that. All Frank cares about is archæology and music. He has written some rather good songs."

"How is Ralph feeling now?" Hapgood asked.

"Pretty badly, but he will be better for rest and quiet. He has reached the age where he has to pay dearly for his little sprees. All right enough while they last, but nerves and liver afterward."

Hapgood had not seen Ralph since his coming aboard. Up to the last moment before sailing, affairs in the city had demanded all of Hapgood's time and attention. Ralph had taken immediately to his berth, telling Sam that he was all in from unaccustomed festivities and apt to be out of action for a day or two. Avis would know what to do for him, he said.

The breeze freshened. Democracy settled down to her work, all taut and drawing, and the fine line of spume slipping past her sleek sides became a broad, hissing band. The tense rigging gave out soft Æolian sounds, on which Avis commented.

"This breeze will hold all night," Hapgood told her. "You'll hear her walking in her sleep with a rhythmic snore. Sometime before we get across, that Æolian harp will sound like a wild chorus of harpies."

Sally came dancing aft. She gave the blond viking at the wheel a friendly admiring look, then leaped for the gallows frame, caught the boom-rest beam in both hands and circled it, then perched there for a moment and skinned the cat on her way down. As she was wearing baggy bloomers, the performance was such as any girls' college gym might offer. Hapgood applauded. Sally reminded him of a small boy showing off before venturing to intrude. She would be a bright spot for the crew, and looked indeed as if she might be Miss Christiania in an international beauty contest. One would say that some of her own ancestors had sailed through the Skager-Rack.

"The mate has been teaching me the ropes," she told Hapgood, hanging by her toes. "Some day when we are heeled enough so that I'd drop into the sea if I miscued, I'll give you a tight-wire turn on the spring stay."

"If you try anything like that I'll confine you to quarters on bread and jam for a twenty-four-hour shift," Hapgood promised grimly.

Sally dangled from one knee. "It's a sure antidote for *mal de mer*. I'll race you over the truck on a bet." She shifted knees. "Up one side and down the other."

"That, too, is barred."

"Gosh, are you going to spoil all my fun, Happy? I've got to keep in training or I'll get fat."

"I'd rather have you fat than dead. No dare-devil stunts."

Avis scrambled up. "Come on, Sally; I'll pass the medicine ball with you. I think you've got the right idea."

(Continued on Page 50)

"Then One of These Officers Laughed and Said: 'There Goes the Tiger and His Bell Bird'"

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HOW TO TREAT REPORTERS

By Nunnally Johnson

SOME day it's going to happen. Some interesting day in your life—perhaps you'll know in advance, perhaps not—a chap wearing a soft hat is going to come up to you and, removing a cigarette momentarily from his mouth, say:

"Mr. Quish?"

"Yes."

"Arnold L. Quish?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm from the Dispatch. We just got word at our office that ——"

It may be that you've just filed suit for divorce, or won a Nobel prize, or witnessed a murder, or chewed eighty-seven sticks of gum at one time, establishing a new American outdoor record. You may be at your office, or in the kitchen, or seated in the anteroom of the district attorney's office, or even occupying Cell No. 46, upper tier, east block, north wing, Sing Sing Prison. You really can't tell for certain exactly where you will be, or what you'll be up against, when this young man arrives.

"We just got word at our office, Mr. Quish, that Mrs. Quish has started suit for divorce against you in Reno. She claims you used to get a little tight and bring home about a hundred pounds of ice and dump it in her bed at two o'clock in the morning."

It is all very well to light up a cigarette and try to be nonchalant in these little moments of embarrassment, but much more to the point would be a little knowledge of strategy as applied to journalists. Again, however, the news may be much happier.

"We just got word that on June 12, 1916, at Broad and Third Streets, you paused to pat a little lost dog on the head, a tender gesture indeed, and it was witnessed, unknown to you, by the late Hiram H. Shepherd, railroad magnate and captain of industry, whose will, filed with the surrogate today, names you as sole beneficiary as reward for your uncalculated act of kindness. The estate is conservatively estimated at ——"

A Stand-Pat Republican Goes Communist

YOU really ought to know what to do and say when this chap comes. You ought to know how to handle him, how to play on him as Zimbalist plays on the zimbals. But few do. And public figures—politicians, men who should have gone to the trouble of acquainting themselves with the rudiments of this simple art—are among the worst. Time and again, when I was serving my stretch in journalism, I left my interviewee with a heavy heart, a heart filled with sorrow that he had conducted himself so clumsily, so badly, that I had no choice but to give him as much of the works as my editors and copy-readers would permit.

Of course, what this country needs—together with about five million other things—is a thorough and expert treatise on the subject, for the public's own good. In the course of etiquette by which my own life is governed there is an admirable chapter on being presented at the Court of St. James's, and another, almost incomparable, on corresponding with ambassadors, two highly unlikely contingencies in my own life; but never a word on receiving reporters, despite the fact that thousands of men and women face the situation daily, and bogle it.

I scarcely pretend to supply that missing chapter here, but I can, out of my own journalistic garden of memories, offer a few suggestions. Naturally, I cannot promise, if your particular reporter's liver is functioning badly that day, that they will serve any good; but at least they will not make his liver worse, and if you knew what a reporter can do when his liver gets worse, you would thank me for anything likely to prevent the relapse.

In the first place, you ought to know immediately whether you want to see the young man or not. If there is any doubt about it, don't let him get in. Don't let him get near you. Send out word that you are in Brazil, or have smallpox, or something equally conclusive.

The world is full of misguided men and women who fancy that—such is their personality and cunning—they can see a reporter and say nothing and remain in perfect safety. There is no sense in this, yet nine out of ten people do it. They harbor a childish delusion that with their charm and eloquence they can win the reporter's sympathy and friendship and at the same time show him just how unwise it would be to say anything for publication at this juncture.

The truth of the matter is that charm and eloquence are drugs on the reportorial market. Nor is it likely that he wants you for a friend. The only new friends that a reporter usually wants are men and women with great influence, and the probabilities are that he has already found those before he gets to you.

So get that straight. If you send out word that you have nothing to say, and stick to it, he will understand, with that lightning-like intuition that characterizes journalists, that you have nothing to say, and he will be relieved that you do not intend to do this in about ten thousand words of charm, eloquence and nothing else.

In the event that he is welcome, and you have matter that you would be happy to have aired in print, see immediately that he has your name spelled correctly. Take no chances. Being named William Jones, you rejoice, perhaps, that he cannot mistake it; it is too simple. As a matter of fact, the name does not exist that is too simple to misspell.

Write it out for him, preferably on his shirt front, so he can't lose it. Better still, print it out on his shirt front. There are, of course, a few reporters in the business who do not depend on their own remarkable gift for transcribing phonetics on paper correctly, but request the owner to spell his name; such lads, however, are all too few. And by no means should you keep the young man waiting. For one thing, he is probably anxious to get back to his poker game, or the movies, or wherever he proposes to spend as much of the afternoon as possible, and a long delay inconveniences him. For another, sitting in an anteroom waiting to see someone whom, deep down in his heart, he really doesn't want to see, depresses a reporter and reduces his boiling point.

I recall a reporter who went to see a great oil magnate at the latter's own request, on a matter in which the latter had a personal interest. The reporter, when he reached his man's office, was an old-line Republican, a genuine stand-patter. After sitting for half an hour in the magnate's outer office, he began to get an inkling of the liberal point of view. At the end of half an hour more—he didn't dare leave—he was an out-and-out Socialist; and when, finally, at the end of an hour and a half of waiting, he was permitted to the magnate's presence, that reporter was a seething communist and nearly frightened the capitalistic old gentleman to death by baring his teeth viciously at him every time he spoke.

When a Reporter Really is Treated

THE ideal behavior during an interview—it must be understood that all of this written here concerns interviews connected with spot news, not magazine stuff—might be something along this line:

"Mr. Quish, I'm from the Dispatch."

"A splendid paper, and I'm very glad to see you. Could I offer you a highball?"

"Why not?"

"There! Now what can I do for you?"

Then the question is put. With decent leisure, neither lounging nor hastening, the answer is given, straight, direct and without embroidery. Whatever else is needed is discussed. Then, each grateful to the other for his appreciation of the circumstances, they shake hands and separate, probably never to meet again, which may be just as well.

The question of the highball comes, of course, under the subject of gifts of whatever character, solid or liquid. The question of a monetary gift need scarcely be mentioned. I've never known but one newspaperman who accepted a present of money, and the circumstances in this case were so unusual that his error might be excused.

On a paper where I worked he put his copy on the city desk and then, opening his hand before the city editor, showed a five-dollar gold piece.

"What's that for?" asked the city editor.

"Well, it's rather funny," the reporter said, having been in newspaper work but a few days; "the fellow who gave me this dope asked me could I get it in the paper, and I said I thought I could, and then he slipped this into my hand."

The city editor went purple with anger. "Jones," he said, "you haven't been in this game long, but you should have sense enough to know you can't do a thing like that. Naturally, this stuff goes into the waste-basket. What led you to do it?"

Jones looked worriedly at the gold coin. "To tell you the truth," he explained apologetically, "I didn't know it was a five-dollar gold piece."

"No?"

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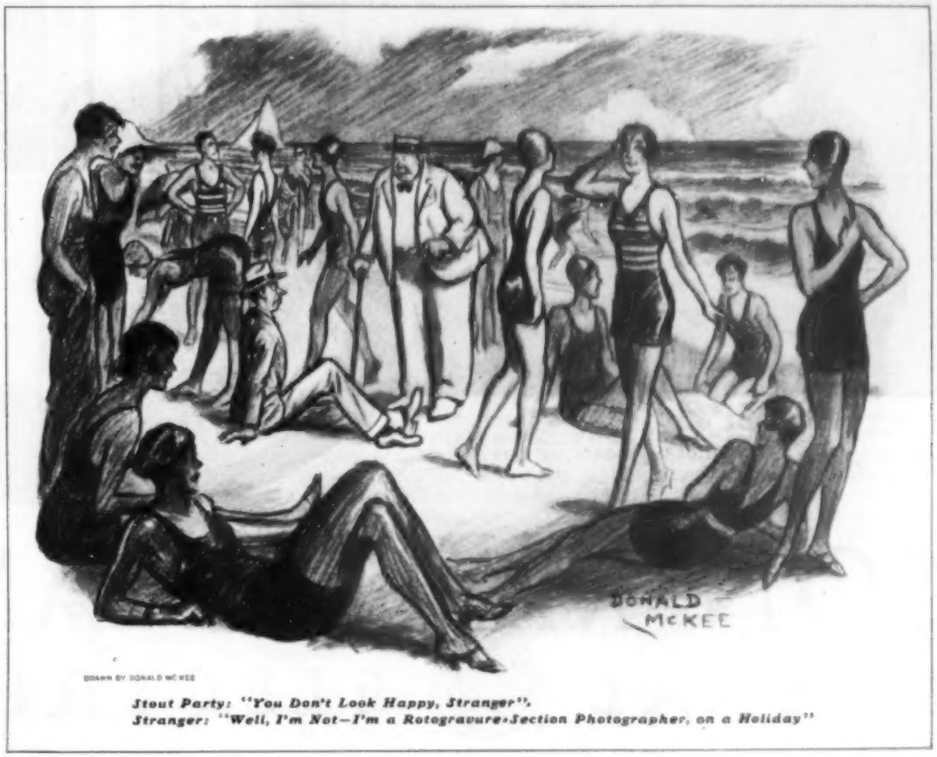
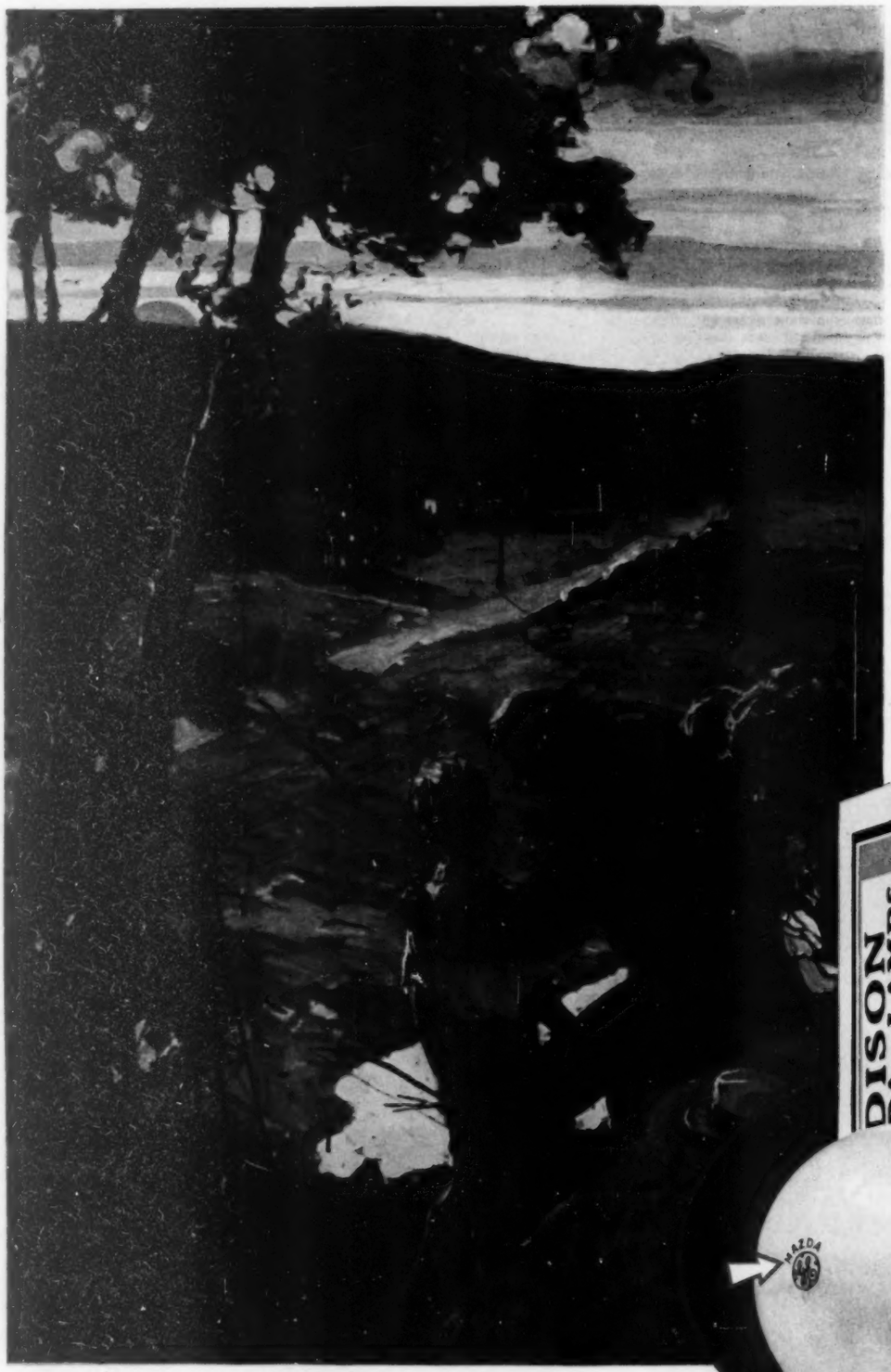


Stout Party: "You Don't Look Happy, Stranger".
Stranger: "Well, I'm Not—I'm a Rotogravure-Section Photographer, on a Holiday"



WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

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LADY-KILLER

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"You're Different. You Treat a Girl as if She Was Something—You Know—Precious"

THE thing I like about you, Harry," said the redhead as she set the ice to tinkling in her tall glass, "is that you are different. You know what I mean, Harry? You don't treat a girl as if she was always the wagon an' you were always the horse."

Harry the Harp raised his dark blue eyes from the scarlet nails which glittered so elegantly as they manipulated the spoon in the ginger ale and contraband across the little table, and smiled.

"That's because I love you, baby," he said softly.

The redhead, christened Zama for program purposes, gave him both eyes—blue as old-fashioned parlor plush. The vivid color on her cheeks seemed to take on an inward glow.

"Honest, honey?"

"Honest, baby."

The redhead sighed. "And to think we didn't even know each other three nights ago. You know what I mean, Harry? There was you at that table in the corner with that girl in black taffeta—a big girl ought never to wear taffeta, Harry; it makes her as big as a house—and there was Charlie an' me sitting near the dance floor."

Harry the Harp laughed.

"An' a hour later I was pushing Charlie through the other door of the taxicab and jumping in beside you. I wonder what he said, baby, when he picked himself up?"

"He was a bum," said the redhead reminiscently. "If he gave you five dollars for a taxi, he'd expect you to ride forever on it."

Harry the Harp unbuttoned the coat of his smart double-breasted suit in order that the slight bulge made by the small automatic which he carried in the upper left-hand pocket of his vest would cease troubling his sense of complete fitness. He raised his glass.

The redhead stared at him approvingly.

"A man ought never to be tight with a girl," he observed.

"What can you expect from the kind of a fella Charlie was?" the redhead demanded. "You know what I mean, Harry? A guy like that should be buyin' peanuts for the pigeons in Bryant Park. He called me up the next day an' I told him so."

Harry the Harp shot his pink-and-white-striped cuffs and laughed admiringly.

"Don't ever get down on me, baby," he implored.

Erstwhile Zama withdrew her spoon slowly. Her eyes were tender.

"How could I? You know what I mean, Harry? A girl can always tell about a man. I mean, the way he is. That's why I like you. You're different. You treat a girl as if she was something—you know—precious."

"You are precious, baby."

"You wouldn't fool me?"

"Listen, baby." Harry the Harp, jewel thief, leaned forward across the litter of glasses, ice bowl and ginger-ale bottles to imprison the scarlet finger tips under the diamond which glittered on the third finger of his right hand. "Why did I leave my girl an' follow you out to the street an' push that big slob through the cab onto his face? Because I'm that way. Some people go for music. You know. Some birds want pictures an'—an' things like that. Me—I ——"

"You, ——" prompted the redhead softly.

Harry the Harp pressed the scarlet tips and then released them slowly.

"I go for beautiful women, baby."

The answer was unsatisfactory to Zama. She twisted her plucked brows to a narrow frown.

"Why be so plural?"

Music drifted across the dark room. Here and there a stray couple moved toward the lemon patch of dance floor. Eleven o'clock was much too early for action at the Club Spain. So early that the air was free of smoke and the cigarette girl, in Broadway's idea of a Spanish costume, lounged in the open doorway, chatting in desultory fashion with the swarthy head waiter. Harry the Harp appraised her casually. Against the bright glow from the hallway her slimness ——

The redhead repeated her question, a bit sharply: "Why be so plural?"

Harry the Harp smiled at her.

"Because you're plural, baby. All the beauty in the world, packed into a Park Avenue rig. Always wear black when you're with me, baby; it sets off that hair of yours like nobody's business—and—and that white skin of yours ——"

"I guess you're a ladies' man, Harry."

"A redhead's man, honey."

Erstwhile Zama murmured something about a line, but she sank back into her chair and sighed with content.

The music changed, grew softer.

"What—whatever became of the other girl? You know who I mean, Harry? The big girl in taffeta—the one you left sitting at the table the other night."

Harry the Harp lit a cigarette. The flare of the match revealed a snub nose and a scattering of freckles which suggested, perhaps, why he was known as the Harp. He threw the flaming match into the ice bowl, and its sputtering death seemed to fit the simple answer which he gave the redhead. "How should I know, baby?"

The redhead held out her empty glass, and it was replenished from a silver flask.

"That flask cost a lot of money, didn't it, honey?"

Harry the Harp answered thoughtlessly: "How should I know, baby?" and then, as the plucked brows went up, he added hastily, "I mean, of course."

"It must be great to be in the jewelry-importing business." Zama dreamed of it with half-closed eyes. "You know what I mean, Harry? Handling beautiful things all the time; having diamonds an' pearls an' things round you all the time, like that."

Harry the Harp nodded vaguely.

The girl held out her hand—the left one. "Isn't it wonderful, Harry? Think of your giving it to me so soon. Charlie never even looked in a jewelry-store window, an' we were engaged for seven months. Lotsa fellas are like that. Know what I mean, Harry? They love to talk about

love, but they think that all the jewelry stores close up at nine o'clock in the morning."

"Pikers," murmured Harry the Harp.

The redhead nodded brightly. "By the way, I forgot to ask you. Did you notice about that jewelry store in the paper? I thought how funny it was when I read about it. Know what I mean, Harry? What a small world it is. Well, it was robbed. I mean that store on Broadway where we stopped to look in the window the night we gave Charlie the air. The very next day, right at noontime, a man walked in and held up two clerks. He got a whole tray of rings."

The music stopped.

Harry the Harp picked up his glass and stared meditatively into its golden depths. His hand was perfectly steady.

"There's a lot of that in the jewelry business," he said finally.

"I suppose so. But I was just thinking"—erstwhile Zama added ginger ale with a smile—"that maybe the poor bum had a girl he loved, or something. Know what I mean, Harry? Springtime and all that. Not being in the diamond-importing business like you, he couldn't just reach in his safe. See what I mean, Harry? Maybe he stole for a girl."

Harry the Harp raised his glass to his lips and drank slowly and calmly.

"Maybe he did."

"If a man loved me that much, I wouldn't care if he was a thief," murmured the redhead sentimentally. "Know what I mean, Harry? I—I'd like to think of you lovin' me that much. You know? Taking a chance on a long rap just to make me happy."

"Sure, I know, baby."

Harry the Harp replenished his own glass and added ginger ale. The orchestra began to play. A soft melody about the Broadway trinity of spring, love and moonlight. Harry the Harp jerked his black head in the direction of the sounds.

"That's like a woman," he whispered earnestly; "it stirs you all up inside."

The room began to fill up. The spotlights which picked out the dance floor caught the increasing smoke drift and sprayed it with luminous beauty. They danced together, red head to black head. When they came back to the table the subdued murmur of voices had grown in volume.

The cigarette girl threaded her way among the tables, walking on her hips, a mechanical smile wrinkling the rouge on her thin cheeks. Harry the Harp thought of using the girl as an example; so slim and attractive against the bright light of the hall, so unpleasant in close-up. Women got like that. Suddenly. Unexplainably. But Zama probably would not understand. He sipped his drink and smiled across the table.

"Do I stir you up, honey?"

Before Harry the Harp could answer, the room was filled with the sudden blare of brass and the square of shining floor stirred to shifting color.

"Thass mushic's lousy!" shouted a fat man at the next table.

Harry the Harp shifted uneasily.

"Shut up," hissed the fat man's companion. "Where d'you think y'are—home?"

A youth with a pimply face kissed the girl he was dancing with, almost before their table.

"At-a-boy," yelled the fat man, "but the mushic's lousy jus' the same!"

The redhead drank and grew suddenly pensive. She reached across the table and covered the diamond.

"Listen, honey," she commanded, "I was just thinking. You know what I mean, Harry? About how you were sitting there with that big girl in taffeta an' all that. You wouldn't leave me that way, would you? I mean if some other girl came in here an' all that?"

Harry the Harp tenderly patted the white hand which covered his.

"Listen to me, baby," he whispered. "With me love is love. See?"

And then the blonde came in and sat down at the table across the way.

II

HAIR like taffy spun in the sun, tucked into a spun-taffy doughnut at the base of a head so small, so beautifully formed that it might have served as a model for some modern figure in an Upper Fifth Avenue window ——

"What I say, Harry, is ——"

A neck that fell from a proud little chin to shoulders as slim as a boy's. White arms ——

"—— there's only one New York. Know what I mean, Harry? Take that ——"

She had a way of bringing one shoulder forward and smiling over it. A kid trick too. And level brows, dark in startling contrast to her general whiteness.

"Say! What's the big idea? Am I talking in the sign language, or what?"

"Who?" asked Harry the Harp vaguely.

"Me," said Zama sharply. "You look like a dope."

The blonde was on her feet.

"Let's dance," said Harry the Harp suddenly.

They danced together almost at once. As they turned his sleeve brushed the blonde's arm lingeringly.

"What's the matter, honey," whispered the redhead—"got a chill?"

"I'm feeling great," Harry the Harp told her.

In the higher intensity of light, before the raised dais of the orchestra, a quick little flank step brought them face to face. Harry the Harp looked down over the redhead's shoulder straight into her eyes. The gray eyes stared straight back up from behind the dark bulwark of shoulder. The corners of her mouth turned up for a moment and then dropped demurely. Then she was gone.

"You're light on your feet, honey."

"I feel light," said Harry the Harp joyously. "I feel like singing."

"It's the liquor an' the room. Know what I mean, Harry? It's getting warm in here."

(Continued on Page 98)

"Says Me," Rapped Out the Jallow Man. "Back to Your Own Trained Seal"

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CARBO-SOLVE CARBO

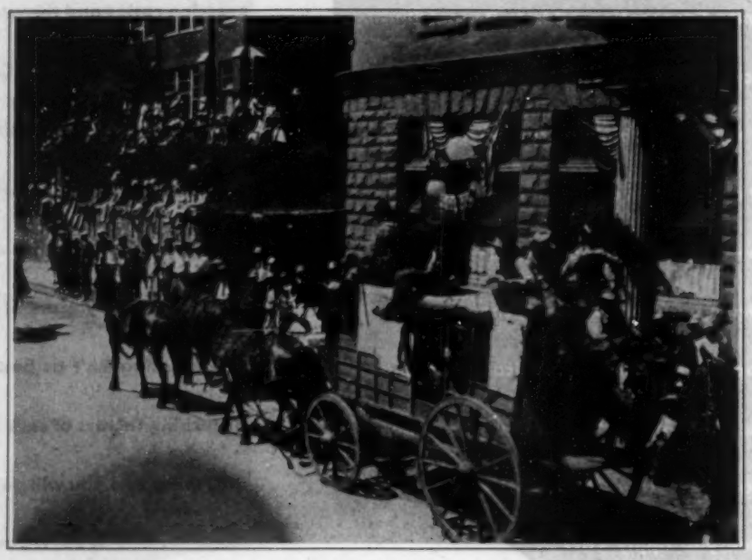
Another Redskin Bit the Dust!

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

IT MIGHT not be amiss to make the statement that after some fifteen years in which this writer has indefatigably traced that will-o'-the-wisp known as the truth about the West—during which time he has heard the inside facts from frontiersmen, army generals, dance-hall girls, prospectors, sole survivors, covered-wagon occupants, cattlemen, cow-punchers, scouts, miners and the rest of the Western coterie—there rests the conviction that of the characters from Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, on through the list to Buffalo Bill and Buckskin Joe, Rain-in-the-Face and Sitting Bull, there is not one who, upon a return from the grave, could look upon his record as tradition has embellished it and accept the version as the whole and infallible truth.

Yet against this is an obeisance to the belief that the fictional gimcracks which have wrapped the West in an aura of romantic adventure were mistakes of the hand and not of the heart—mistakes as perfectly human as the belief that all farmers of a generation ago blew out the gas.

Just as there is no inside history of the frontier detailing a glossary of the wonderful things our heroes did not do, neither is there an inside story telling which of the Knights of the Round Table beat up their wives; nor did the singers of ancient days present affidavits or photographs from the scenes of the conflict as they unrolled their ballads about Saint George and the slaying of the dragon. There were minstrels then, there are minstrels now—the locale is changed, that is all.



The Real Deadwood Stagecoach, Now Used Only in Black Hills Celebrations

"Why should we set ourselves up as knowing everything that happened?" a pioneer justice of the peace asked me in Deadwood recently. "Just because a person happens to be old, and because he happens to have been in a certain town or district at the time of its founding, does not mean that he knows everything that happened there. And just because some man has white hair and a doddering gait does not carry the assurance that he can be correct about things that occurred fifty years ago.

"To be frank," he said confidentially, "I don't believe there is one of us who can tell the whole truth, the absolute truth and nothing but the truth about what happened in the old days. In the first place, you've got to find a man with an unusual intelligence and a knack for observation before you can hope to get anything like a correct version. People were people back in the old days just as they are today; and out of the people who are living in this day and age, how many can give an accurate picture of the times, the conditions and the happenings even twenty-five years from now? How many will be able to tell whether Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic in 1927 or 1930, and whether it took him fifty hours or thirty-three? And how many will remember that there even was a man named Lindbergh?"

Digging for Gold Instead of News

"I WENT to a dance the other night—just to look on, since I've got somewhat shaky in the knees during the last quarter century. But while I was there I couldn't help but observe the young people and their store of conversation. Most of them seemed limited to 'Oh, yeh,' 'That's keen,' 'I'll say,' and 'You tell 'em, kid.' Fifty years from now, how much are they going to be able to relate, with any degree of accuracy, concerning the life, habits and conditions of the human race when they were young? Yet the standard of intelligence is supposed to have risen considerably in the last few generations. Taking that for granted, how much then did the pioneer really see and retain fifty years ago?

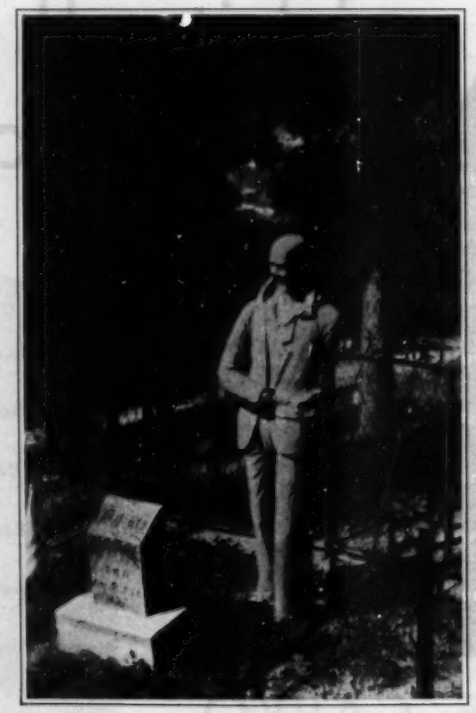
"We were all young, we fellows who assisted at the christening of the West. We weren't bothered at all about posterity, or whether someone would arise in our old age and ask us whether the killing of So-and-So happened on the fifteenth of March or the first of April. We were not interested in dates, and we weren't terribly interested in anything except our own welfare. Most of us had come for gold in one shape or another—either to gain it from the gulches or from stores or some form of business, and that was the really big thing in our lives; that and the problem of keeping body and soul together and both away from the Sioux.

"Therefore when something unusual happened, we chatted about it for a while, formed our opinions and our pictures, sometimes from gossip and sometimes from being an eyewitness, but we didn't lose any sleep over the absolute correctness of every detail. If we had missed some item, we asked another fellow about it, accepted his version and later told it as ours. Few of us kept diaries, and those of us who did deemed the weather of prime importance, the amount of gold taken out of the sluice that day of utmost interest, and a letter from home as something to be really entered in big type.

"If a killing had happened that day, and we had seen it, we probably noted down the fact, but we certainly did not make any notations concerning the position of the bodies or whether the deceased died from a .32-caliber bullet or a .45 on a fifty-one frame. We weren't reporters; we were gold diggers and home builders—everything else was secondary. The result is that some of us do the best we can in recalling old days, some keep silent because of fear that memory will lead to pitfalls, and some run on like Tennyson's brook, without caring for facts or figures. It's from these latter that a lot of the history of the West has been made."

But there is another element that enters when one tries to learn just why that district beyond the Missouri presents such jumbled versions. This is the fact that much of the fabulous material came into being without the knowledge of the man about whom it was told.

There is in my list of friends a man to whom for some ten years I referred, when he wasn't around, as Shotgun Joe. When I first heard the story that gave him the name, it bore an appendix in the form that Shotgun didn't like this appellation and that it would be well not to use it in his presence.



Wild Bill, in Statue Form, Has Been Marred Considerably

The Truth About Shotgun Joe

OTHERS told me the same yarn, some with embellishments, some without, but always with the precaution that if I didn't care to hurt Joe's feelings, it might be wise not to use the term "Shotgun" in his presence. Knowing Joe to be an extremely modest person with a horror of frontier braggadocio, I readily understood, and withheld the nickname from his hearing. At last, however, there came the time when I felt that years of friendship entitled me to hear the story from his own lips. I asked him about it.

"Why," he said with a gasp of surprise, "I never had a shotgun in my hand in my life! You know I hate hunting."

"But this didn't have anything to do with hunting, Joe," I prompted. "This came from the time when those two fellows came in to rob your store. You remember, don't you?"

"Sure!" said Joe, and I waited for the story. It didn't come. I prompted again.

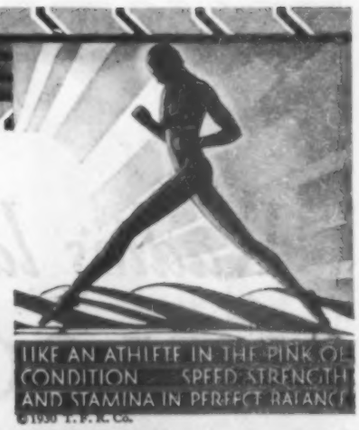
"You remember—that time when the two fellows told you to hold up your hands and give them the money out of the cash drawer, and you said that you couldn't reach the cash unless you lowered your hands. So they, thinking the drawer was right under the counter, told you to lower away, which you did. But instead of opening the cash drawer, you shunted a sawed-off shotgun into position from its place of concealment, shot through the counter and killed both the robbers. Isn't that the way it happened?"

Joe grinned. "Well, not exactly," he said. "Because, in the first place, I didn't have any shotgun. In the second, those two fellows just came into the store, didn't give me a chance to say a word, hit me over the head with a blackjack and took the money while I lay unconscious on the floor. I never saw hide or hair of them afterward."

The strangest part of all this was the fact that while this heroic story had circulated for ten years about Shotgun Joe, he had never heard the slightest rumor of it! So it was with many of the old-timers—bad men, for instance.

Back in the old days it was quite a diversion for bad, bad men to forgather at a frontier bar and tell how thoroughly naughty they really were, confessing to killings which may or may not have occurred or which

(Continued on Page 106)



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Having done everything possible for pure, *undistorted* tone, for high selectivity, for power and distance and volume and super-performance, Philco has sought and achieved *improvement of all tone on the air,* from any broadcasting station, from any program.

Now, you can *control the tone* you receive; adjust it to *your* ear and *your* taste; bring in the formerly harsh station with mellow sound, and improve the quality of any program, so that *each* is reproduced with the matchless, pure, *undistorted* tone, which is "Philco."

For brass band music, turn Philco Tone-Control to "bright", and the band marches right into the room with you. For a speech from Washington, turn it to "brilliant", and meet a great man face-to-face with such realism of speech as you never even dreamed of; for dance music leave it at "brilliant" and you're in the ball-room with the boys, or turn it to "medium" and dance to crooning, dreamy rhythm, both from the same band. Again, turn Tone-Control to "mellow" or "deep" and you can cut down interference noises and make radio reception enjoyable for the first time in noisy neighborhoods.

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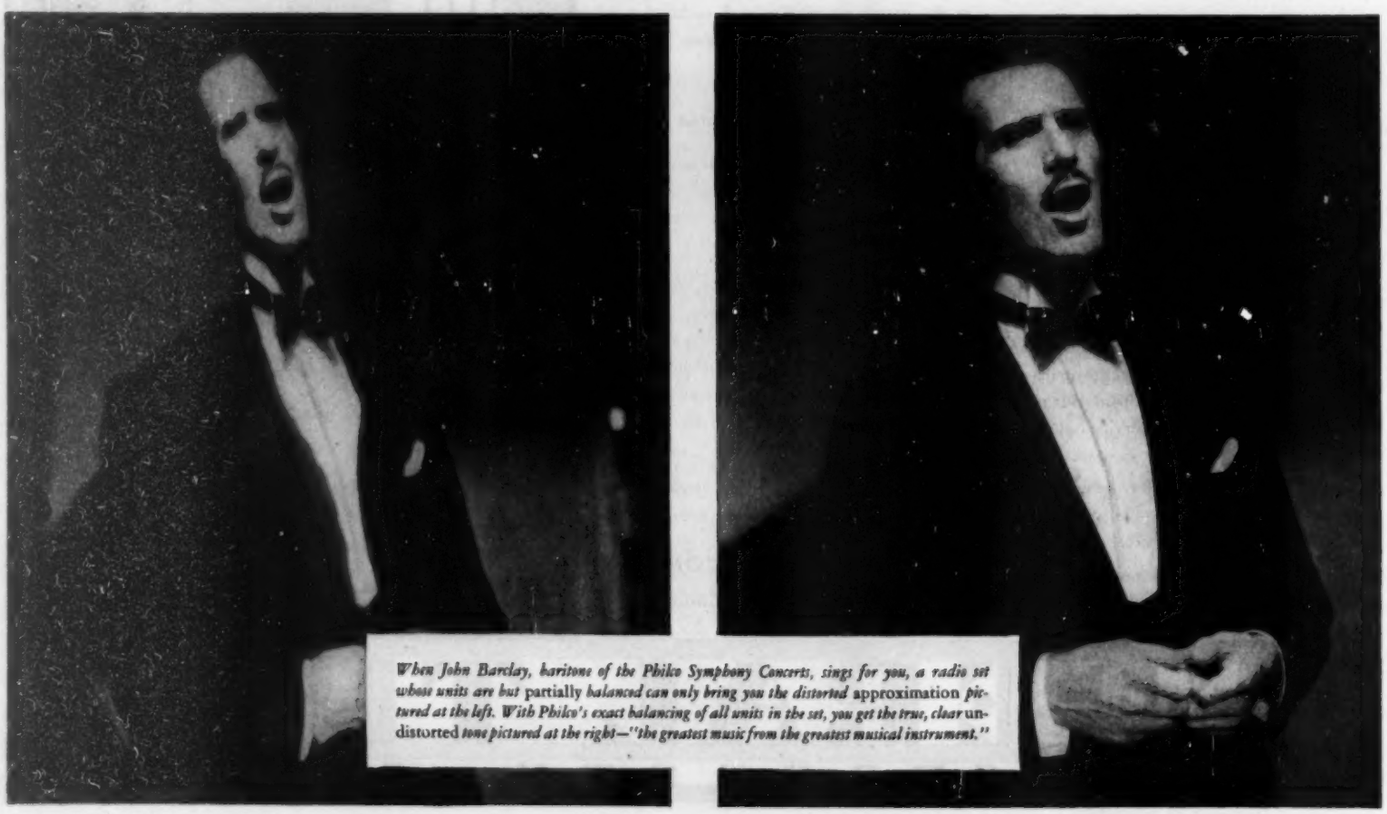


When John Barclay, baritone of the Philco Symphony Concerts, sings for you, a radio set whose units are but partially *balanced can only bring you the distorted* approximation *pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear* undistorted *tone pictured at the right—"the greatest music from the greatest musical instrument."*

THE LIE WITH CIRCUMSTANCE

It Was Madge Who Pulled From the Shelf at Last a Thinner Volume, Cried Triumphantly: "Here it Is!"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MISS ANNIE MAY told her first lie on an afternoon in February, in the sitting room of the old Sprague house in Church Street, where she and Viry Decker and Sarah Sprague and Madge Minnet were piecing a patchwork quilt together.

They were accustomed to meet thus every week, year after year; and while their needles flashed through and through the bright fabrics upon which they were at work, their tongues ran as busily. Not many things happened in East Harbor that failed of discussion at these gatherings, but the gossip was not malicious, for—save, perhaps, Madge Minnet—there was no malice in any one of them. But their interest in all that their neighbors did was keen and tireless and unceasing.

Two of them were spinsters and two of them were matrons. Mrs. Sprague and Viry Decker were married women of long standing, yet childless; so that their empty lives must be filled with many strange concerns. Madge Minnet and Miss Annie May were the spinsters: Madge perforce—though she denied this—and Miss Annie, as the town well knew, from long and stubborn choice. And it was strange to think that such stubbornness could dwell in so gentle an individual; for Miss Annie was like a fragrant pressed flower discovered between the leaves of an old and dusty book. Her hair was soft, her cheek was bright, her eyes were mild and kind. Yet in such meek folk there is at times a strength astonishing.

These four had pieced a quilt together each winter for a dozen years agone. This year's production would, when it was done, belong to Viry Decker, just as last year's now adorned Sarah Sprague's best bedroom, and the one they had made the year before was stowed away in lavender and camphor in the chest in Miss Annie May's orderly attic. Madge Minnet's turn would come next year. They met on Thursday afternoon, coming together about half-past two when the noon dishes were done; and they sewed till, in the early winter dusk, the light began to fail. Then they put away their work, and lamps were lighted, and the hostess for the day produced tea and tiny sandwiches and gingersnaps or sugar cookies; and so presently they separated till another week should come.

And while they sewed they discussed a thousand things. There was between them an eternal difference of opinon in the matter, for instance, of their tea. Madge Minnet preferred orange pekoe; Viry Decker and Sarah Sprague had a certain private blend to which they stoutly clung. Miss Annie May's tea came direct from China; it was Shan Pian, delicately flavored with lily leaves. Her father had been a famous captain in the China trade; one of those rigorous and godly men who would convert a Chinese pirate before hanging him. It may have been from Captain May that some of Miss Annie's unsuspected strength derived; certainly he had left upon her his impress in many other ways. For he was, even to his own blood, a martinet; and Miss Annie had walked all her life a strict and narrow path, as all East Harbor knew.

It was this which made what she did this afternoon seem to the others so grotesque as to be incredible, as though the Reverend Creasy had suddenly stepped down from his pulpit to demonstrate the Black Bottom in the church aisle. They could scarce believe their ears, and they shuddered with a not unreasonable feeling that the very foundation of their world was shaken. For surely nothing could be taken as secure if Miss Annie May, who had walked for all her days in a fine sweet virtue, could tell a lie.

Sarah Sprague's sitting room was one of those frowning and severe apartments whose very walls seem to inhibit any but the straitest ways. On the mantel shelf were arranged bits of carved ivory, yellowed with age, brought by some remote forbear from the Orient. For the Spragues, like Miss Annie's menfolk, had been a seafaring family. On the south wall hung an oil painting of the Blue Racer entering Hong-Kong harbor. Sarah's grandfather had captained her. There was a tiny model of a full-rigged ship in a glass bottle on the marble-topped table. The north wall was bare, severe as ice. The floor was painted yellow, with bright spatters of some other color, and braided and hooked rugs dotted it here and there. There was an iron grate below the mantel, in which were arranged two birch billets, with a carefully folded paper fan below them; and there were no ashes on the hearth at all, nor any trace of even an ancient fire. Mrs. Sprague herself sat in a carpet-covered stationary rocker by the south window, and it squeaked mildly as she swayed to and fro. Viry Decker liked the old, straight-backed, haircloth rocker by the table end. Miss Annie May sat on a low, straight chair beside the hearth, but Madge Minnet—she was always restless, forever moving to and fro—stood by the east window where the light was good, and where she might not only see her work the better but also watch the cars which occasionally did pass by.

Madge had an acid tongue; it could cut like a lash. Mrs. Sprague and Viry Decker usually combined to keep her in restraint, but Miss Annie was often troubled by the other's words. Sometimes she even ventured a remonstrance. It was thus today that she came to tell that lie which struck them all dumb with an incredulous horror. The thing came about in little ways. Before she suspected danger, she was betrayed.

This was the manner of it. Madge Minnet at the window watched a passing automobile. "There goes Lee Tracy and the Madden girl," she said over her shoulder. "In his pa's car. He's home from Orono, and I'd like to know why. His vacation was over a week ago. I suppose he's been up to some devilment up there."

Miss Annie happened to know better, and said so. "Mr. Tracy's got a cold, and Lee's helping in the store," she explained.

"Well, he wasn't there this morning," Madge insisted. "I went in to get some socks for Uncle Will." She kept house for Will Minnet. "Lee wasn't there, but his pa was, and no sign of a cold that I could see."

"Lee's going back tomorrow," Miss Annie persisted.

"Likely his pa's fixed it up at college so he can," Madge guessed maliciously; and Miss Annie's gentle eyes flickered with a slow anger, the terrible anger of the mild. But before she could speak again, Mrs. Sprague had rummaged a fresh piece of silk from the rag bag at her feet. Viry Decker had brought the rags, and Sarah Sprague looked at the fragment in her hand with a sudden recognition, and exclaimed:

"I declare, Viry, this is a piece of your old blue silk that you had four winters ago. I always liked that dress on you."

"I did, my own self," Mrs. Decker agreed. "But I went to Liz Patterson's for Sunday dinner one day, and that young one of hers spilled butter on it, and it left a spot

when I cleaned it, right down the front. Then it began to crack a little along the pleats, and I just put it in the rag bag. I brought some of it for your quilt last winter. You remember."

"I liked that dress too," Miss Annie May remarked in her soft hushed tones. "It favored you, Sarah. I remember you wore it to Will Spalding's wedding."

"Was that the one with the white rosebuds on the side?" Madge asked, from the window. "I always thought they looked silly. Too young for you, Viry."

"I liked them," said Miss Annie May. "I like flowers on a dress."

Madge returned from the window and joined them. When she sat down her short skirts—she had followed the style a year before—barely reached her knees; and across Miss Annie's cheek at the shameful spectacle a slow, deep color ran. Miss Annie had put down her own skirts when she was sixteen, and down they would stay.

"I don't know as flowers look any younger on a grown woman than skirts above her knees," Sarah Sprague commented. "If you ask me, Madge."

"Well, I've wanted to wear short skirts all my life," Madge retorted. "I know they've gone out of style again, but I'm going to set a style of my own this time."

She crossed her knees defiantly, and Miss Annie hitched her chair a little more toward the hearth so that she need not look that way. Viry Decker saw Miss Annie's movement, and she spoke quickly.

"My dears," she asked, "did you see in the Journal that Mary Marsden's married?"

Mrs. Sprague had seen it; and Miss Annie May said gently: "Mary wrote me she was going to."

But the fact was news to Madge. "Married!" she ejaculated. "Who did she marry, for goodness' sake?"

"A gentleman named Spratt, the Journal said," Viry Decker told her. "A lawyer he is."

"Spratt?" Madge echoed. "Spratt?" Her eyes were shining avidly. "Why, girls, the man she worked for was named Spratt. Do you suppose it's him?"

"He was an old gentleman," Mrs. Sprague suggested. "I expect this must have been his son."

Miss Annie started to speak, for she and Mary were friends, and in this matter she was informed, but before she could find words, Madge ejaculated:

"Son? But, good land, Sarah, Mary's no spring chicken herself."

Mrs. Sprague remembered the friendship between the woman they discussed and Miss Annie May; so she only said guardedly: "Why, no, I don't know. Mary only lived here six years, and I didn't get to know her very well."

"Neither did I," Madge cheerfully confessed. "But to look at her was enough." She hesitated, her lips moving in rapid computation. "Why, she's forty-five if she's a day," she declared.

Miss Annie stirred restlessly; she said with surprising spirit: "No, she isn't, Madge!"

"She must be," Madge insisted. "She was all of thirty when she came here to live, and that's fifteen years ago." She looked at Miss Annie acutely. "Did she ever tell you how old she was?" she asked.

Miss Annie colored warmly, as she was apt to do in the face of any sudden question. "Oh, no," she confessed. "No, she didn't tell me. But I'm sure we're about the same age, she and I."

"Well!" Madge insisted triumphantly. And then suddenly she laughed, in a fashion curiously infuriating. "My dear, you're ——" She hesitated, laughed again. "Well, I said she's all of forty-five," she declared.

"She isn't!" Miss Annie cried, in a rising, reckless anger. "I tell you, she isn't, Madge!"

"But you're past that yourself, Annie dear," said Madge, with a deceptive sweetness in her tone.

And Miss Annie, betrayed by wrath, flared at her sharply: "I'm not. I'm only—I'm only forty-three!"

She spoke the words, and then suddenly was silent; and Madge looked at her in a stark rigidity. Even Sarah Sprague and Viry Decker raised their heads to stare at Miss Annie May, and a long, horror-stricken silence fell upon the room. They could scarce believe their ears. For they all knew that Miss Annie May had told a lie.

No one who does not know East Harbor and Miss Annie May can be expected fully to apprehend the state of mind of those who heard her now. In the first place, everyone in East Harbor knows all about everyone else; and in the second place, if there was one thing about Miss Annie which was more surely known than any other, it was the fact that she hated a lie. She was a gentle creature, but she had long since demonstrated the rigidity of her convictions. Amasa Pender, for one, could testify to that. Twenty-odd years ago it had been thought that Amasa and Miss Annie would be married. She was not Miss Annie then; she was Annie May, with a class in Sunday school. And Amasa kept her company.

There were those who from the first predicted that this courtship would come to naught; for Amasa was a man with weaknesses. He would take his drink of rum at the old Phoenix House bar when he chose; he would leave his father's hay uncut to go fishing; he would play cribbage for a ten-cent stake in Joe Dale's barber shop of a Saturday night. But these things were known, even to Miss Annie; and though she may have planned to change Amasa after they were married, for the moment she forgave him his little sins.

But he committed one day the sin she could not forgive. Amasa used to come to Sunday school to teach a class of boys, because Miss Annie had a class of girls there. But Amasa was not a success as a teacher, and he wished to abandon the enterprise. Miss Annie insisted that he continue it; and when he told her, "But, Annie, I'm not doing those young ones a mite of good," she retorted gently:

"You may be doing yourself a great deal of good, Amasa."

So he did as she wished, and for a long time; but one Sunday in June he failed to appear, and Lou Hills took his place for the day.

When Miss Annie next saw him, she said gently, "We missed you Sunday, Amasa."

And Amasa—for he had expected this moment—answered easily: "I couldn't come! It looked like an easterly, Annie, and pa 'lowed we'd better get in the hay."

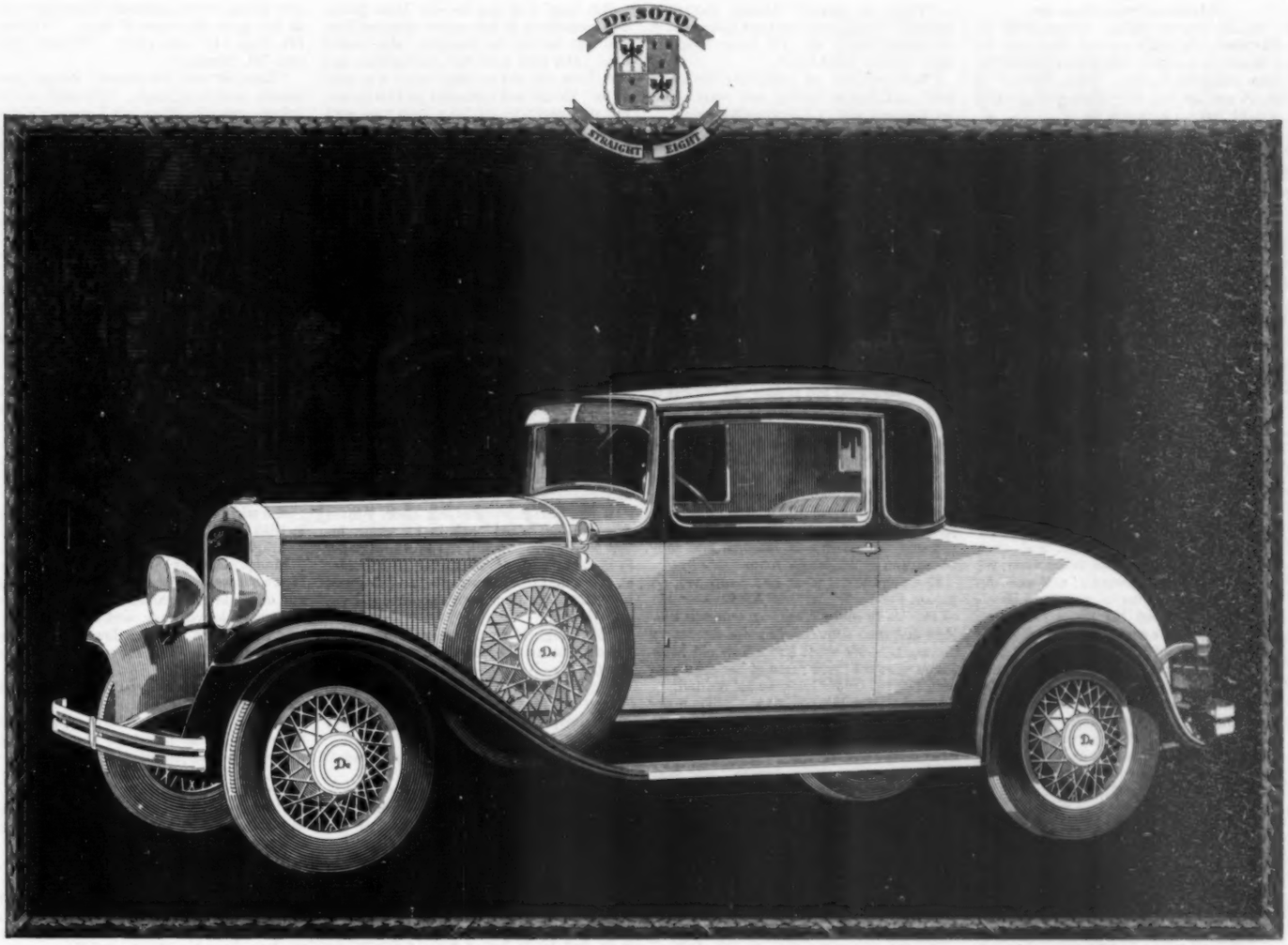
Miss Annie could have forgiven his absence; she could have forgiven his working on the Sabbath. But when she discovered that Amasa had gone fishing that morning, she was adamant.

"I can stand anything but a lie, Amasa," she told him with that soft inflexibility which she could at times display. "Anything but a lie!" And no protests he could make, no pleadings and no arguments could sway her from that stand.

Such matters may not, in a small town, be hidden secretly away; so East Harbor heard the tale. Amasa had his sympathizers, but he repulsed them. "Annie's right," he said, "and I was wrong, and that's all there is to that."

(Continued on Page 38)

"There Goes Lee Tracy and the Madden Girl," She Said Over Her Shoulder. "In His Pa's Car. He's Home From Orono, and I'd Like to Know Why. His Vacation Was Over a Week Ago"



Man's ambition for self-improvement is the root of all human progress; it is the cornerstone of civilization itself. The desire to live in a better environment is met by beautiful suburbs. The desire for universal, inexpensive entertainment is answered by the radio and motion pictures. The desire for greater ease and convenience in the home is solved by all the latest appliances of housekeeping. And—in the realm of motoring—the new Chrysler-built De Soto Straight Eight eminently fulfills the long-expressed public desire for something finer in an automobile of low cost; for something smarter and richer and more thrilling—for luxury, eight-cylinder performance and economy combined.

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STRAIGHT EIGHT . . .

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 36)

So the matter ended. Amasa lived his life alone—he had been city clerk now for a dozen years—and Annie May became by imperceptible degrees "Miss Annie," a sweet and smiling lady who could forgive almost any sin except a lie.

No one in East Harbor knew Miss Annie better than these old friends with whom she sat this afternoon; nor did anyone—unless it may have been Amasa—love her more loyally. Their astonishment was so great that it passed their control; yet even so, Viry Decker and Mrs. Sprague might have bridled their tongues. But Madge Minnet could not let the matter rest. Within twenty-four hours the whole town knew.

There were, from the first, two parties in the matter. There were those who refused to believe that Miss Annie had ever said she was only forty-three; and there were the others who stoutly declared that if she said that was her age, her age it must be. The three who had heard the thing itself had no doubts, however; for Miss Annie's very demeanor was confession. After that long silence which followed her outright statement, Sarah Sprague was the first to stir; she rose hastily, and said it was time for tea, and departed to the kitchen; she could be heard there talking to herself as she put the kettle on. But Viry Decker, and even Madge, stayed silent in the other room; till Miss Annie rose desperately, and said she must be home at five to pay Meg Humphries, who cleaned her house that day. And her departure was like flight; while behind her their quick tongues ran.

Next day people came to ask Sarah Sprague, or Viry, if what Madge Minnet reported were true; they went away still unconvinced, and the matter might have been forgotten, but Madge would not let it rest. Such an incident as this tormented her; she was the sort of individual who becomes so intent on solving a mechanical puzzle as to forget everything else till the trick is done. She would never be content till Miss Annie May was convicted of her lie, or justified.

She and Miss Annie met next morning at the post office, and Madge cornered the other woman, and Miss Annie faced her with a sort of desperate courage.

"I've been trying to remember, Annie," Madge explained in a cheerfully interested tone. "You said yesterday you were forty-three; but you got through high school the year they built the post office, and that was twenty-seven years ago in September. You didn't graduate from high school before you were eighteen, did you?"

Miss Annie said slowly and carefully: "It was two years after they built the post office—two years after."

"It was?" Madge echoed.

"Two years, yes," Miss Annie insisted, and nodded stubbornly. Her lips were pale and quivering.

"But you're the same age as Lucy Hills," Madge urged. "And she's forty-five. She told me so last summer."

"Lucy's got a right to let on she's older than she is if she's a mind to," Miss Annie said quaveringly. "I haven't anything to say to that." And she added desperately: "I guess I know how old I am."

"Why, of course, dear," Madge agreed. "I'm only ——"

But just then Emma Spaulding came in to get her mail, and Madge called her. "Miss Annie and I were just figuring," she explained. "You were born the year the bay froze over, weren't you, Annie? I remember your mother told me so, once. Wasn't that in '84?"

Emma Spaulding said: "Why, I don't know as I recollect." She was uncomfortable, for she had heard the tale, and she could not meet Miss Annie's eye. "I don't know as I know, Madge."

But Miss Annie could stand no more. She bowed her head and fled past them with a word of farewell. They saw her cross the Square toward the bank, and Emma said stoutly: "I declare, I sh'd think you'd leave Miss Annie alone, Madge. She's got a right to be as old as she wants, seems to me."

"Why, of course," Madge cheerfully agreed. "Only I just can't get it straight in my mind, that's all. I'd have took my oath she was forty-five."

"Well, she can be thirty-five for all of me," said Emma briskly, and went about her business with a disapproving stride.

But Madge was uncontented still, and during the days that followed, life became torment for Miss Annie May. Her own conscience was punishment enough. She might, perhaps, have eased that by confession, but she could not. Old Captain May had taught her not to lie, but he had taught other lessons too. "A captain can make mistakes," he used to say. "But if he ever lets on to his men that he was wrong, he's done. If you're wrong, stick to it, Annie, thick and thin."

So Miss Annie stuck to her lie, though it was like the albatross which burdened the Ancient Mariner. She could not be rid of it; yet she could not endure the burden it imposed. When she ventured abroad upon the streets, it was to meet eyes full of curious conjecture; it was to hear the quick stir of whispers behind her back. She began to dread the daily necessity of showing herself. Yet to hide would be confession, so she drove herself to face the world; and after each such occasion she went home to sit in a tormented passion of remorse and self-accusation in her lonely room.

Everyone knew what had happened, so Amasa Pender knew; but Amasa kept his comments to himself, and his opinions too. Now and then someone sounded Amasa in the matter. He must know how old Miss Annie was; he knew more of her than any man. But if Amasa knew he did not tell.

Even Madge Minnet, after a while, mustered heart to go to him; or, rather, she took advantage of a chance encounter by the bank corner one day.

"Oh, good morning, Amasa," she said brightly when they came together. "I declare, there's a feel of spring in the air, now, isn't there?"

"It's warmish, yes," he agreed. "But we'll get some weather yet."

"I suppose so," she assented. "We always do, don't we?" She smiled gayly. "But just the same, the first warm weather makes me feel about half my age."

"That's the way with us old folks," Amasa dryly agreed; and Madge flushed sharply. But she controlled her tones.

"I suppose so," she countered; and she went on hurriedly: "A person doesn't realize how old he is, in the spring, when the sap begins to run. The years slip up on you, don't they? I can't realize how old I am, and I suppose other people are the same. Miss Annie May told me the other day she's forty-three. I couldn't believe it."

"Guess she ought to know," Amasa suggested. "Course, she wouldn't know herself, but likely her ma told her sometime." He added frankly: "I wouldn't have said she was that old myself. She always seemed right young to me."

Amasa had never made any secret of the fact that Miss Annie May was the only woman in the world for him; and Madge bridled smilingly.

"Oh, of course, you," she agreed. "But I didn't mean I thought she was less than forty-three, Amasa!"

"Sho," he protested, "you wouldn't say she was more'n that, would you? Why, she can't be. She's all of ten years younger than you."

Madge lost her patience for an instant. "Amasa Pender, I'm forty-four, if you want to know, and not ashamed of it," she retorted.

"Do tell," he echoed in an apparently honest surprise; and without a suggestion of humor in his tones, he added: "And the weather today makes you feel half that, eh? Twenty-two?" He glanced down at her short skirts meaningly.

Madge saw the glance, and she flushed and said sharply: "I'll wear what I choose, Amasa. Good day to you." And she departed down the street. Amasa looked after her with thoughtful eyes, in which dwelt only the suspicion of a smile.

But later that day he saw Miss Annie, and something in her aspect worried him. She was failing, he thought; she looked tired. Her eyes were dull and harried, and her cheek was not so bright as it was used to be. He did not comment on this to her, but that night he sat for a long time with the daily paper lying unregarded on his knee.

He seemed to be thinking, but when he rose at last to go to bed, he was smiling faintly. It was as though he had come to a decision in the end, and was by that decision satisfied.

Madge still worried at this situation, as a puppy worries a bone. People told Amasa that Madge was fretting; and Amasa suggested, in those indirect ways which were habitual to him, what she might do about it. In due course the suggestions came back to Madge, and she was quick to act upon them.

Amasa, as has been said, was city clerk, and had been for a dozen years or more. His duties were not arduous, but he was usually in his office for an hour or two during the forenoon. To him there came, one morning late that month, Madge.

When Madge entered his door, Amasa was reading, tilted back in his chair, his feet on the window sill, the Portland paper in his hands. He looked over his shoulder at the sound of her entrance, and dropped his chair to the floor with a thump, and got up, smiling.

"Morning, Madge," he said amiably. "Feels like another of them spring days, don't it?"

But Madge was on her dignity today. "Good morning," she returned; and she asked crisply: "You're city clerk, ain't you?"

"Far as I can find out, yes, ma'am," Amasa confessed.

Madge hesitated. "Aren't the records public?" she demanded. "Anything on record here anyone can see, can't they?"

"Yes, ma'am," he assured her.

"Well, then," said Madge triumphantly, "I want to see when Annie May was born."

"Sho!" Amasa exclaimed. "You do? Why, she can tell you, like as not. Quite a job to rummage through all these books there just to find that out. Go ask her, Madge."

"It's your job to rummage if people want you to," she retorted. "And you'll do it, or I'll know the reason why."

Amasa scratched his head resentfully. "Guess this job wouldn't be worth having if there was many like you," he protested.

"You going to do it, or do I have to go to court to make you?" Madge demanded. "I asked John Benton, and he says you've got to produce the records if I ask you to. So you can do it, or wait and be made to, just as you're a mind."

"Sho," Amasa urged again. "I'll do it, Madge. Only it seems like a lot of bother to me."

"You're paid to bother," Madge retorted sharply.

So Amasa began to scan the labels on the backs of his record books, and he mumbled to himself as he did so. "Got a girl tends to these things mostly," he explained. "She could do it in a minute, but she's home with a cold. Well, I'll see what I can find." He lifted down a ponderous volume. "Here's Births," he explained. "Now let's see."

But when he opened the ledger, the closely written pages daunted him. "Looks like a pile of trouble going through all this," he protested.

"There must be an index somewhere," Madge said briskly. "Let's look in that."

"I dunno," Amasa admitted. "There might be." He turned the pages of this ledger vainly, tried another. It was Madge who pulled from the shelf at last a thinner volume, cried triumphantly:

"Here it is!"

"Why, so 'tis," Amasa agreed. "Well, you look at it, Madge. I left my specs at home."

So Madge herself scanned the index, running down the alphabet to "*M*." And it was Madge whose exultant finger fastened at last upon the name of May. "Volume III, Page 147," she cried. "Where's Volume III, Amasa?"

"Must be with the others," Amasa confessed; and he grinned. "We start a new volume every so often, but I guess it's just to make a show on the shelves. One book would hold all the names ever born in East Harbor, if you wrote them one on a line." Madge was busy at the shelves. "Never could see the sense of so many books myself," he rambled on. "Putting on dog, that's all it is, the way it looks to me."

Madge was thumbing through the pages; she uttered a low ejaculation. "Here it is!" And she ran her finger down the closely written lines. Here were recorded many names, beginning with the first Joel May, who settled in East Harbor in 1832, and had eleven children; and his four sons had twenty-three between them; and their sons likewise did their share. But Madge was not long in finding the entry she required.

Amasa, behind her, saw the sudden rigidity of her shoulders, saw her finger stop on one of the last lines.

And he asked, "Find it, did you?"

She whispered, half to herself, "October 9, 1886."

"Eighty-six, eh?" said Amasa.

Madge stared at the page for a long time. It was closely written with many names and dates, in many hands; and some of the ink was pale with age, and some was yellow; and there was a yellow stain on the page itself. Her lips moved, and Amasa said beside her:

"Figure it out, did you? How old does that make her?"

Madge slammed the book closed and turned at last to face him, and her smile was bland and cheerful. "She's forty-three," she said. "I knew she was right. I've told everybody so."

"Sho, yes," Amasa agreed. "Don't see how she could be wrong. She'd be bound to know."

And: "Thank you, Amasa," said Madge, and took herself away.

He watched her go, and then he sat down again and picked up the Portland paper, and began to read. He could look out of the window, down the street; and Madge came into his line of vision. At sight of her he chuckled thoughtfully.

But there came, after a moment, a faint disquiet in his eyes. Miss Annie May would hear of this, and Miss Annie hated any lie.

"I've told everybody so," Madge had said to Amasa; she repeated this assertion to half East Harbor within twenty-four hours. "I've said from the beginning that Annie'd know her own age," Madge insisted. "I declare, it makes me sick sometimes to see the way people talk. As if she would tell a lie."

She told half East Harbor, and because only Madge's insistence had kept the matter alive so long, it began at once to be forgotten. But not by Miss Annie, and not by Amasa.

Amasa was alone one night in his old house on Church Street. He was apt to be alone there. A woman did for him by the day, but she slept at home. He was alone when Miss Annie knocked on the door.

Amasa may have had some premonition it was she, because before he went to the door he straightened his tie. He even smoothed his hair with his hands. Then he opened to her, and saw her standing there, and stood awkwardly while she came in and closed the door behind her. She came in and faced him, and she faced him steadily.

"I had to talk to you, Amasa," she explained.

"Come in by the fire," he suggested. So she came in with him to the sitting room, without removing her hat and her coat; and they sat down, facing the hearth where two bits of wood set crosswise produced a tiny flame.

(Continued on Page 40)

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WE have brought to radio the reputation of General Motors. Our business must uphold a world-wide renown for sound practice, for progressive policies, for permanence, for fair dealing, for an ability to create extraordinary value. ¶ That is why we have built an exclusive dealer organization comprised of men able to meet unusual requirements of character, integrity and responsibility. That is why we have put service on a national basis—with expertly-manned, thoroughly-equipped service stations at strategic points throughout the entire country. That is why we have developed an exceptional product—distinguished in appearance, impressive in performance, equipped with the new Tone Selector which lets you emphasize bass or treble at will. ¶ Judge how well we are meeting the obligations of our inherited reputation. Call on the General Motors Radio dealer in your community. You will find him the type of man you prefer to do business with, selling the kind of product you prefer to own . . . a distinctive product . . . a Product of General Motors. ¶ Prices, without tubes—radio models $136 to $172, radio-phonograph models $198 and $270—all available on the liberal GMAC plan of convenient payment.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

(Continued from Page 38)

"I like a fire for company," Amasa explained. "Setting here alone."

Miss Annie stared at the flame for a long moment; then she turned to face him. "Amasa," she said, "Madge went to your office."

"Why, yes, I guess she did," he agreed.

"What did you show her, Amasa?" Miss Annie asked. "What did you do?"

Amasa hesitated, but he said at last sheepishly, staring at the coals:

"Why, I'd committed a high crime and misdemeanor, I guess, Annie. Arson, and mayhem, and what all. I'd cut out the old page, and wrote in a new one for your family. Took me most a week to get it right too. Ain't had much practice at forgery."

Amasa hesitated, added at last chucklingly: "You might call that a right elaborate lie!"

She did not speak; and he ventured at last to look at her. But Miss Annie's gentle eyes were swimming with unshed tears; so Amasa looked away again, and put a fresh stick on the fire, and began poking it harshly.

"Chimney'll smoke if it gets half a chance," he explained. "You have to watch it all the time."

Miss Annie sat very still beside him; and he leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, staring at the flames. For a long time nothing passed between them at all. Nothing in words.

But Miss Annie said at last, in a hushed voice, like one dreaming:

"You've been setting here alone for twenty-two years, poking at that fire!"

Amasa turned then to look at her again, but she was smiling now, and her cheeks were bright. It may have been the heat from the flames.

"Why, yes," he confessed. "It's nice to have you for company, Annie, too."

"I—thought I'd come," she said.

He nodded. "Long as you're here, why not take off your hat and coat and set a spell?" he suggested.

And Miss Annie smiled again. "Why, Amasa," she agreed, "I don't mind if I do!"

The night was warm. They could hear the drip of water at the eaves. Amasa thought that the first hint of spring in the air made him feel no more than half his age.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Job of a Job Broker

EMPLOYERS think in terms of their industry, job hunters in terms of jobs. Take the stenographer, man or woman. I've talked with countless.

Nineteen out of twenty say: "I'd like to get something along secretarial lines; congenial work with chance for advancement."

"Any particular line of business?"

"No, I've nothing definite in mind, just so long as the salary is fair and conditions good."

But the twentieth: "I'd like to get into an advertising office." Or: "Banking has always appealed to me." Or: "Do you ever have stenographic openings in a law office? My first position was with Smith and Smith. I'd like to get back." Or: "Preference? Why, yes. My first choice would be an architect's office. There's something in the atmosphere that appeals to me. I substituted in one for two weeks last summer." Or: "Keep me in mind when you have an opening with an accounting firm. I am just starting a night course in accountancy."

A particular person, the twentieth. Yet for that very reason, I am conscious, he totes a thirst to contribute to a business something more than competent stenographic service.

I have found it infinitely easier at times to persuade an out-of-the-market employer to interview an unskilled young man who exhibits a genuine eagerness to follow that employer's particular line of business than I have to arouse that employer's interest in a man trained for an office or shop rôle that he could fill in many other lines of business.

As my friend Eugene Vickers puts it: "A kid who impresses me with the fact that he wants to learn shipbuilding won't get a job through me unless I have one to fill, but to this extent he's got the edge on the man who asks me simply for a job. I know he's thinking about shipbuilding—and his own future. I'm never sure what the other man is thinking about."

Employers think in terms of their industry; job hunters, too often in terms of jobs.

"It won't come back for a year." "The business is shot until 1931 at the earliest." "You couldn't sell a security today if you attached its dividends in cash to the certificate." "The jig's up. I know when I'm licked."

I heard many men I'd steered toward the investment-security profession thus deliver themselves during last autumn's drabbest days.

I was inclined to agree with some of the prophecies. The near future for security salesmen certainly looked opaque. And yet one factor thousands of salesmen in every line then failed to weigh or recognize; a factor that ever smiles upon the salesman who, when things in his particular sphere have gone to pot, sees it through.

Textiles, shipbuilding, radio, the stage, the automotive industry, coal mining, ice, movie and jewelry business—all and others, in a decade's time—I've seen take it on the chin, and their votaries, despairing of the future, regretfully wend a way into other fields where, at the moment, sales resistance was not so avid.

Had they remained in their chosen spheres they, like my investment-salesmen friends, would assuredly have found the going harder than any they had heretofore experienced. But like the stock and the bond men, they also would have learned that competition from other salesmen would be correspondingly curtailed.

Every salesman who quits his field during an industrial depression makes it measurably easier for those who do not quit.

An ex-doughboy ambled in Monday. He knew what he wanted. I didn't, though, until the day following. A job of any kind would hit him four-square, he said. We'd placed him twice, the office records showed. The war had taken him from an apprenticeship. He hadn't yet geared with peace. Whatever floating he had done was when the two industrial ships we'd sent him to had sunk.

"I'll take anything I can get," he said.

We sent him to a storage-and-warehouse company for a job as fireman.

We told him all we knew about the job—its hours, shift changes, pay.

"That looks good to me," he said. "And right near my home."

Tuesday, at the hour bankers were taking their setting-up exercises, the office phone crackled. The warehouse man!

"That firing job's still open, brother. What can you do for me? That fellow Buck or Brown, whatever's his name, you sent late yesterday might be all right to hold down the job for a week or two, but he'd never stick—never in a world of Sundays."

"Did he say he ——"

"He didn't need to tell me anything more than he did. He just wouldn't—couldn't. It was on my tongue to tell him to go home, change his clothes, and report at 5:30, when he asked me if I had a driver job open on any of our vans. I let him finish his speech and—count himself out. He did."

So do many good men who, on their toes to land a specific job, casually start talking about some other job.

Some men will exist a lifetime in an atmosphere of domestic discord, yet go pure berserk when the harmony on their job is not in precisely the key they'd like to pitch it.

A friend sent a relative to me the other day with the prelude:

"He's discontented where he is and wants to make a change. You can recommend him to anyone. He knows his line."

His line happened to be selling—for a poultry-feed house. Forty-eight, he'd sold for the same firm twenty-two years, and was making what I'd call good money. Prior to that he'd clerked in a glass-and-paint house.

"What's wrong where I am?" He hitched a trouser leg. "Well, to be frank, I don't like the atmosphere. The new sales manager has changed everything—well, for instance, he's always telling me, when I see him, how well certain of the salesmen are doing and then telling them how well I'm doing, forever drumming us to go out and get more business. He never has a good word for the business we're turning in. He just takes it for granted."

"Cut your commissions?"

"No, no; it's simply the different atmosphere. You can't help but feel it. Territory? No, no change there. It's just in the atmosphere; pressure, if you know what I mean. There's no warmth about the place when we get back from a trip. Instead of getting us in a mood where we'll all work together, his aim seems to be to make us compete with one another—to play one against the other."

"Gives you good support while you're on the road, does he?"

"Oh, yes. He's right on the job there. It's in his—well, the atmosphere, the change I notice when I get back from a trip."

"How often's that?" I asked.

"Every week-end; sometimes every other week."

I don't know what he finally did, but it seemed to me then, and still does, that four days of mental doldrums a month is not a high premium for a man to pay for the twenty-six in which he has things much his own way.

No small measure of the success that attends a man's quest for work depends upon the degree of understanding on the part of those at home as to what he's going through mentally, and what he's up against today.

"My wife thinks I'm not looking for work. She can't understand why, with my experience, I haven't made a connection."

"It's come to a point where I hate to go home nights. We no longer talk about where I've been. It's taken for granted that I haven't tried or that there's something queer about me."

"My mother thinks I must be too particular."

"The womenfolks can't understand it."

Thus run the plaints of men long jobless. Perhaps nothing can be done about it. I don't know who first said that any able-bodied man who really wants work can get it, but it's a bomber against a blimp that he was either employed when he said it or, as to the era's industrial tide, is somewhat of a shut-in.

The reason many good men do not land jobs more readily is that, in point of understanding, their folks at home are too habitually home folk. Never or seldom having hunted a job, they cannot understand the paradoxes and soul-searing ironies of the help-wanted page; why business men cannot profitably employ a man, palpably competent, solely because through stress he is willing to take a specific job he could not for financial reasons be content in; why a husband's record of faithful service or of high achievements with one or many employers cannot, to the business eye, offset the very patent fact that his age will make it highly improbable that he can contribute so long and so valuable a service to a new employer. Nor can they know that column on column of ads for salesmen, sales executives, national distributors, managers and just plain upstanding men are mere window dressing to lure men to sell things whose makers and sponsors have not sufficient faith in them to back them with a cent of salary or a line of advertising. Nor of the toll that weeks of dogged, futile search exact from those whose only goal is work.

They cannot understand. How could they? They have seldom or never hunted a job.

A structural draftsman, skirting forty-five, called last week on the trail of a new connection. He reminded me that eight years ago I had aided him to the job that had just collapsed beneath him. His employer, an industrial engineer, had passed on a week before at the age of sixty-six.

"His health hadn't been good for some years," said the draftsman.

I fumbled through a file for his original card of application. On it a long-hand note showed that two days prior to referring him to his last job, I had sent him to an opening with a steel-fabricating company, still in business and going strong.

"Yes, they offered me a job there," he said. "But it didn't pay at the start quite as much as this last one did."

I gave him a note of introduction to a conveying-machinery manufacturer. Its chief engineer phoned me later:

"He'd fill the bill well enough, but I have another man in mind who is to see me again today—a younger man. I think we'll come to terms."

Yesterday he returned from the office of a company that builds railroad bridges—a lead he'd dug up on his own.

"Forty-five years is their limit," he said. "At least, until they have trouble getting men under that age," he added.

He'll probably land something soon. Most men, willing and active, do. But that's beside the question. The thought the incident spurred is this:

Here was a comparatively young man who deliberately chose to stake his future with an employer fifty-eight years of age, conscious, when he did so, that the business could not carry on should his employer fade from the picture; and who could have connected with a company whose permanence did not rest upon the existence of one man. However, the soundness of his judgment is not the issue.

The thought his case brings to the fore is one that often registers when I talk with men, middle-aged and over, who find themselves suddenly jobless because an elderly employer who had years ago hired them had died. Their decisions are their own, and surely age must be served as well as youth. Yet I cannot but wonder, when I hear so much about the old-age ban that employers maintain, whether it's not the part of wisdom for a job hunter to give as much consideration to the age expectancy of the employers who offer him a job as do those employers themselves in the matter of a job applicant's age. Surely, if a boss, sixty, will hire no one over forty, he shouldn't see red if now and then a job hunter under forty thinks he himself's too old to work for.

—KENNETH COOLBAUGH.

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller*
BEARINGS

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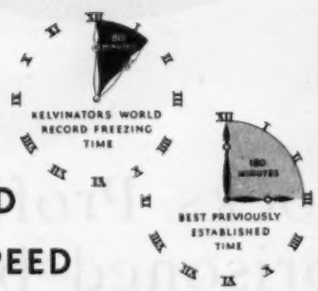
4 WAY COLD

1 AUTOMATIC RECORD-SPEED FREEZING—A special tray freezes ice cubes or desserts AUTOMATICALLY in much less than half the fastest previous time.

2 AUTOMATIC FAST FREEZING—All trays freeze generous quantities of ice cubes or desserts at better than average speed.

3 AUTOMATIC BELOW-FREEZING COLD—The Frost Chest keeps meats, fish, game and the new frosted foods indefinitely.

4 AUTOMATICALLY MAINTAINED COLD—Foods and beverages in the food compartment are kept at a constant temperature between 36 and 50 degrees.



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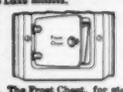

3. The Frost Chest, for storing fresh or frozen meats, fish, game and other delicacies.

4. Temperature never below 36 degrees and never above 50 degrees in food compartment.

A single ice cube—or more than two dozen—instantly and almost automatically removable from the improved Rubber Ice Tray. A third to a half more usable ice because none need be melted in removal.

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KELVINATOR

OUT-OF-DOORS

Refutation of That Rattlesnake Slander

HE WAS one of that simply sincere and thoroughly desaturated style of men still occasionally encountered in the mountain and desert intervals of Southern California. Incurious, but nothing truculent, in his outdoor adequacy of remote trails and lonely camps, he halted his two burros to a friendly greeting. In the quiet amplitude of one who has little to offer and nothing to ask of merely civilized association, he stopped with me for lunch in that easy-throttle roll of high, clean live-oak country between Jacumba and Campo, along the back ranges of San Diego County.

Instinctively I recognized in him a rare conservation of the old Western America as expressed in human bearing and speech, the sun-smelted, wind-sifted integrity of open living and elemental knowledge; one in whom no guile could be expected. In this confidence I asked him questions of his country. He answered briefly and conclusively, neatly eating his sandwich under the oak tree. Having answered, he waited politely until again addressed.

Presently a road runner teetered swiftly across the highway, and then I inquired for the truth as to this quaint bird's traditional passion for fencing sleeping rattlesnakes with cactus pads, simply as an inducement for the snake to bite himself to death and have done with it, when he wakes to find he cannot escape the thorny barricade. As to that, this man of the southern ranges explained in detail, without emphasis and in the manner of one relating the obvious affairs of his experience. I merely report what he said:

"No, that statement as to road runners and rattlesnakes is another one of them slanders on common sense you hear from folks who are usually shy on facts or reckless as to their value. In the first place, you don't ever catch a rattlesnake coiled up asleep. When he takes his rest he stretches out in warm sand to get full benefit of the heat. And nobody builds any fences around him while he's doin' it, because a snake hears through the ground and is always awake and ready for business when anything comes his way. That's why you always find him coiled up and hostile. He's had advance notice of you for quite a while."

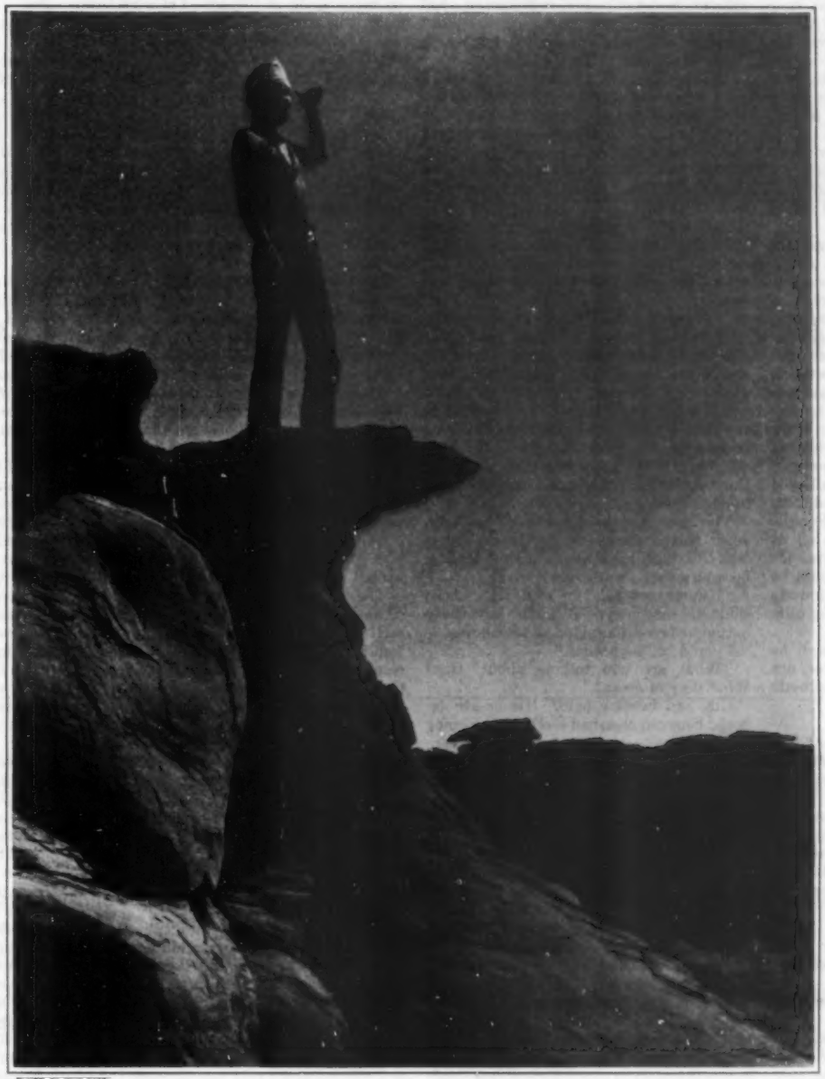

PHOTO. BY JOHN KABEL

Navajo in the Painted Desert

The Tail a Mere Detail

"That's about the simplest thing the road runner knows, and besides he don't commonly speculate in snakes. He specializes mostly in lizards; concernin' which I can tell you something that ought to be a lesson to all these shiftless folks. It happened right up around the end of that ridge yonder where my goat ranch is.

"Behind my shack there's a rocky little runt of a peak that's fairly well populated with these automatic lizards that fall apart when you grab them. If you take one by the tail, which is naturally where you take a lizard, the tail snaps off. If you keep in touch with him further, that lizard will go on sheddin' his personality until he's reduced to the point where his hind legs hook on. He can't afford any further liberality, because he'll need them legs to crawl away somewhere until he can replace what he's separated himself from. And he'll do it, too, in an amazin' short time. So far as I've been able to observe, a rebuilt lizard is as serviceable as any first-hand one you can find.

"It seems queer and maybe somewhat doubtful, but it's all logical enough. Lizards are soft and juicy people, and mostly useful for something big and hungry to bite into. It's plain this particular breed of lizard finally figured out that if he could let go of the piece anything had a grip on, he might get away with what he had left to himself and economize along until he had played even.

"Anyhow, that's how it works out for him. He gets along all right by payin' interest on himself and hangin' on to the principal as long as he can; same as me mortgagin' my goats, in a way of speakin'. As a theory of living it also increases his speed and maybe his interest in public affairs. Furthermore, it's something that can be organized and cultivated for a certain amount of systematic benefit—made into productive industry, you might say—and that gets me back to the truth about road runners which you'd like to know.

"The particular specimen I have in mind showed up at the goat ranch lookin' like he'd been havin' a lot of hard luck in his private affairs, which naturally concern something to eat, most generally—the kind of experience that makes anybody use his brains finally if he don't want to amount to nothin' more than somethin's unknown remains scattered around.

"He looked lean and miserable, and wasn't movin' brisk, which is an uncommonly serious symptom for road runners. It was only a pessimistic sort of poke he took at one of my loose-jointed lizards that happened to come along. You could see that lizards had been so infrequent with that road runner lately, he scarcely believed in them any longer.

"In the next minute he was more of an infidel than ever. He had an inch of this lizard in his beak, and nothin' else. It was plain enough he hadn't yet experienced this particular style of detachable lizard before. They're kind of scarce, and mostly settle down off to themselves anyway. Nevertheless, this tramp road runner didn't neglect to eat what lizard he had, as anybody who's been up against it could understand. You could see he felt that he wasn't gettin' all he was entitled to by a whole lot, but he couldn't begin to figure what had become of the rest of the order.

"Well, sir, he went fussing around about it like you or me would in a restaurant over the same thing if the waiter girl wasn't good-lookin' or red-headed. He spotted what he was lookin' for, too, but it was another lizard entirely, and all he got was the tail joint again."

A Meal of Odd Ends

"You could see it riled him considerably by the way his top-knot stood up, but that's all the symptoms of a disturbed state of mind you ever see in a road runner. It's also a sign that he's usin' his head for all it's worth. This one stood around about ten minutes, workin' his up to capacity, and then he started off into the rocks like a citizen that knows just how he's goin' to vote. He sure figured out a winning system right there, for I'm here to tell you he's the most prosperous and easy-livin' road runner in all this country today."

Further details appeared to be inconsequential. I had to ask for something more regarding the road runner's system before I got it. The mountain man gave it with the indifference accorded an exceedingly simple solution of what at first had appeared highly complicated:

"That road runner simply went out and farmed all the lizards on that particular pile of rocks. Yes, sir, he'd just take the tail joint off the first one he come to, then go on and treat another similar; never so much as lookin' around for what became of the rest of it.

"When he'd made a meal that way he'd come back and tend to his ordinary business. Next mealtime he'd take a different route and sample a totally different line of lizards—never once wastin' a whole lizard. Mister, if you could go with me now and had good luck, you could see him harvestin' his crop, all careful and systematic. When he's worked the whole peak, he comes back to where he started. Usually them first lizards is all growed out again and ready for him.

"If he's uncommonly hungry or in a hurry, he may take a second helpin' off one or two, but not as a rule. No, sir, he's frugal about that. And when he finds one only partly ripe again, he generally lets it go

(Continued on Page 110)

Nocturne

By Frances M. Frost

NEVER a second time
This rain, this night.
Never a second time
This tree, mist-blown,
Nor this gray light
So quick upon the heart.
What things are known
Briefly, what things touch
The moment into flame
And die, being too much
For the taut heart to bear—
Never these things twice,
never a second time
Beauty's rain-wet lips upon
the hair.

OLD PAL

(Continued from Page 13)

Gus had pulled his hands from his face and was looking at Rupert with the same kind of expression that you see on an emotional actress toward the end of the play or film where she understands all and forgives all.

"No, Rupert—no, old pal. Please don't think I'm out of my head. I was never more myself. For the first time in my life I'm seeing things as they really are. It's as though a veil had been lifted from some part of my brain. At last I understand. I made you act as you did. What happened was all my fault, old pal, and I want you to forgive me."

Then for the first time Rupert got the idea. Just as a blow from a blunt instrument might sweep away a set of socially useful inhibitions and turn a furniture salesman into a highway robber or something like that, so this particular jolt had disintegrated those hampering inhibitions that had kept Gus from getting the correct view of life. In substance, Gus had always been exactly like everybody else; it was just some arrangement of those delicate brain cells that had kept him drab and clammy and practical, with about as much sense of the romance of existence as a wall-eyed codfish. And now Gus was released from the prison of his old personality. For the first time he was looking at life in all its iridescent charm. And now, besides his native possibilities to see and appreciate, he had all the poetry, drama and etiquette with which Rupert had been stuffing him.

"Gus!"

As Rupert seized Gus' right hand, he was agreeably surprised to encounter, not the old fishtail wag but a peppy, magnetic pressure.

"Gus!" he said again.

After a moment of silent pump-handling, Gus spoke: "Rupert, when you showed me that picture of Irene—if I may call her Irene ——"

"I want you to call her Irene, Gus."

"Thank you, Rupert! Well, at the sight of Irene's picture something inside me said, 'That girl is decidedly attractive.' But the emotion was smothered and I answered as I did. I don't blame you, Rupert, for being irritated."

There were mutual tears as they stood there, hands clasped, repeating simultaneously, "Old pal!"

Rupert was the first to pull himself together. He said:

"You know, Gus, Irene has a cousin or a second cousin who lives in Chicago or somewhere. Anyhow, I've seen the photograph. If she should visit here, what sport we'd have, Gus!"

"Wouldn't we, Rupert!"

"All four of us going around together, Gus. Dances and pictures and dinners and all that."

"You said it, Rupert."

"Gus, old pal!"

"Rupert, old pal!"

And then, while they stood there gripping right hands, the bell rang.

In a few hurried words Rupert explained that it was Irene and her mother, who'd come to tea.

"Don't worry about me, Rupert," Gus whispered in his curiously husky voice, which had not varied since the accident; "I know, Rupert, you've never had any reason to suppose that I'd be any good in a case like this. But I'm going to do my best—my very best, Rupert."

By the time the visitors reached the door, Gus had smoothed back his hair and was picturesquely leaning an elbow on the mantel.

After the preliminary greetings, Rupert turned to introduce Gus. "May I," he began, smiling—"may I present my old ——" and then Rupert stopped while the smile froze on his lower face. There was something about Gus' expression which yanked Rupert out of his complacent happiness. Rupert knew that expression only too well. He'd seen it on more than one of his old pals in the past. And on each of these occasions invariably the introduction had ended in a wedding march, with Rupert playing best man and hiding an aching heart under a frock coat.

Gus stood there staring at Irene with eyes more eloquent than if he'd put his thoughts into words. Already he had taken his elbow from the mantel; now, with eyes fixed intently on Irene, he walked forward, halted, and, bending at the waist with stately Old World courtesy, lifted her hand to his lips.

Rupert felt a wave of cold glide up his spine and then zigzag down into the thoracic cavity. It was the same sensation he had experienced the last time his heart was broken.

III

AS FAR as Rupert was concerned, that was probably the longest and dreariest and worst tea that any young man ever gave to his fiancée. It seemed to him it would never end. He sat there talking to the mother while Gus buzzed away at Irene as though he'd spent his entire life in the delights of feminine society. By 6:30, when the two ladies left, Rupert was ready to break something.

The door had hardly closed, however, when Gus' face, which, during the entire festivity, had been alight and sparkling, became a tragic mask.

"Rupert, old pal," he said, "I've been thinking that maybe it would have been better"—here Gus gulped and swallowed—"if you'd hit me harder."

"What are you talking about, Gus? What do you mean?"

Gus had become pale. His breath labored between clenched teeth. "I'm going away, Rupert—away as far as ever I can. I'm going to Australia."

"Huh? What? Where?" Rupert thought he hadn't heard right.

"To Australia, Rupert, old pal—to Australia. There, perhaps, I'll—forget."

"Forget what?"

Gus had clenched his fists. His head was thrown back as though looking at the ceiling, but the eyes were closed. "Rupert, forgive me. It's not my fault. I've been fighting against it ever since I set eyes on her this afternoon, but it's no use. Old pal, I'm in love with your Irene. Oh, I know I have no right to think of her in this way. I know she can never be mine. So that's why I'm going away to Australia—to forget." As he finished, Gus staggered across the room to throw himself face down on the davenport, while his shoulders heaved with a strangulated sobbing.

It was a pretty tough situation for Rupert. He knew he was responsible for this change in Gus and for the consequent mental anguish; he knew, too, that if the change wrecked Gus' entire business and social career remorse would never leave him. Never.

"No, Gus," he said in a shaken voice; "no, old pal, you mustn't think of it. Not to Australia. Certainly not."

"There's no other way out, Rupert. I've thought it all over. This is a far, far better thing than I have ever done before. I don't want to be in a position where I might cast the slightest shadow on your happiness. I'm going away so the two of you can be—happy."

It was heart-rending the way Gus said this; worst of all, there was a possible truth in his remarks. A few hours before, fat old Gus couldn't have been a serious rival to anybody, but right now he wasn't any more his old self than a butterfly is a caterpillar. And he had backing that Rupert hadn't. After a few skillful questions, Irene's mamma had discovered that Gus had stowed away in a safe-deposit box eighty-five hundred dollars' worth of sound securities—and you would have had to divide that amount by seventeen to get the size of Rupert's capital. And a couple of seemingly random remarks had brought out the fact that Gus was earning just half as much again as Rupert. Yet even these economic advantages were outweighed by the newly awakened personality. Irene, who was no flirt, had passed the hour tossing Gus appreciative smiles and provocative glances, and Gus had tossed them all back. If Gus stayed ——

But in spite of the threat to his own happiness, Rupert did try, and sincerely, to persuade Gus to be sensible and forget the Australia stuff. This way and that the discussion raged, until, at five minutes after eight, Gus set his teeth together, threw some linen and toilet articles into a bag and said in a low voice:

"It's no use, Rupert, old pal. I'm going so that you'll always be happy—you and Irene. Sometime, perhaps on an evening like this, when you're sitting together in your little home, you'll think of me far, far away in Australia. Good-by, old pal."

Then, before Rupert could stop him, he had staggered out and was gone.

For a long time Rupert sat there in the gloaming. Never in all his experience had a pal ever offered to do for him what Gus was now doing. He was filled with anguished gratitude. Yet at what a price had his peace of mind been saved!

"Gus," he repeated in tortured whispers—"Gus, old pal, come back—come back."

The slow hours passed. Rupert had just finished picturing Gus on his solitary deathbed under the Southern Cross and was wondering how he could get word to some responsible Australian to keep an eye on the poor fellow, when the door opened.

"Rupert!"

It was Gus. It was Gus, back once more. He stood in the doorway, his face wearing an expression vastly different from that look of despair which had characterized him when he left the flat.

"Rupert, old pal, I've come back."

Naturally, Rupert felt an immense relief, and yet, at the same time, he wasn't quite so overjoyed as he knew he should have been.

"So I see."

"It's a strange story, Rupert."

"I'll bet it is." Rupert didn't mean to be snappy or sarcastic, but the words said themselves just like that.

Gus came in, tossed his bag into one corner, took off his hat. "You see, old pal, I felt I couldn't go away forever without setting eyes on Irene for the last time. Well, as I was passing by, it just happened that she saw me ——"

"Oh, it just happened, huh?"

"Exactly, Rupert, old pal, it just happened. She saw me from the window and asked me in."

Rupert wondered how she could have seen him from the window with the light inside and the night outside, but he controlled himself.

"We had a talk about this and that. I was thinking of Australia, and that brought up Melbourne and Melba, and before I knew it, she was at the piano playing the All-Alone Blues and I was singing it."

"You were singing it!"

"Yes, old pal. Irene says I have a remarkable ear for music and that I'm a natural blues singer. It seems you are what they call tone deaf."

"Yeah?" Rupert said in a voice that wasn't any politer than the law allowed.

"I hope I haven't offended you, old pal. I'm just repeating what Irene said. She spoke of it when mentioning the fact that you didn't care for concerts and she was crazy about them. In fact, she put it so strongly when speaking of some piano recital Wednesday evening that I couldn't in decency refrain from offering to accompany her. You know how those things are, Rupert. In fact, that's the only reason I'm here—to take Irene to that recital and at the same time put in a good word for you because I don't see why you shouldn't be happy together, even if one of you is tone deaf. Then, bright and early Thursday morning, I'll start away to Australia—to forget. Good night, Rupert. Good night, old pal."

Rupert let his hand be shaken, but he didn't make any comments. He could think of a lot of possible comments, but they all seemed inadequate. Gus undressed, and inside of ten minutes had dropped off to sleep like a tired child. Rupert lay awake till three A.M., listening to Gus snore. He felt there was something wrong somewhere, but he couldn't put his finger on the spot.

IV

WHAT happened next was a six weeks' nightmare as far as Rupert was concerned. In the first place, Gus didn't leave for Australia Thursday morning or any succeeding morning. That piano recital was just the first of a series of three, and Irene wanted to hear them all. After that, Gus decided he ought not to walk out on the Amalgamated without giving them due notice; besides, he felt he would never rest easy if he left Rupert to shoulder all those furniture installments, to say nothing of the monthly rent. And when Rupert had explained away the last of these difficulties, Gus said he'd promised Irene to be best man at the wedding and couldn't go back on his word. So the trip to Australia was postponed once more and Gus stayed on.

A particularly disquieting thing to Rupert was the way Gus' new personality kept right on developing. Not only did he spend freely but also effectively. From a rather ordinary dresser, he passed into the super-plus class. And he kept pace with his decorative clothes by taking up the banjo. He cottoned naturally to the instrument and after a couple of lessons was accompanying himself while he sang the latest popular hits. His husky voice seemed to make these efforts especially appealing to Irene and she was frank in saying so.

And the more Gus sang to Irene and the oftener he called on her, the less attention Irene paid to Rupert. At first Rupert wouldn't believe this. Then, in spite of himself, he was forced to admit that what had happened so many times in the past was under way again. When he called, it was a continuous "Please don't, Rupert; it's so warm this evening. . . . Don't muss my hair, Rupert, please. . . . Now, Rupert, please don't be vulgar and common."

It was when this had gone on just as long as flesh and blood could stand it that Rupert felt himself forced to come to a definite understanding.

"Irene," he said one beautiful May evening, "six weeks ago you were planning how to advance our wedding day. Now you keep putting it off."

"Why do you always talk like that, Rupert? Why can't we go on being good friends just as we are now? Besides, marriage is such a serious matter. We should think it over carefully before we rush into it. Only the other night Gus said ——"

Rupert flamed up like loose powder: "Oh, Gus said something, did he? Well, it seems to me lately you're paying altogether too much attention to what Gus says!"

"He's a good friend of yours, Rupert, and, moreover, you know I'd never have met him if you hadn't insisted."

It was just like a scene of the past repeating itself. As a matter of fact, it was several scenes of the past repeating themselves, and Rupert recognized this, though he couldn't think of anything to do about it. Just as though, instead of a brain, he had a revolving rubber disk in his head, he asked the same question he had asked of all his other sweethearts from the dim dead past on to the present:

"I want to know if you care for Gus? Tell me. I insist on knowing."

(Continued on Page 46)

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Dealer Bulletin

Sell Better Performance at Minimum Cost

(This is sales bulletin number eight from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. Written for the Champion sales organization, it is broadcast in the Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

Every Champion dealer can give a higher type of service every day in the year.

To begin with, both you and we believe that Champions are the better spark plugs because they give better performance. Otherwise we wouldn't be making them and you wouldn't be selling them. A constantly growing proportion of particular motorists also believe that Champions are the better spark plugs. Otherwise they would not be buying more Champions than any other spark plugs, the world over.

Because Champions are better, and because their superiorities in materials, design and better performance are so definitely known to you, you can actually do every one of your customers a service by advising them to change to Champions, no matter what spark plugs they may happen to be using.

You know that Champion superiorities are so pronounced as to justify your customers' exclusive use of them for every gasoline engine, under every condition.

All spark plugs—even Champions—do lose efficiency under the tremendous strain, stress and heat in which they necessarily operate. After they have lost that efficiency, it becomes good common sense to change them, for it then costs more to continue to use them than to replace them. This is true in all engines. In passenger cars that point arrives after about 10,000 miles of use, or with every year's driving.

Many of your customers, being human, put off installing new spark plugs at the end of this period, either because they do not realize it is costing them extra money in gas, oil, poorer performance and possible expensive repair bills; or simply because, humanlike, they are forgetful.

In either case, you can be of real service by calling the facts to their attention and you can make them a profit —in better performance at lowest cost. New spark plugs in your customers' cars every 10,000 miles quickly pay their cost in gas and oil savings alone.

"Care will save your car." The motorist finds that by taking the proper care of the so-called little things he secures greater satisfaction at less cost and with less effort. Millions have already learned it. Among other things, they are installing new Champions every 10,000 miles.

In selling Champions you sell better performance at minimum cost, and you can help every one of your customers by impressing the facts you have upon them. They will thank you for doing so, and your business will grow because of this higher type of service you give.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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And, exactly like all the others, Irene replied, "I refuse to be questioned this way. You have no right to ask me such questions."

Point by point the scene went on according to formula, till, at the proper and traditional moment, Rupert picked up his hat and, with a break in his voice, said, "Good-by, Irene. I'm going now. I—I won't trouble you any more."

It was all over. Once more he was on the street. He walked rapidly toward the flat, knowing, as usual, that all was lost and life held nothing more for him. Only this time, if a distinction might be made, he really believed it. In the past he had known that he wouldn't really do anything desperate. Now he knew there was nothing which could keep him from what he had in mind. He had loved Irene more than he had ever loved another; he was morally certain that she had loved him and that her feeling for Gus was just a passing fancy; yet it was too late now to do anything about it.

As he had hoped, Gus was at the flat. Rupert opened the door to find him sitting in the big easy-chair and accompanying himself on the tenor banjo as he sang "Good-by All-Alone Blues."

"Gus, old pal."

"What is it, Rupert?"

"I know all, Gus."

Gus laid down the banjo. "Rupert, I'd give my heart's blood if it hadn't happened. Say you forgive me, Rupert."

"I don't have to forgive you, Gus, because I don't blame you."

"I thought I was acting for the best, old pal. That's the way it began."

"I know you did, Gus."

"I never supposed it would come to this."

"I'm sure you didn't."

"You don't think I'd deliberately go back on a pal, Rupert?"

"I know you wouldn't, Gus."

They shook hands. Rupert took a long breath and said, "I hope you'll always be happy, Gus."

"I guess we will be, Rupert." There was a pause. "I hope it won't hurt you too much, old pal, to stick around and watch our happiness."

"It would, Gus, and that's why I'm going away."

"Where are you going, Rupert?"

Rupert was silent for a moment. Then he said, "I'm going on a long journey—a very long journey."

"Where, Rupert? To Australia?"

"Yes, Gus, old pal, to Australia."

"They say it's a wonderful country, Rupert."

"So I've heard, Gus."

"The sea voyage will do you good."

"I guess so, Gus."

"Have you told Irene? Shall I tell her, Rupert?"

"I wish you would, Gus. Good-by, old pal."

"Old pal!"

For a moment they stood there with their hands clasped, and then Rupert turned and started down the stairs. He had a vague idea of walking past Irene's house to look at her for the last time, but as he reached the first landing he heard Gus at the telephone, calling the number. With a grim expression on his face, Rupert hurried to the street and, leaving the residential district, turned down to the river front.

V

THE high docks were deserted, and street lamps emphasized this fact as they lit the oily waters below. Rupert looked down at the black flood without a shudder. He knew that he was prepared to do what had to be done. From somewhere in the lumber piles at his back a not-unsympathetic masculine voice rose in song:

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee-e-e-e."

Though lacking musical appreciation, Rupert knew the words, and it seemed altogether appropriate to pass into a better world with this appropriate sentiment ringing in his ears.

"Good-by, Irene," he said in a subdued voice. Then, stretching out his arms, he started. He had almost reached the dock's edge and was bracing his nerves to support the chill and shock of the water when he felt himself grasped about the waist. He struggled desperately, but as he weighed less than a hundred and fifty and as his antagonist was plainly a heavyweight, his efforts went for nothing.

Foot by foot, Rupert was dragged back into safety. The man who did the dragging was a huge broad-shouldered individual with a drooping red mustache. His clothes and obvious strength suggested that his daily work demanded muscular exertion. When he spoke it was evident that he was Scotch and also that he had been indulging in the national beverage.

"Laddie," he said, "it's no richt to interfere wi' anither's sorrow, but I couldna stay my hand."

In a few cold words Rupert requested the other to mind his own business.

"Na, na, laddie, I'm savin' ye frae yersel'."

Gritting his teeth, Rupert explained that he didn't want to be saved from himself; that he had made up his mind to end everything, and end everything he would.

There was a quiver in the big voice that answered, "Toots, laddie, yir makin' ower muckle o' naething at all. I'm dootin' sair there's a lassie at the bottom of it."

This broke down Rupert's reserve. He admitted the impeachment.

"And is she lyin' in the kirkyard, laddie?"

Rupert shook his head and whispered "No."

Relaxing his hold, the big man patted Rupert on the back. "It's doonricht sad, laddie. Was it anither she loved?"

Rupert nodded. He couldn't speak.

"Losh, laddie, it gars ma hert greet tae hear you. But ye maun bite on the bullet."

"My life is over," said Rupert bitterly.

The Scotchman patted Rupert on the back again. "Oot wi' the story, lad, gin ye have the hert. Ye'll feel better."

Thus encouraged, Rupert began. He told how he had met Irene and how they had planned to live happily ever after, and how, finally, she had told him that she preferred Gus.

The Scotchman blew his nose violently. "I understand, laddie. Masel' I loved the bonniest lassie in a' Chicago city, but after she met Jock McLauchland at the Caledonian picnic, I was no more to her than that. I tried to reason wi' him, but he was too quick for me, and by the time I was oot o' hospital the twa of them were married." Tears ran down the Scotchman's cheeks. "It's sax year syne, laddie, but I'll ne'er forget her. They say we Scotch are a hard, cauld people, but that's because they canna' read our herts. Ah, the herts o' us, laddie—the herts o' us! Full of peety and loving-kindness. Feenish your story, laddie, and maybe I'll find the words that'll lift ye oot o' your sair tribble."

Rupert told the little there was left to tell; what he considered a man's duty to his friends and how he went back to the flat.

"Go on, laddie. And what happened then?"

"Nothing happened. I said good-by to Gus and came on here to end it all."

The expression on the Scotchman's face changed. His forehead developed deep wrinkles. If possible, there was an added earnestness to his voice:

"You said good-by and that's all?"

"That's all."

"You didna' lift your hand first to this Gus?"

"Certainly not."

"You didna' say to the girl, 'No nonsense now, my lass, for if ye start something, I dinna ken hoo it'll end'? You said naething like that?"

"Nothing like that. She'd made up her mind."

The Scotchman loosened his collar and wiped the sweat from his brow. His voice had become pleading: "Laddie, when a man is teetering on the edge of eternity, no good comes from leein'. Tell me the truth. Have ye given me a' the facts?"

"I have," said Rupert firmly.

"All your life long, then, ye've been meetin' girls and lettin' your chums walk away with them, and never raisin' hand or foot to put the ones or the others in their place. As ye may obsarve, laddie, I've been drammin' a wee bit, and I want to make sure I've heard aricht."

"You've heard aright."

"And so you're jumpin' into the river because a' is lost and there's naething more to be done aboot it?"

"Exactly," said Rupert.

The Scot slowly replaced his handkerchief in his pocket. "Ma puir laddie," he said, after carefully looking in all directions—"ma puir laddie, sin ye tak' things that way, I'm thinkin' the kindest act a body can do for ye is to help ye along the way you're goin'."

And grabbing hold of the slack in Rupert's trousers, he ran him to the edge of the dock and then, with a swift kick, sent him into the black, treacherous waters below.

VI

RUPERT was never sure afterward as to exactly what happened next. Sometimes he thought he must have struck his head on a pile below the surface and sometimes he thought that the other fellow caught him a clip in mid-air. Anyhow, when he came to the surface and heard the voice of the Scotchman in the distance, singing *"A hundred pipers in a', in a'* ——" he had the impression that he'd just escaped from the explosion of a fireworks factory. Something had taken place inside his head; partitions had been knocked down, barriers burned away, juice was shooting into hitherto unused brain cells. A lot of inhibitions had been knocked into cocked hats, and a quantity of common sense, that he thought he'd got rid of long ago, was fermenting and boiling up all around the shop. Instead of wanting to go to the bottom, he had an overwhelming desire to get out once more on dry land. And the slipperier he found the sides of the dock and the longer he worked trying to catch hold of something, the more interested he became in shaking the river from his feet.

By the end of the first thirty seconds he'd substituted Australia for the hereafter; two minutes later he'd traded Melbourne for San Francisco; five minutes and he'd made up his mind to settle in Salt Lake City. At the eight-minute mark, with his coat ripped and his hands bleeding, he knew he'd never go any farther West than Denver, and heaven help the next man that got between him and the girl he loved. And when eleven minutes and forty seconds had landed him on the top of the dock, he took a couple of long breaths, hailed a taxi and gave the chauffeur Irene's address.

By this time Rupert was no sight for a refined drawing-room, and it wasn't his clothes that were the worst. The most characteristic thing about Rupert had always been his frank and generous cast of countenance. Now this was gone. The eyelids were half closed, and as the result of a collision with something, his lower jaw was set like that of a bulldog who has just got a grip on a soup bone.

"Why, Rupert!" Irene said as she opened the door.

"Where is my old pal Gus?" asked Rupert, walking into the living room without an invitation.

Gus was sitting on the big overstuffed sofa, playing his tenor banjo. "Old pal," Rupert began before Gus had a chance to say anything, "did you ever think of the pleasure of seeing foreign lands—especially Australia? Well, there is an agency down on River Street that sells tickets taking you to any part of the world. You'd better patronize it."

"Why, old pal," Gus said, staring at Rupert, "don't you remember that early this evening you said you hoped Irene and I would be happy?"

"I'm still hoping so, old pal. I hope you'll be happy in Australia, or wherever you're heading. I'm going to see, personally, that Irene is happy right here."

"Rupert," exclaimed Irene, getting very red, "I forbid you to speak in that way. I hope I have the privilege of deciding myself what I will do and what I will not do."

"You bet," Rupert agreed. "Just so long as you decide the right way, you can decide any way you like."

"I hate you, Rupert," said Irene, drawing herself up. "I hate you, and I'll never speak to you again—never."

Gus stood up. "I don't like to press you, old pal, but you heard what Irene said."

"Sure I did. And I heard what she meant too. Remember, old pal, I don't care where you go, so long as you take your do-funny and go somewhere quick."

"Old pal, that's called a tenor banjo."

"So long as you take it with you, old pal, I don't care what you call it."

Gus' voice went into tremolo: "Old pal, I don't understand. You were never this way before."

"That was just my hard luck," Rupert said. "Anyhow, you can bet money that I'm going to be this way from now on. Columbus discovered something, and I am in the Columbus line myself. I've discovered that when a lady enters the game, it stops being a game and becomes serious. Beat it, Gus, old pal. Beat it quick, and never come back. Or, if you do come back, bring your gang with you."

And with these words he grabbed the tenor banjo and threw it out of the front door, and then came back and threw Gus after it. While the scrap lasted it was a battle royal, but it was in the bag before it started. There was just one Gus, but there were a dozen Ruperts—one Rupert for each double-crossing old pal of the past. And they swarmed all over Gus.

"You brute," Irene snapped when Rupert came back, "didn't you hear me say that I hate you?"

"I don't hate you," Rupert said, "and I'll prove it." Which he did right there.

Gus never went to Australia; though by the time Rupert came back to the flat he'd collected his baggage and lit out for parts unknown.

After marrying Irene, Rupert often regretted the way he'd treated Gus; because, all things considered, he'd been responsible for what had happened, and especially for Gus' transformation from a matter-of-fact person to a romantic character. More than once he felt the pangs of remorse as he pictured Gus wandering through the wilds of Australia, stopping occasionally to play his tenor banjo to a couple of wallabies or a stray ornithorhynchus.

But, as he found out later, Gus never left the United States. For some time the tenor banjo and its masters had been absorbing more and more of Gus' attention. Thus, when he cleaned out his desk at the Amalgamated, it was to take a job with the newly formed Red Hot Papas Concert Jazz Orchestra. In Topeka the principal Red Hot Papa was laid up with a bad appendix and Gus took charge. Already he'd been singing solos and wowing them with his husky voice. Now he not only directed the performance but wrote the publicity too. He took the Coast by storm, and the second time he played Los Angeles he was signed up by the talkies at eight thousand a week.

108

There isn't a car-owner in this country who can't afford to buy Kelly-Springfield tires

With tires selling at the lowest prices in the history of the rubber industry, there is no reason why any car-owner should be satisfied with less than the best.

Many people still have the impression that Kelly-Springfield tires cost more than other makes. This assumption is a natural one but it is not justified by the facts.

The retail price of a Kelly is, and has been for years, exactly the same as the retail price of any one of a dozen makes that from the standpoint of quality never have ranked with Kelly.

There is a Kelly-Springfield tire at a price to suit every buyer. Whether you buy a Kelly Balloon, a Kelly Registered Balloon or a Kelly Lotta Miles, you will get the greatest mileage and dependability that the amount will buy anywhere. Remember this when you need tires:

Regardless of what make you buy, you will pay as much for it as you would pay for a Kelly.

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CHEVROLET

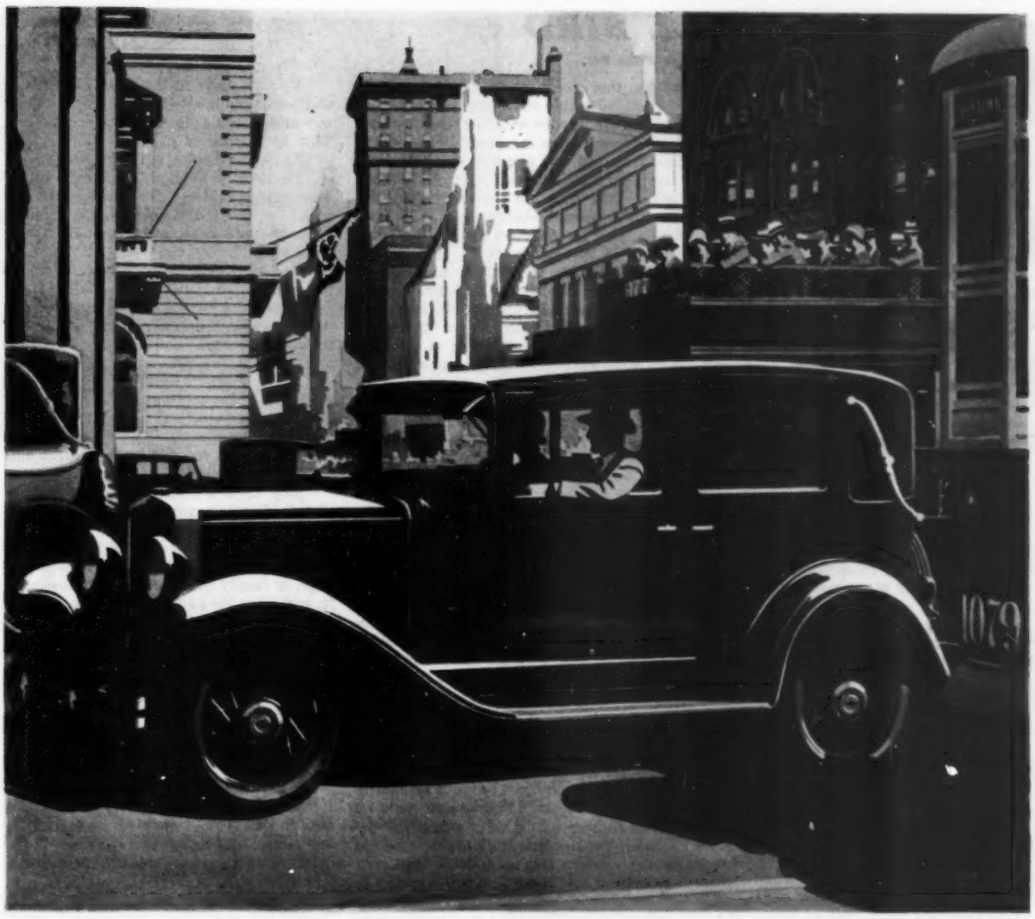
IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

Announcing a new record in the production of six-cylinder cars

Two million Chevrolet Sixes now on the road

Since January, 1929, Chevrolet has produced and sold over 2,000,000 six-cylinder automobiles—nearly five times as many as any other motor car manufacturer has ever built in an equal length of time. And never was there more convincing evidence that it's wise to choose a Chevrolet Six! The wisdom of choosing a Chevrolet Six is based on five perfectly obvious facts: *The Chevrolet Six is always smooth*—and free from annoying vibration, roughness and straining. This is the finest feature of having a modern six-cylinder power plant—and is probably the outstanding reason for the success of the Chevrolet Six. *The Chevrolet Six is comfortable.* Spacious Fisher bodies with deep, form-fitting cushions permit you to relax in comfort. Four long semi-elliptic springs and shock absorbers smooth out the rough-

A scene from one of Chevrolet's 17 great American factories where modern production methods assure unusually high standards of quality and precision workmanship.



The Chevrolet Club Sedan with Body by Fisher is an unusual example of smart closed car styling. Five wire wheels standard equipment. $665, f. o. b. factory, Flint.

est roads. And the silence of the six-cylinder motor adds to your feeling of restfulness. *The Chevrolet Six is beautiful.* No other car so low in price gives you the distinction of Body by Fisher. Chevrolet lines are gracefully smart and the appointments reveal the high standard of quality always associated with Fisher craftsmanship. *The Chevrolet Six is safe.* The big 50-horsepower valve-in-head motor assures positive control under all conditions.

The composite hardwood-and-steel construction of the Fisher bodies is the strongest ever devised. And the gasoline tank is outside the body at the rear of the car. *The Chevrolet Six is economical.* No car costs less for gas, oil, tires and upkeep. And Chevrolet's low prices are made even more attractive by the small down payment and easy terms on which any model may be bought. See your Chevrolet dealer today and learn why *it's wise to choose a Six!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

CHEVROLET SIX

Sport Roadster...$555
Coach.....$565
Coupe.....$565
Sport Coupe.....$655

Club Sedan.....$665
Sedan.....$675
Special Sedan.....$725
(6 wire wheels standard on Special Sedan)

ROADSTER or PHAETON
$495

Sedan Delivery...$595
Light Delivery Chassis.....$365
Roadster Deliv'y..$440
(Pick-up box extra)

1½ Ton Chassis..$520
With Cab.....$625
Prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Mich. Special Equipment Extra

THE BELL BIRD

(Continued from Page 24)

They went forward and Hapgood watched them presently throwing the big ball back and forth. It was hard to say which was the lovelier specimen of strength and grace. Mr. Day came aft and leaned against the iron stanchion of the gallows frame.

"Such a nice party, sir. We should be a happy ship. Youth and beauty, elegance and dignity, philosophy and learning, science and art, the shining denizens of democracy and at the same time class."

"One of our guests is dimmed a little, I understand."

"Major Croydon? A passing indisposition, Miss Croydon tells me."

"Where did you get the 'major'?"

"From the skipper, sir. He and the mate were by the rail when Doctor Smalley and the major and his daughter arrived. As I went aft to receive them in my capacity of ship's husband I heard the skipper say: 'Major Croydon, by ——' You know our skipper never says by what. Mr. Johnson was no less surprised. 'What the devil ——' he began, and held it."

"We will forget the 'major,' Day, until he sees fit to give us his rank himself. Did Mr. Croydon see them?"

"He looked in their direction, sir, then away, tugging down the brim of his hat. No doubt that was a careless gesture. They went directly below and Maj—Mr. Croydon to his berth. He looked badly, putty gray—but then, as a week-end guest of Mr. Brown . . . And Doctor Smalley said that he also felt like the day after the storm in the Bay of Biscay."

"Yes, but forget what the captain said and give him my compliments and ask him to step below to my cabin after he has had his supper."

He went below and directly to his own quarters by a private companionway on the quarter-deck. The owner's suite was not of the sybaritic sort found aboard many big modern yachts, but entirely comfortable and practical and finely furnished, spacious enough for any man's needs, even if he shared it with a wife who was fond of him enough not to insist on her individual room and bath and boudoir.

Sam had been nearly right in saying that aboard Democracy all the guests' rooms communicated with the owner's, but the arrangement was less proprietary than it sounded, as they also communicated with one another through alleyways like those of a liner, and any series of rooms and baths could be cut out of the general circulation as expediency required. In case of disaster, fire or collision, another exit to the deck was available through the owner's cabin. Members of the party could visit back and forth without entering saloon or library. Privacy was at the disposition of the guests. Ventilators and wind sails aired these premises in the tropics.

Hapgood seated himself at his handsome desk. Yachting friends sometimes criticized Democracy below decks as being too cut up, like a rabbit warren, and not space enough saved out for the owner. To these Hapgood pointed out that he owed the upkeep of the yacht and other overhead a good deal to this arrangement in past royal entertainment to large parties of Central and South American dignitaries for the better Pan-American entente and the securing of big contracts and concessions. When he married and started a family it would be time enough to consider the heart-breaking and costly task of remodeling.

He had not sent for his captain to ask him what he knew about Maj. Ralph Croydon, but to direct that whatever he or his mate might know about that gentleman be kept strictly to themselves. Hapgood hated gossip of all sorts, and ship gossip the worst. Gossip, like explosives, develops destructive violence with a force inversely proportional to the space in which confined. In a large city much of this is dissipated; in a small town it gathers power; in a garrison it becomes dangerous; and aboard a yacht it is apt to blow up the decks.

There was not much to fear from John Murray, master mariner, nor from Mr. Johnson, first mate. If Captain Murray was a quiet, tight-lipped man, then was he a chatterbox compared to his mate. Both were Maine men, Deer Islanders, and valued silence as a circus barker values a vocabulary. Hapgood had wondered a little at Sally's achievement in prying so much as the names of the ropes and stays out of Johnson. She probably pointed, and he voiced the word: "There? Forestay. The next? Jibstay. That one under the pole in front? Bobstay. At the side? Bowspr't shroud. This one I'm holding? Main shroud. Overhead, between the masts? Spring stay." Hardly enlivening, but instructive. Besides, this start might be the thin edge of Sally's wedge. Tomorrow or the next day, perhaps, she might dig out of Johnson a whole sentence.

Captain Murray rapped at the head of the companionway, where there was a small deck house. "Come down, captain," Hapgood said, and a few moments later: "Have you ever met any of our guests before, captain?"

The elderly sailor looked distressed. His eyes, a clear but faded blue, sought a carling overhead, then traveled down the bulkhead to a fine Samarkand rug, bought by Hapgood's father in a Malatia bazaar, where it had been overlooked by Tamerlane's chief eunuch, perhaps. They rose and rested on those of Hapgood wearily.

"Yes, sir. I knew Major Croydon in Salonica before the war."

"Really? What was he doing there?"

"Running guns for the Greeks."

"The Greeks?"

"Well, he changed his mind and delivered them to the Turks."

"Really? Well, I don't know anything about that, nor much else about Mr. Croydon. I know him only as a guest of Mr. Brown who went to him with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend in Paris. I included him and Miss Croydon in an invitation to make the voyage with us. If you happen to know anything that might appear to be in his disfavor, captain, please let it stop there. Also, we know him merely as Mr. Croydon."

The captain looked still more troubled. "Is that all you wish to know yourself, sir?"

"That's all. I haven't seen or spoken to Mr. Croydon since coming aboard, nor has Miss Croydon offered anything. Was Mr. Johnson with you at that time?"

"Yes, sir. Aboard a Greek-owned ship I commanded. He was then second mate."

"Well, then, please pass the word along to him. Let's have nothing to mar the voyage." And as if this had not been the object of the interview, Hapgood turned the topic to that of the voyage itself, and his wish to make it a smart one without too great wear and tear on officers and crew. "It's not a stunt. I'd like to win my bet in usual cruising form off soundings, or pay it. No need for cracking on."

"We want to win the bet, sir. It's a bad thing for a man to lose a bet on his vessel. He never feels quite the same toward her afterward."

The captain went on deck again, and Hapgood had a feeling that the schooner would be driven hard. The captain wanted to be rid of Croydon. In speaking of him, the fine old sailor face had shown not only contempt but a sort of nervous worry, as if there were some danger brewing. It sounded as if Croydon had double-crossed the Greeks, who always needed a lot of moral backing and direction when threatened by the Turk. Hapgood thought of Sam's question if Croydon had anything in Greece like the stuff they were drinking. And Croydon's profile as a young man must really have been exactly like that of the Hermes of Praxiteles. Avis had a classic profile, too, except for her tilted nose like a nymph. Possibly that described her.

Most young men with the time for them indulge sometimes in romantic imaginings, and Hapgood had pictured episodes much like the present one—a lovely girl in a bad jam turning to him for sanctuary. The ultimate of these make-believings was always a bit vague. He married the girl, or something. It was never wholly satisfactory, because without marriage it was hard to make completion click with chivalry, and Hapgood grew cold at the idea of matrimony, as if it were a love suicide pact. One of his worst dreams was of standing at the altar with some one of the young women he knew and admired.

Here now was the situation of Hapgood's imaginings presented to him with embellishments beyond the scope of his romantic fictional capacity, such a heroine as he could not have pictured, who asked no more than that she find favor in his eyes, and Hapgood dissatisfied. It was so easy as to be unsportsmanlike. As if, while trophy hunting, a tigress in splendid fur had walked out of the jungle, purring, and posed herself to give him a sure shot. A man did not want that. Power was a detriment to pleasure. A scion of great inherited wealth got really little pleasure from the things he bought. He must have worked for his money to enjoy them. Otherwise it was like living in a heaven of one's own mental creation. The bibliophile who went without his dinners for six weeks to buy some little copy that he coveted was happier with it than the millionaire who wrote a check for a whole first edition.

Well, there would not be much sympathy for Plutocrat Blues. Few people could be made to understand that a yearly income of about two millions and nothing much to do might keep a man from doing what he'd like to do. They'd say that the trouble was not with the money but with the man. If you were able to buy your way into heaven, it is doubtful if you would be happy there. Men who bought the women they wanted were seldom happy with them, because the women belonged really not to the men but to the money.

He must not, Hapgood reflected, let these gloomy ideas interfere with his guests. So he went on deck again. The MacWilliamses and the young Payson couple were playing bridge in the main companion deck house. Day was teaching Sally some juggling tricks with the ring-toss hoops and her father was discussing sea fauna with Captain Murray. Avis and Sam were walking the snowy sweep of weather deck, elbows linked, and Sam was making her laugh, for Hapgood caught the low, tinkling notes.

Suzy MacWilliams was dummy. She joined Hapgood. "This is good, Happy."

"Democracy has got into her stride. Look at her go."

"Perfect conditions for Democracy—lots of room and perfect discipline. I love the sea. It makes me feel lawless. That's worth a lot when you're married to a district attorney. I want to break something."

"Don't start with the ship's rules."

"Oh, dear, I'd hoped there weren't any. What are they?"

"Only two. Playing for high stakes and flirting with the owner."

"What's the penalty for both?"

"Getting keelhauled."

"That's not so bad. I was afraid it might be the water cure. I haven't broken them yet."

"All you have to do is to shove the steward's bell. Mr. Day is a competent ship's husband."

"Let's slip off and have a party. Mr. Day can take my hand."

"He's busy looping the hoops. Besides, that would be against Rule II and the principles of Democracy—one for all and all for one."

"That's a definition of our host. What is it like to have all the women after you?"

"Embarrassing, if true."

"You will have to hoist the Jolly Roger and make the men walk the plank. Then the women could fight it out with cutlets. That doesn't sound right."

"They called them cutlasses."

"That's it. Some of my Spanish ancestors were pirates, and so I come honestly by my social instincts. And now I'm married to a copy of Blackstone, when it ought to be Blackbeard."

"Yes, that gentleman of fortune would have known what to do with you." Hapgood pushed a button on the corner of the deck house and ordered champagne cocktails for his guests. Sally threw a cartwheel and landed at his side.

"Not for me. I've started training. Fruit and water and nuts."

"Training to be a monkey," Suzy said. "You're that already."

"Well, then, you can be the parrot and we'll have a time."

"Stop it, or I'll have you both tied up aloft," Hapgood said.

"Speaking of menageries," said Sam Smalley, who, with Avis, had joined them, "the word is derived from the French *ménage*, or family household. Noah invented it, and when his guests got restive, it must have been much like a modern yachting party. You moderns must remember that you are no longer in the Land of the Free. As ship's psychiatrist I am going to amputate under the ancient Egyptian anæsthesia—which was a knock on the bean—the tongue of the first woman to make a dirty crack, and tack it to the masthead, where it can wag without hurting anybody."

"What about the men?" Suzy asked.

"We men don't make dirty cracks. We take them. Now, remember, no more calling names, monkey or parrot or ——"

Sally stuck out her pink tongue at Suzy: "Polly want a cracker?"

Sam made a dive for her. Sally dodged around the deck house, then made a break for the weather rigging, onto the fife rail and up the shrouds, running the ratlines like the simian she had been called. To the dismay of Hapgood, Sam followed her almost as nimbly. Sally reached the hounds, whipped up over the mizzen top and started down the other side, Sam still in close pursuit. Leaping down from the rail to the sloping deck, Sally darted forward for the pantry hatchway and went down it.

"That sort of game," Hapgood said, "is what turns us sailors gray."

"Especially Sam," Suzy said. "If Sally broke her neck, it wouldn't matter."

"I'll report that," Hapgood said.

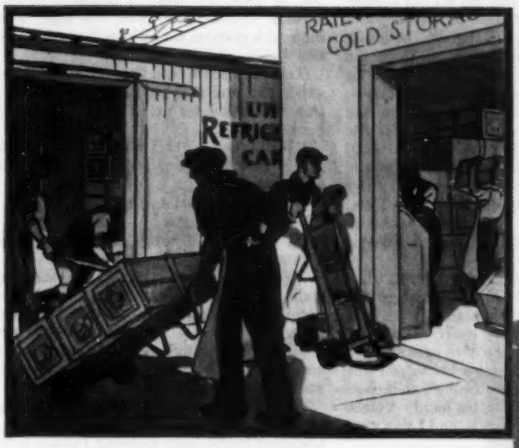
The night came in fresh, but warm, and the good breeze held, lightening a little. At dinner Avis reported Ralph resting comfortably, but begging to be excused for another day.

Edna Worden, who had been also resting in her room all the afternoon, appeared at table and brightened with food and wine, like a rose worn to a party and then put in fresh water, as Sam observed. It was three days of intensive entertainment and not the slight motion that had wilted her, she said.

Later, the bridge party of the afternoon turned to again, and another table organized, Sam playing with Sally—whose admiration for him was vastly increased by her chase over the truck—and the professor playing with Mrs. Worden. Avis and Hapgood walked for a while on deck. There was no moon, but the stars were bright.

Hapgood had never believed in fighting temptation. It seemed a profitless wear and tear. Better either to yield, he thought, or to separate oneself geographically from the source. But now he realized that the latter course was impossible while he appeared to be faced for the whole course of the voyage with the desire and curiosity to discover if kissing Avis was actually the thrilling experience he had found it on Billy Brown's terrace, or if that exhilaration was partly the result of Billy's hospitality.

(Continued on Page 52)



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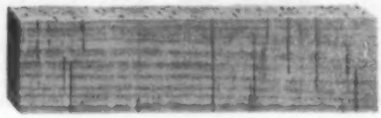

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(Continued from Page 50)

He said frankly, "I want to kiss you again. Do you mind?"

"Of course not. I've told you about that. But isn't this rather an exposed position?"

"There's the stern overhang. It's the best part of the ship, anyhow, to watch the sails or sea or phosphorescence in the wake. I spend most of my idle moments there when cruising."

"Then don't let me deprive you of it. I'll pay my footing for my share. It's a lovely place." She looked aft. "Besides, the man at the wheel is a sort of chaperon."

"Yes," Hapgood said dryly, "like a sultan's guard. If I shoved you overboard and he heard the splash, I doubt if he'd turn his head."

"I'll trust you not to do that," Avis said.

There was a taffrail light, but it was high and shielded; its purpose to warn a vessel overhauling that a sailing ship was ahead. They sank down on the mass of cushions on which the steward had laid some folded rugs. The stars blinked at them mischievously through the higher rush of air.

She did not wait for him, but in the same serene half-smiling way as before held up her face to the sky and to Hapgood. He discovered then that Billy's stimulant had not been that thing at all in the contact of those cool, tender, half-parted lips with his, but, on the contrary, something to make his own amort in comparison, as if before he had kissed her through a veil. There was now no insulator to the current that went into him. Involuntarily his arms went round her shoulders and drew her close.

The act was followed by a wave of shame. He drew back, holding his breath, and Avis' upturned face remained in the same position, with a dim radiance on it.

"You told the truth," he said thickly. "You're no shirk, are you?"

"Not with you. I told the truth."

"Yes, and now I can guess why. It wasn't for me, and it wasn't for yourself. It was for Ralph. You are worried sick at heart about him—about what may happen to him. You realize that he is no longer young and his forces may fail him any day and his own country is barred to him and I don't know what old scores besides. If ever a man needed a strong friend, then he does. You know I'm not the sort to take without return, and that I am very rich. You consider yourself as negligible compared to Ralph's welfare, and you are sweet enough to say—truthfully, I believe—that such a sacrifice would not offend you."

He stooped forward and kissed her again, then again. "I understand you now, Avis, and you need not worry any more. I'll take care of Ralph. I don't care what he may have done. And you don't have to pay in any way at all. I may want to kiss you sometimes, but a man might kiss a sister or a good friend. That can't hurt you."

In the starlight he saw two big tears roll silently down the pale sheen of Avis' face. She said in a smothered voice, "Nothing you did could hurt me, Happy."

"Yes, it could. I don't think I could ever be a one-woman man. Once in a while one is honest enough to admit that he is not. For good or bad, I'm one of them."

This sounded, even to Hapgood, like a hard, ungracious speech. He knew now that he desired her kisses, her arms round him, all the sweetness and beauty of her. But he would not admit that this could last. He had seen too many men, close friends, fool themselves that way. Why swear away your freedom to one woman? Hapgood was again suddenly aware of that curious sense that he had felt after kissing her at Billy's—that this must be rather like kissing one's wife—and he thought that Avis had felt it too. It was as if she had married him in her heart, immediately on meeting him. It was, perhaps, this feeling of wifehood that kept her now from protesting his offer to take care of Ralph. She had not even thanked him for it. She seemed to take it for granted. She might have said: "Well, since I am willing to do anything you ask, there is really no reason for my not accepting whatever you wish to do for me."

Another woman, Hapgood believed, would have paraded her pride. Avis did nothing of the sort. She raised her face for another kiss, then said, "I knew that you were a dear the moment I met you and heard you talk, Happy, and I felt also that you were not for me. If you could have been caught and hobbled, it would have happened a good while ago. You've met lots of girls more desirable than I am. I'm not very clever either. I'm well educated, but that's no great asset. Noise is better."

"Or showing off your wares, like Sally. . . . There's a big liner to the north'ard. She makes a blaze."

Avis raised herself to look. "I'm glad I'm here. Gladder than I've ever been in all my life." She lowered herself on one elbow, then lay prone, turning her face so that her cheek rested on his hand. "Once you were a trader of Tarsus, and I was your Cyprian slave."

"My dear, I must have been a Christian martyr to have been showered with gifts I've never done anything to deserve in this incarnation."

"Perhaps you were Saint Anthony." She gave her tinkling laugh. "I couldn't have been such a bad lot, though, or I'd have carried over more finesse. Still, I haven't done so badly. May I tell Ralph?"

"I'd rather do that myself."

"Why?"

"To make him understand, and to protect his pride," Hapgood said.

"He has been too beaten to have much left, poor dear. His illness is two-thirds worry. He spoke cheerfully about his interview with Mr. Lukenheim and Admiral Korn, but I knew he really didn't hope for much."

"What if he didn't have to sell, but could swing his scheme without looking any farther for financial backing?" Hapgood asked.

She raised herself on both arms and stared at him as he lay on his back, head on the same horizontal, staring up at the stars.

"Happy," she whispered, "are you trying to kill me with joy?"

"They say it's a pleasant death. I'd rather like to put myself on the world's map as a shortener of its distances. Also to beat the income tax."

"Would you work with a blackballed, blacklisted, alleged blackguard like Ralph?"

"I'd work with anybody I pleased if the thing looked good to me at first-hand investigation."

"I think that I'll smother you in self-defense. If I don't I'm apt to die of joy, and if I do I'll die with you."

"My race dies hard," Hapgood warned her, too intent on the euthanasia threatened to notice the soft tread of deck shoes approaching. "I have held my breath three minutes under ——"

"Ether," Sam Smalley's voice supplied, "or possibly renatured denatured rubbing alcohol. I had a patient who held it longer than that under the latter. He is still holding it, and that was a year ago—underground. Is this a petting party or merely a party waiting to be petted, and is it a part of the free deck or merely the back porch of the owner's cabin; because we are all hot and bothered and would like to come in if the petting is fine."

"What about the bridge?" Avis asked, Hapgood being too disgusted at the interruption for persiflage.

"We have finished with the bridge, and the bridge has finished us. Over the bridge to the poorhouse. . . . Crawl in, Suzy. It is an unwritten law aboard this ship that the back porch has no reserved seats. It is an observatory for the study of heavenly bodies. Shift a little and I shall wriggle in between you and Avis. Thus I shall be entirely surrounded by girl and protected from the chill of the ocean night air."

"What about poor me?" Suzy asked.

He took a rug and spread it over her. "There; now you will soon be warm and snug as a lightning bug. . . . Avis, is that your leg that hurts or is it Suzy's? . . . No, by Jove, it's mine. I chafed it on the shrouds chasing Sally over the top. The man who marries that girl will need wings and a club. Ow, my shin!"

The anticlimax was too much for Hapgood, who squirmed out. "Come on, Avis; this is no place for us. They are going to get modern."

"Well, good night," Sam said. "When you go below please tell Mac that Suzy has gone to bed."

Hapgood dragged Avis out onto the deck. "What did I tell you?"

As they moved away Avis asked, "Is Sam always this way?"

"Yes, and his reputation is without a stain. All talk. He cheers up his patients because he makes them feel that they are not so nutty after all. Besides, once you get a melancholiac laughing, a thin ray of light creeps into his gloom. . . . You had better go to bed. I'm going down to talk to Ralph."

She gave his hand a squeeze. Passing through the main saloon to say good night, Hapgood found Sally showing Payson how to tear a pack of cards in two, MacWilliams arguing a point of theology with Day, while the professor was discusssing sex with Edna Worden, who looked much interested. Talk, talk, talk, Hapgood reflected, and was glad that Avis was not a talker. She said little and meant it all.

Hapgood knew now that there had been no artificial glamour about that first kiss at the Browns'. This girl had the key to the door of his desire. Not only individual but in type she represented what he had always craved in women—a directness and candor and reasonableness that were not brusque but combined with sweetness and charm. He had felt the truth in her without being able to believe it. He admired her frank estimate of her own importance—that it graded low beside her love for her hard-ridden father. Few people and no women would have admitted the unselfishness of her *beau geste*, but there was just the point: She claimed no self-sacrifice.

And now Hapgood found himself in worse case than before. He cherished deeply and secretly pride of race, his forbears and his succession. Not only was his blood as good as the country had to offer but there was no family record of *mésalliance*. Setting aside his present objections to marriage, he could not bear to think of his children possessing a grandfather of shady reputation who, with other blacklistings, had been denationalized for some unpardonable offense against his country. That was the worst of all. Hapgood had a veneration that was almost Chinese for his ancestors, and it was intolerable to think of these builders of a great nation denouncing him from their lofty places as a polluter of their posterity. Also, as a staunch American, he could not endure the admixture of traitor blood to the family strains.

No, he could not marry Avis, nor could he cheapen her and himself. This, Hapgood realized, was a supreme case of wanting desperately what no amount of money could pay for. He had to take his choice between the sacrifice of high family ideals or going without. Avis did not see it this way because of her low esteem of her consequence, and she could scarcely be expected to worship Hapgood's family tree like a Druid priestess an oak.

It seemed to Hapgood, as he paused in his cabin to think things over before talking to Ralph, that he was being subjected to a test, tried out to ascertain how worthy he might be of his stewardship of family honor and of family wealth. So far his life had held no serious problems, no great responsibilities. Things had been made incredibly easy for him. He had moved in big-business circles and been businesslike, and in gay circles and been gay. He had kept up the family benefactions and added certain of his own. Sometime after forty he expected to marry happily and wisely, and raise a family. The choice of a wife had not bothered him. Some healthy, normal girl of his own class, like Sally with her exuberance calmed down, would be forthcoming.

(Continued on Page 55)

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 52)

He had never been seriously in love and doubted that he had it in him to feel the fervent exaltations of romantic history and fiction. That sort of stuff was for emotional natures or self-indulgent ones.

He did not believe that he was now in love with Avis. It was simply that she appeared to be entirely in key with him, and that in contact with her he felt complete.

Well, at least he could befriend her as he had promised, and then keep his behavior for the voyage on a purely friendly basis. It might even be interesting to work up Ralph's scheme and keep out of other costly and less dignified employment. If a man like Lukenheim would listen to it at all, let alone show interest, there might be something in it. Hapgood had an inherited business sense and a vision not to be distorted. Air transportation was the child of the epoch, and a lusty one. No man could predict what the next few decades might prove. It had not taken so long for Fulton's steamboat to grow into the Majestic or Stevens' locomotive to attain the dimensions of a grand mogul. Today there were vastly more brains and money with which to build up and perfect. Or better, perhaps, there were more collateral science and money.

Hapgood went out and passed along the corridor to Ralph's room, one of the smaller but comfortable bachelor ones connected by a bath to Avis' room.

He rapped, then said, "It's Hapgood. May I come in?"

"Yes, please do." Ralph was in bed, reading. He laid down the book, one from the ship's library, and Hapgood was surprised to see that it was Homer's Odyssey in the original—a copy some collegian guest had left aboard.

Ralph smiled. "I've always kept up my classics," he said.

"You're looking better," Hapgood said untruthfully.

"Then I must be getting better. These bilious attacks make me look as if I'd sailed with Captain Noah, and feel that way too."

Hapgood seated himself. "Avis tells me your trouble is two-thirds fatigue and nervous strain about a big airport proposition you've been working at. That interests me a lot. It's the coming big-business game."

"It's come, I should say. Billy was kind enough to call up Lukenheim and ask him to see me. He gave me two interviews. But if they decided to go into it at all, they're going to want too much."

"That's apt to be the way. When you're feeling better I'd like to hear about it. For some time I thought I'd like to get in. Not on a mere stock-buying basis, but to have a hand in the development."

Ralph brightened visibly. "I've got the whole ground floor, but no capital to speak of. It's hard to get the backing and not be shoved out into the vestibule. To hang on to my concession I've got to start a service within the next six months."

"How much money are you going to need—to get things started, I mean?"

"If we had a million dollars I could manage."

"That shouldn't be so hard if the scheme is sound."

Ralph said bitterly, "The trouble isn't with the scheme. It's with myself. During and since the war I've got mixed up in some unfortunate affairs and been blacked in both eyes." And to Hapgood's surprise, he said in a hard voice: "If Lukenheim had known who I really was he'd as soon have seen the devil. I had to impersonate a fool cousin of mine."

"Was that fair to Billy Brown?"

"Of course not. It was rotten. You might as well know first as last that I've sunk to the stage where I have to do things like that to start anything at all. I've got presence and ability, but my rags of reputation wouldn't drape a show girl."

"Is that just?" Hapgood asked.

Again to his surprise, Ralph said: "Yes, as business is generally conducted. But my offenses have been of a political sort—against governments and factions. I've never tried to swindle a business associate or the public at large."

Hapgood thought of certain South and Central American political intrigues, even to *opéra-bouffe* revolutions, that had been directed to swell the revenues he had inherited. In these, such men as Ralph appeared to be had frequently served as agents.

He said briefly, "I'm getting fed up on being an idler, and my inherited business runs itself perfectly well without me. In fact, they'd rather not have me butting in. It would be a satisfaction to take hold of something like this of yours and put it over strong."

"All it needs is work and money," Ralph said.

"Let's go there with the yacht and look the ground over. You can explain the business details between here and there. If it strikes me right I may undertake the capitalization alone. Meanwhile you can count on me to stake you."

Ralph lay perfectly still, staring at the bulkhead opposite. Then he asked, "Are you doing this for Avis?"

"I've looked into it on her account. I like her and want to be a good friend, and that is all. I don't aspire to be her husband or her lover. If I go on with it—which I hope to do if it frames up right—it will be for our mutual interest."

Ralph turned to him a radiant face. "By gad, Hapgood, I'll shoot square with you, if they claim I never did that thing before."

"Well, then, stop your worrying and try to make a good voyage of it," Hapgood said.

"That starts right now." Ralph swung his legs out of bed. "Avis was right. I've been sick with worry; less about myself than for her. She's the only one left that believes in her old ——" he checked himself.

"Dad," Hapgood said. "I know all about that. Let it go as it rides though. No use in explaining and digging up old troubles. Start fresh from here. I hate postmortems. . . . Where are you going?" For Ralph had put on his slippers and was reaching for his dressing gown.

"Up on deck. I feel like a new man. I'll walk a while, then turn in and get the first real sleep for weeks."

He looked like a new man, and a younger one, Hapgood thought. The flaccidity had been wiped suddenly away from his classic, handsome face, and the dullness from his light gray eyes. He seemed to be suddenly infused with energy and with hope. He was like a castaway adrift for many days in an open boat on a shipless sea, with the food and water run out, who, when at the end of all things, looks up to see a vessel bearing down on him.

"That's the spirit," Hapgood approved. "If you can start such a proposition as this there's no telling how far you may go. It means your coming back to all you hold most dear—the world's respect, your reenfranchisement, clearing your name, a serene old age."

Ralph turned away, looping up his gown. Hapgood said no more, guessing the man to be under strong emotion; he went out. Back in his cabin, he flung himself down in his big desk chair.

Most men would call him a dumb fool, he thought. Perhaps, before he got through, he might be called something worse, owing to his business relations with this financial outcast. Many also would have called him an even greater and different sort of fool if they could have known what he had accepted in return—a dozen kisses for about a million dollars.

He was reflecting on this a little bitterly, though not regretting his act, when there came a faint tattoo on the door that led into a coat-and-oilskin room at the foot of his private companionway. Hapgood's heart stopped for a second. Could this hesitant tapping be made by Avis, come to thank him for his princely gesture to her father?

The timorous tapping came again.

Hapgood said, "Come in."

The door opened, and not Avis but Captain Murray entered. Hapgood scarcely knew whether the reaction was a relief or an infuriation. He might have been likened to a young Galahad of lofty chivalry and virtuous ideals who, in strolling through the forest in the vernal season, hears a tapping inside an ancient beech and finds the bark key and opens the tree door to be confronted not by the dryad that he anticipates with dreadful ecstasy, but a bearded, wrinkled gnome who had got incarcerated by mistake. Hapgood checked a sort of strangled laugh; then asked, "Well, captain, what's up?"

The elderly mariner looked embarrassed and determined. "I want to report that I've just been threatened, sir."

"Threatened?"

"Yes, sir. Threatened for my life—and by one of your guests aboard. By Major Croydon, sir."

Hapgood kept his composure by a considerable effort. "What did he threaten you about?"

The captain was obviously agitated. "He came up to me just now as I was leaning on the rail waiting for the mate to relieve me, and said: 'Captain Murray, do you remember me?' I said: 'Yes, major, I've got plenty reason to remember you.' He says: 'Well then, I strongly recommend that you keep what you think you know about me to yourself. If you do,' says he, 'you may find yourself a much richer man before the year is out.' 'And if I don't, major?' I asked him. He didn't answer for a moment, then turned and said: 'You can say what you like about my general reputation and gun running and German employment before the war. But if you spill any of the gossip about me you picked up out in the East, I'll kill you just as sure as big fish eat little ones,' says he. 'That bell-bird stuff,' says he."

"What did he mean by that?" Hapgood asked. "Unless you'd rather keep it to yourself."

"No, sir. No man can threaten me with my life, or offer to bribe me, neither. I'm no coward or no blackmailer. I've kept my mouth shut, and would have kept on keeping it shut in obedience to your orders, sir. But offering bribes and threatening to kill me is another matter. Only that I'm in command of your yacht, I'd ha' yanked a brass belayin' pin out the fife rail and brained that blackleg where he stood."

Captain Murray was evidently laboring under strong, suppressed excitement, and it was slipping on the bitts a little.

Hapgood said quietly, "I appreciate your self-control, captain. I'm not interested in Croydon's past record, but I'd like to know what he meant by 'that bell-bird stuff.'"

"That was out in Shanghai, six years ago, sir. I was there with a schooner loaded with case oil and gasoline. We'd stripped her copper with the anchor cable and had to go in dock. I met some officers I'd known during the war, and they treated me fine and entertained me. We were in a swell café drinking Scotch ale one day and listening to the music, when Major Croydon and his sister come in. I recognized him right off, having run foul of him in Salonica, but said nothing. Then one of these officers laughed and said: 'There goes the tiger and his bell bird.'"

"What did he mean?"

"That's what I asked, sir. It seems that in India where they hunt tigers in the jungle they claim there's a bird that keeps comp'ny with the man-eater. This is a pretty bird with a soft, tinkly note like the bells in some of the little temples in the bush."

Hapgood thought of Avis' tinkling laugh. "Yes, and then ——"

"Children or strange natives or white hunters or explorers that may be a mite off their bearings hear what they think is a bell, and go to investigate. The bird leads them straight into the jaws of the tiger."

"I see. Now I remember that story. But what was the connection?"

"It seems Croydon was on the beach in a sort of genteel way, stopping at a good hotel and putting up a front, but hard pushed for funds. His sister—she was about eighteen then, I should say, and a beauty, just like she is now—used to loll about on the veranda or at the races or walkin' on the bund, and she wasn't hard to get acquainted with. Rich tourist gentlemen, usually Americans, were her meat. Sooner or later she'd introduce her brother, and he was always smart and carried himself like a swell. Then there'd be a dinner party and afterwards a friendly little game—bridge or poker or something. The major never lost much to speak of, and quite frequently he won a lot. That was how they lived."

Hapgood was silent for several moments. Then he said wearily: "I see. Pretty awful for a man who's been at one time a gentleman to get down as low as that. And worse to drag a young girl into it."

"Well, it takes all kinds to make the world, sir." Having vindicated his self-respect by promptly defying the threat, Captain Murray was feeling a little better. He remembered something. "They called the girl 'Avid' too."

"Orders aside, will you do me a favor, captain?"

"You've only to say the word, sir."

"Well, then, drop the matter here. I'll see that he doesn't annoy or insult you again. I like Miss Croydon and I'm sorry for her. It's quite possible that she may never have realized the part she was playing. As for Croydon, a man like that gets desperate. He hopes to interest me in a foreign scheme of his, and the fear that you might stall it made him lose his head. Besides, he had you all wrong. Because you are of a quiet, gentlemanly type, he jumped to the wrong conclusion that you might be intimidated, or being no longer young, that he could bribe or bluff you."

The elderly mariner breathed through his nose. "I haven't had to strike a man for twenty years, sir. But only my respect and consideration for you and your guests kept me from showing him what can come of insulting a master mariner on his own quarter-deck. Trouble is he might not have lived to realize it."

"Well, please let it lie. I can't upset my other guests, and I want to hold on. Forewarned is forearmed. Be a good chap now and let it lie."

"Whatever you say, sir. Only don't let that rascal rope you in for anything."

He went out a few minutes later. Hapgood sat buried in thought. He heard Croydon go to his room. Hapgood undressed and stretched out on his bed to think. Then, about half an hour later, there came another gentle tapping at Hapgood's door. This time it was Avis, come to thank him. Hapgood smiled grimly to himself.

III

"BREAKFAST aboard a yacht at sea, Rollo," said Sam to Sally, "is a name, but not a function. Only athletes like you and me observe it. The cabin party at this hour of eight bells is still in a state of suspended animation. Stragglers begin to come in at bouillon time, official, when the sun is on meridian or better, over the yardarm, because it does not have to be squarely over the yardarm. One guesses at the declination. Assembly of the party comes when the steward announces luncheon. By that time the animals pacing up and down the cage are ready to be fed."

"Yeah? How's your shin?" Sally's mouth was full of oatmeal, but a gulp of coffee relieved the downtown traffic congestion.

"The whole of my anatomy seems focused in my skinned shin. If you were to punch my nose it would hurt my shin. Our Maker supplied the anterior edge of the tibia with an abundance of sensory nerves as a constant reminder to be careful not to break our legs. It is not the chafe but the actual bruise that hurts. You ran slight danger of that because your legs are so much bigger in proportion to the weight they carry."

"They're nothing of the sort. . . . Happy says you were a star hurdler."

"Don't contradict an anatomist. I was able to study your proportions on our way up to the truck."

(Continued on Page 58)

On the campus of the University of Kansas just before Professor H. C. Allen sent the 13 test cars away with sealed crankcases on a gruelling nation-wide road test.

UNIVERSITY SCIENTISTS FIND THIS NEW OIL LASTS LONGER

AT 8:30 on the morning of April 8th, 1930, thirteen stock cars, representing practically every popular type of automobile engine, left Lawrence, Kansas. Professor H. C. Allen supervised the start. The amount of oil poured into each crankcase was weighed. The crankcases and filter pads were carefully sealed.

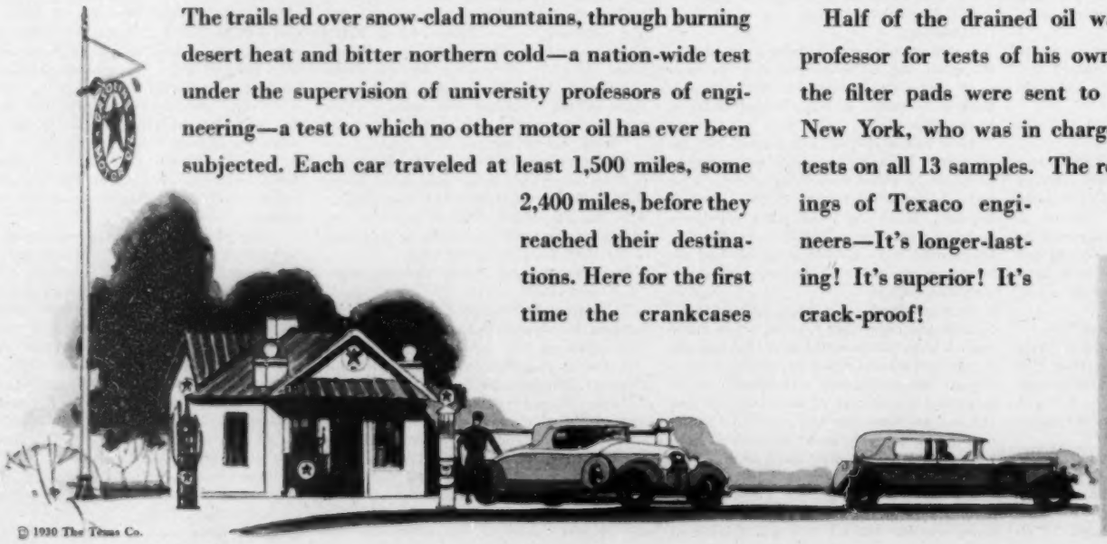
Faculty Members first to unlock crankcases and test oil

The test cars were routed to 13 leading universities. The trails led over snow-clad mountains, through burning desert heat and bitter northern cold—a nation-wide test under the supervision of university professors of engineering—a test to which no other motor oil has ever been subjected. Each car traveled at least 1,500 miles, some 2,400 miles, before they reached their destinations. Here for the first time the crankcases were unsealed, the oil drained off carefully, weighed again and then subjected to comprehensive tests.

Impartial Scientific Tests

Among those participating in these tests were such well-known authorities as Professors Huff of Johns Hopkins, Graf of Oregon State College and Beisler of the University of Florida. None of them knew the name of the oil they were testing. None of them had anything but a strictly scientific interest in the results.

Half of the drained oil was retained by the local professor for tests of his own. The remaining oil and the filter pads were sent to Dr. Lincoln T. Work, of New York, who was in charge and ran supplementary tests on all 13 samples. The reports confirmed the findings of Texaco engineers—It's longer-lasting! It's superior! It's crack-proof!



REPRESENTATI

"After a road test of 2,060 miles the motor oil had undergone relatively little change and was still suitable for much additional use."

"The oil dilution was

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University destinations and distances traveled by the test cars

Dr. Lincoln T. Work says—

"THESE various reports on the new Texaco Motor Oil emphasize many different points, and present these outstanding characteristics:

1—A low oil consumption which averaged one quart in 790 miles.

2—Very little tendency to form carbon when fresh or when used.

3—Retention of viscosity even after extended use on the road.

"I would conclude from a summary of the data submitted by these university experts that this oil can be marketed as a superior lubricant for the gasoline engine."

An extra margin of safety

On this university test, as on all the road and laboratory tests conducted by Texaco technicians, this new oil gave remarkable mileage. But for maximum motoring satisfaction we say keep the oil in your crankcase at the proper level and follow manufacturer's draining recommendations

When you have your car drained insist on the new Texaco Motor Oil. For in this remarkable wholly distilled oil you have the combined outstanding qualities of the major crudes. The long life of this new motor oil assures a greater margin of safety—a margin of safety which will carry you through when less enduring oils would crack and break down in the engine.

Available in all our 48 States

The new Texaco is manufactured in five grades, C, D, E, F, and G, which correspond in body to the Society of Automotive Engineers (S.A.E.) viscosity ratings. They cover a sufficiently wide range to give every type of automobile engine the maximum in lubricating efficiency. Sold in all our 48 States at 30¢ a quart. (35¢ for grade G.)

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IVE FINDINGS

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"The low carbon residue and low pour points are very favorable."

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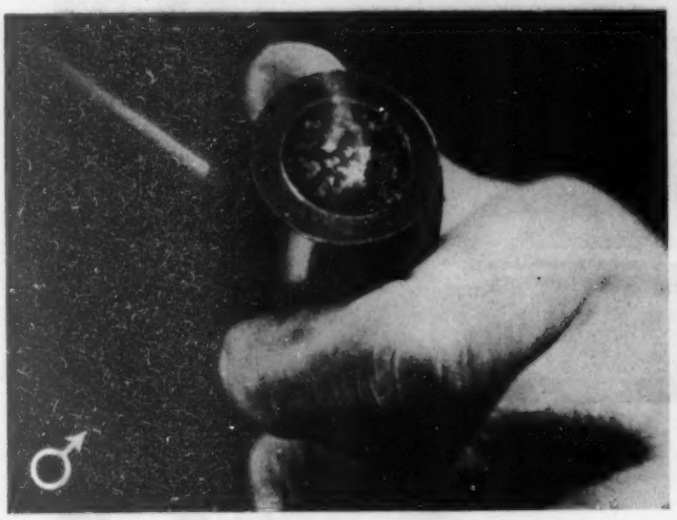

After all a man's smoke *is a pipe*

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My name_____

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Now let the Edgeworth come! E-39

(Continued from Page 55)

"Shut up." Sally threatened him with the porridge ladle. "That sort of stuff isn't served with breakfast."

"It was not offered as a pleasantry. Shin or no shin, I gained about three ratlines on you between the rail and the truck. You made it up going down, owing to my casualty."

"You were hot, Sam. I'd never have believed it."

"Naturalists have never believed the sloth to be an animal capable of swift motion, because 99 per cent of its time is spent hanging upside down from a branch in a state of celestial contemplation. But during the 1 per cent period of courtship when in pursuit of the female of its kind, it would need the ultra-rapid camera to get a clear picture of this interesting animal's technic. Like the sloth, I can only spare about 1 per cent of my time in such distraction, so I have to show speed."

"Your object was not amorous but cruel," Sally objected.

"Alas, Rollo, when you attain my age and wisdom, if ever, you will learn that the association of cruelty with love is not limited to the felidæ, or cat tribe. It may break out as a primitive avatar even in a creature of such high evolution as my own, when the loftier perceptions of the mind are outraged by the discovery of unsuspected coarseness of fiber in the hitherto desirable and admired individual of the other sex."

"Hold it, highbrow. When did you start admiring me and how was I coarse?"

"I have admired you from the moment you threw your first back airspring into my rarefied orbit of rotation, and you were far from refined in sticking out your tongue at Suzy and calling her the parrot that unquestionably she is. It is a good thing for you that we were aboard a yacht and not in the jungle, and that, in dropping through the pantry hatch, I landed with both feet on the face of that huge Greek second cook who was looking up to see where the plump chicken had fallen from."

"I'm not a plump chicken and it wouldn't have got you anywhere if you had caught me, because I could tie you into a hard knot."

"A true lover's knot or possibly a rolling hitch. You athletes are too prone to think that we brain workers are mere masses of fat, protoplasm, water and salts. You forget that the contractile power of a muscle depends on the quality of impulse with which it is innervated and that this is dispatched from the motor center in the cerebrum."

"Hold everything." Sally's face was red. "You boozorium snake charmers have got a line that ought to get you fed to the squirrels. You can talk and talk, but what's the answer to that?" She placed the dimpled elbow of a superb round arm, bare to the shoulder, on the table and made the full biceps muscle move up and down it by rotating her clenched fist.

"This," Sam said, and placed his own elbow against hers. "I suppose you are under the delusion that you can muscle me down."

"No delusion about it," Sally said contemptuously, for Sam was of the deceptive type where the face is lean, wrists and ankles bony, while the limbs and body are of heavy osseous structure and Rodinesque tissue slapped solidly over it. He was not a big man—scarcely an inch taller than this girl athlete—but every ounce of him was useful.

They straightened their forearms and clasped hands for the strength test, which was to force the knuckles of the antagonist down against the table. Sally shifted her chair for a better angle of effort.

"What's the bet?" Sam asked.

"A swift kick," Sally said.

"That, on my part, would be inelegant. To collect, I mean. Otherwise merely undignified. Let's make it a kick against a kiss."

"As you like," Sally said indifferently. As her college champion for strength test she had no fears at all for the result.

"Are you ready?"

"Get set; go."

Sally put out her vigorous, girlish might. Her forehead contracted and her lips tightened across her white, even teeth. Sam merely held fast, his forearm not wavering a millimeter out of the perpendicular. His face did not change its expression, except for a faint smile on his sensitive mouth. Sally put out a fresh burst of energy and a bead or two of perspiration showed on her wide white forehead. She felt as if trying to bend an iron awning stanchion. Sam merely resisted in the same inflexible way and without apparent effort. The second steward was watching with vast interest. Without relaxing, Sam glanced at him over his shoulder.

"I say, steward, make me another three-minute egg, will you? I'm going to need more nourishment after this terrific expenditure of energy."

The well-trained steward caught the idea, if reluctantly. "Very good, sir," he said and went through the pantry door. As it closed behind him, Sam forced Sally's fist slowly and inexorably down until, past the angle of best resistance, it gave way suddenly and her whitened knuckles rapped against the rosewood.

Sam leaned forward. "Pay up," he said crisply.

Sally hesitated for an instant, then paid. Her face flamed, but not with anger. She said briefly: "Hot."

Sam was a little pale. "You're a great girl, Sally. Good athlete, which is not so rare, and a good sport, which is mighty rare. I've been waiting a long time for one like you."

"To do what?" Sally asked, then hated herself for a fool.

"Marry," Sam said briefly.

"Not," Sally said, and turned a little pale herself.

"Why not?"

"For one thing, you're an advanced kidder, and for another, I'm in love with Happy."

"Oh, all the women are in love with Happy, but they get over it just like they get over being in love with the Prince of Wales. However, you may as well nurse it along until it walks out on you some day. It never hurt any girl to be in love with Happy."

"Has it ever done Happy any harm to be in love with any girl?"

"Not to my knowledge, but then he never consulted me. Here comes my egg. I hear it chirping, or is that the squeak of the pantry door? It is too soon for the eggs to peep. Steward, I shan't need that egg. Miss Sally beat me and defeat has killed my appetite. It would lie in my locker as heavy as a dipsey lead."

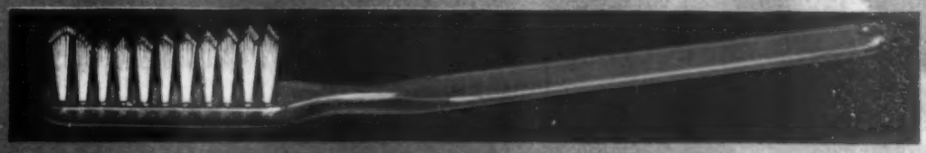
"Liar," Sally said. "You eat that egg, and I hope it chokes you."

"Some sport," Sam sighed, and ate the egg. "One might think this were the bet and not the penalty of a gallant gesture. I love that last word; it is so elastic. Anything from thumbing your nose at the back of a traffic cop to declaiming truthfully and with a breaking heart, 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, lov'd I not honor more,' and beating it."

"What's all that?" asked a low-pitched, lilting voice behind them, for Sam, after the contest, had swung round his chair to avoid a sunbeam striking down through the skylight. He turned and rose, to see Avis as she entered. Her loveliness stalled even his facile tongue for an instant. Sally also was staring at her as if some Nereid or even Aphrodite herself had come aboard. There was a faint flush high on Avis' cheeks and her colorful eyes sparkled like dew on heliotropes. The sunbeam Sam had got from under set a nimbus on her fine, soft brown hair. But the provocative nose with its alluring tilt gave to her face a slightly challenging expression. "Rather early to burst into verse, isn't it, Sam? Or have you been up all night?"

"Not I, Cytherea. Merely illustrating a definition by poesy."

"Are we the only early ones, or am I late?" (Continued on Page 60)



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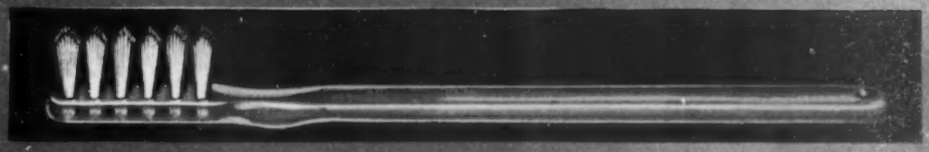

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(Continued from Page 58)

"In a ship or a sanitarium there is no such thing as early and late," Sam told her. "Elapsed time is as nonexistent as is the fourth dimension—for the idle guests, that is. They rise and shine or recline and glow as impulse moves them. With the navigating officers it is just the reverse. Time is position. The error of a minute of longitude shifts you fifteen miles. Yacht guests don't have to worry about that. All that interests them is latitude."

Avis gave him a swift, searching look, then laughed. "I know how to get that."

"With a sextant, I take it. Some ladies don't need even that, or a sexton. They demand the freedom of the seas." He had, of course, no least idea of how he was tormenting her, making her wonder if perhaps he had been tucked away in some corner on deck, possibly with Sally, and seen her go down the owner's companionway.

"You can travel through more degrees of latitude in a lot less time in a car than in a boat," Sally said.

Sam looked at her approvingly. "Bravo, Rollo. See what association with me is doing for your wise-cracking. You might go on to say that another advantage is that in a car you are subject to no tyranny by the owner. You can always get out and walk home."

It is probable that Avis felt relief from this statement. Sam was not the sort to go thus far with mischievous intention. Still more raw: "The first duty of a guest is to make himself, herself, itself, agreeable to the owner. His request is, as Mac aptly put it, an imperial command. In a hurricane, collision, mutiny or fire, the captain is the biggest man aboard, but at all other times, the owner. But Happy does not insist on the prerogatives of his position. He is, in fact, more apt to side-step them. For instance, he never has breakfast here in the saloon."

"Why not?" Sally asked.

"Because he does not want his guests to feel under obligation to get up and breakfast with him. The steward serves him in his cabin when he rings. The only thing that vexes Happy is to be disturbed in his privacy." He looked at Sally severely. "Bear that in mind, Rollo. Uncle John wants to post you up."

He ducked her swing at his ear. Sally ran up on deck. "What would you like to eat and drink, Avis?" Sam asked.

"Just what is on the table. Coffee and rolls and fresh butter and jam. I haven't been in the country long enough for the American breakfast."

The steward served her. "You needn't wait, Hubbard," Sam said to him. "If any more famine victims stray in I'll ring."

"Thank you, sir."

When he had gone out Sam said: "Sally Bates is a lovely piece. A primitive baby. She has managed to graduate from college without learning one blessed thing. I wouldn't change one kick and slam about her. But her name is all wrong. I'd like to change that tomorrow."

"To what?"

"To Sally Smalley. Not euphonious, but it would fit her better. Not so suggestive of a single life. It is better to marry than to burn your shin."

"Really, Sam, you want to marry her?"

"I do. That's why I came. You can help."

"How?"

"Show her that it's not a fate worse than death to be the wife of a nut cracker twelve years her senior and live in a bughouse and help spend sixty or seventy thousand a year. Persuade her that she can't expect to go through life hanging by her legs. You help me and I'll help you."

"You think I need help?"

"You are apt to need a lot, and Ralph even more."

"What do you know about him?"

"More than you might think. His cousin Frank has been my patient for a fortnight, after cutting a close corner round delirium tremens. I try to take patients' confidences as a duck takes a shower bath, but this bird is worse than the Ancient Mariner. He holds you with both glittering eyes."

"Was it right of you to let that immigration detective have access to him?"

"You heard about that? No, it was all wrong. It wouldn't have happened if I'd been there. My *locum tenens* is a good doctor, but a poor watchdog. That cast-iron scout bluffed him. How did you know?"

"The man was by the garage at Billy Brown's when Happy and I went out. Happy lied like a—a ——"

"A dry statistician," Sam said. "Go on."

"He gave the officer a few names and we left. I don't know why Happy should have done that."

"There are several reasons," Sam said, "and the first was you. So we can scrap the rest. Let's hope he's not going to regret his friendly act." He gave her a keen look.

"Could he be arrested when he goes back?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, I don't think they could deport him for deporting a man they were trying to deport," Sam said. "That's not what I meant."

"What then?"

"That he may not be a Sinbad with the Old Man of the Sea on his shoulders. From what your cousin tried to tell me, Ralph has ridden some of his benefactors pretty ragged. But hell is full of cousins like that. Also"—he gave her another of his X-ray looks—"that he may not fall a victim to Circe's wiles."

Avis said slowly, "That's a bit stiff, Sam. When I met Happy I'd never even had a lover to turn into a swine. Frank is a liar if he said anything like that."

"It wouldn't need that to make him one, I should say. Some men lie to save their hides and some to save their friends' hides, while other men lie just because they like to hear themselves lie—the way I talk often to distract my mind from worse things than I talk about. This Frank liar is a familiar type in retreats like mine. Born to wealth and position, with never a lick of work in his life, harmless up to his tongue, and that only dangerous when he feels badly, cultured, vicious in a secret timid way, foppish, elegant, a flatterer to such an *arbiter elegantiarum* as Pomford Pomeroy—oh, gosh, they ought to be chloroformed long before sixty."

"He got Ralph's share of the fortune," Avis said.

"I assumed that, because Ralph let down the Greeks when the Turkish army was marching on Athens. Your Hellenic grandmother wasn't too old to act about that. She was near royalty, wasn't she?"

"First cousin to the king. Grandfather married her when he was First Secretary of the American Legation. She looked like Helen of Troy."

"Well, Frank did Ralph out of that legacy. He acted like a fleabitten goat eating tourist luncheon papers on the Acropolis. In the middle of his worst act Ralph was more of a man. I'll bet it was Frank who got Ralph disenfranchised through Greek diplomatic channels, on the ground of his having first broken his American neutrality and then double-crossed Greece."

"That's what Ralph believes. Frank is jealous of Ralph. He always was. They were in Harrow together, then Oxford. Ralph was always the dominant one. Frank hated him, but admired him, and he wanted Ralph to bolster him up. Whenever he drank too much and got ill he sent for Ralph."

"He would. He'd lie in my cure house and talk as long as I'd sit beside him and hold his hand. Then he'd check out and tell people I was a rotten doctor. I think he's been fooling away his money and got scared, and thinks that at last Ralph is going to pull off a coup. He wants in on it. He told me that the estate on the island of Siphnos was mortgaged up to the pomegranates."

Avis laughed. "I wondered where you got that 'lord of the Isle of Siphons' the other day. It's nearly the whole island, and it was to have gone to Ralph. He grew up there."

"Your mother was Greek, too, wasn't she?"

"No, Albanian. That was the trouble. Her father was not Greek or Turkish, but pure Albanian mountaineer of the Vilayet Janina. His ancestors ruled there."

"My word! No wonder you have the royal seal. Does Happy know this?"

"Not one scrap. He thinks me a waif and adventuress, and he is nearly right. I graduated from Robert College at eighteen, and went out to the Far East with Ralph. We had taken the name of Carroll."

"And you were given that of The Bell Bird."

Avis said quietly, "We had to live."

"How long did you live that way?"

"For about two years. In Hong-Kong and Shanghai and round to Singapore and Colombo."

"Does Happy know about this?"

She shook her head, then asked, "Why haven't you told him yourself? He says you are his best friend."

"I aspire to that honor, but I've never been a tattler. One may know facts, but not their extenuating circumstances. My function in life is to heal, not to harrow. Happy is no sweet girl graduate, though most of them could teach him a lot. If I were to go the round of my friends and tell them what they don't know about their intimate relationships, it would throw a lot of business Mac's way. Unless he was himself in jail. There is no use in giving a man the low-down about his new girl. Better go to the girl, and if that fails, let Nature take its course."

"Why do you think I am his new girl?"

"Because he lied to help you. How much have you told him about Ralph and about yourself?"

"I have told him that we are both completely *déclassé*, politically, socially and commercially."

Sam looked relieved. "Well, that's quite a lot. Happy is a broad-minded mixer and thinks he's democratic and names his yacht after that beau ideal. Actually he is probably more conservative and race proud than your Albanian grandfather, if such a thing is possible. He would remain celibate all his life rather than marry a bell bird, even if that *rara avis* were also a bird of paradise."

"Of course," Avis said calmly. "I haven't the slightest hope or ambition of ever marrying Happy. I shouldn't want him to marry me."

"Why not?"

"Because he would never feel right with himself about it. He could never quite forgive himself. He would be watching for Ralphesque tendencies to develop in his children."

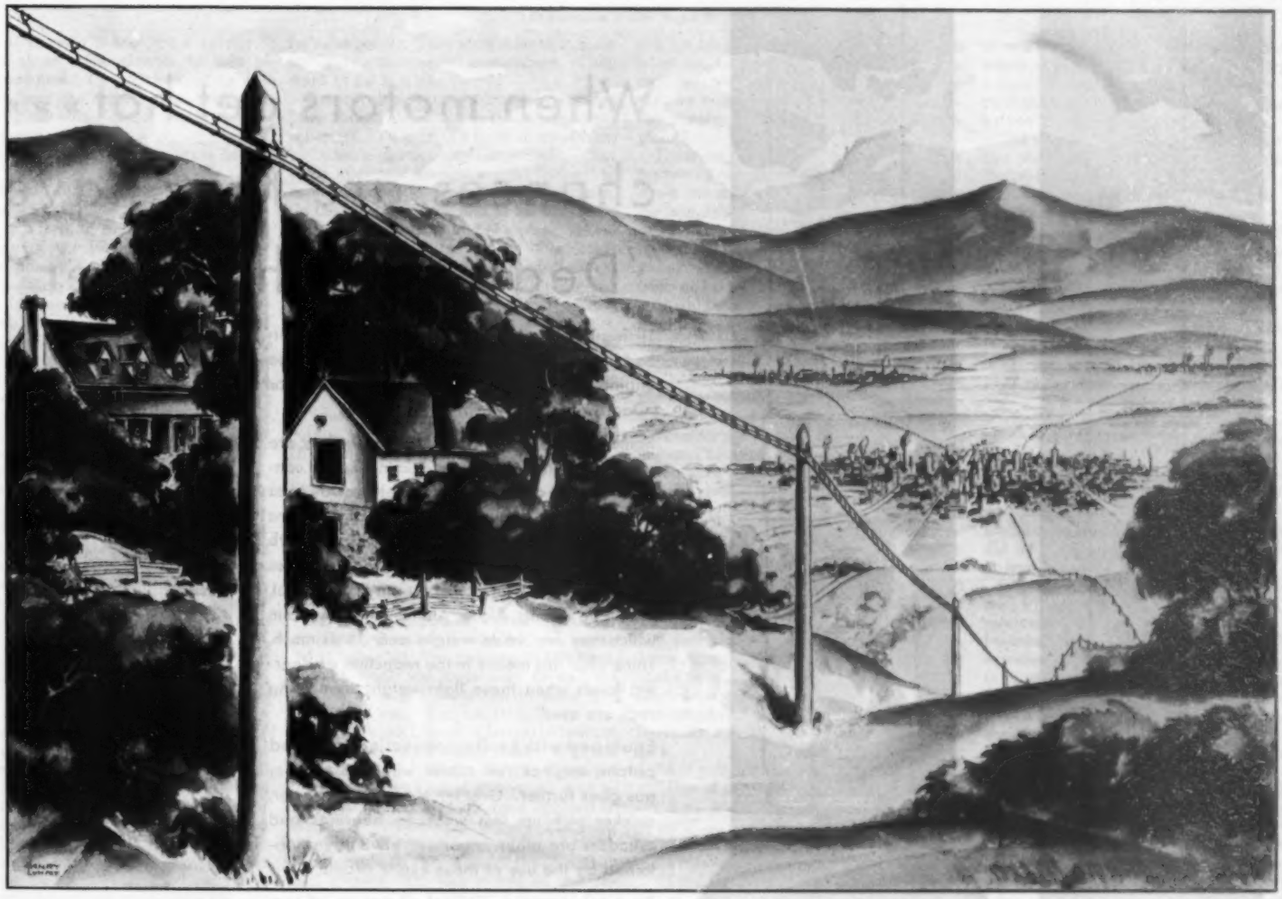
"You are evidently in love with him."

"I adore him." A wave of color swept into Avis' face.

PHOTO BY GEORGE P. SMAIN

Near Bloomfield, New Jersey

(TO BE CONTINUED)



AN INTER-CITY CABLE, PART OF THE BELL SYSTEM NETWORK THAT UNIFIES THE NATION

Vast, to serve the nation . . . personal, to serve you

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

So THAT you may telephone from house to house in a Southern village, from farm to farm in the Middle West, or from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast—the Bell Telephone System *must* be large. Its work is to give adequate telephone service to one of the world's busiest and most widespread nations. There is 4000 million dollars' worth of telephone plant and equipment in the Bell System, any part of which is subject to your call day or night.

Every resource of this system is directed to the end that you may have quick, clear and convenient telephone service.

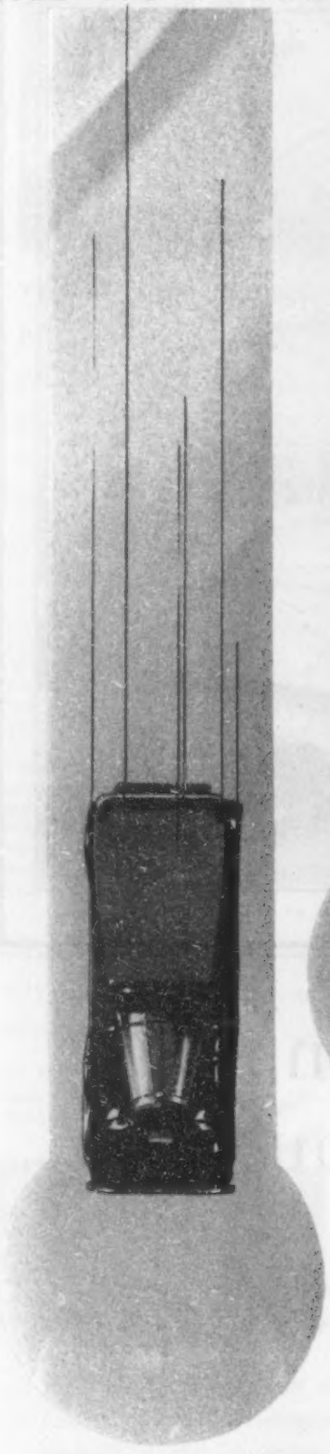
In order to meet the telephone needs of the country most effectively, the operation of the Bell System is carried on by 24 Associated Companies, each attuned to the area it serves. Working with these companies is the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, giving them the benefit of its development of better methods.

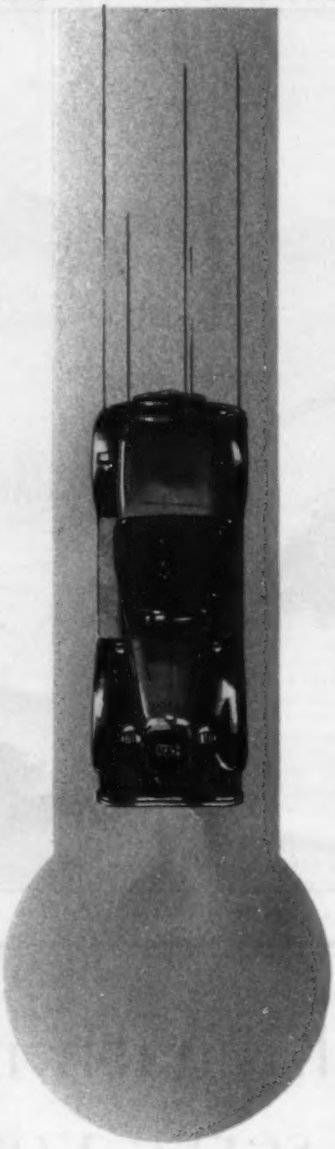
The Bell Laboratories and the Western Electric Company utilize the talents of thousands of scientists for constant research and improvement in the material means of telephony. Western Electric, with its great plants and warehouses in every part of the country, contributes its specialized ability for the precise and economical manufacture of equipment of the highest quality for the entire system.

The Bell System is vigorously carrying forward its work of improving the telephone service of the country. It is building for today and tomorrow—for the benefit of everyone who lives and works in America.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

ALL NON-FERROUS PISTONS HAVE ALUMINUM AS A BASE





When motors get hot » » » chances are they have "Dead-Weight Fever"

Timing may be perfect; plenty of oil and water; carburetor in proper adjustment—yet some engines get hot and stay hot. Then look for "Dead-Weight Fever".

Some engines never have it because they are equipped with light weight aluminum alloy connecting rods and pistons that carry away heat 5 times faster than iron or steel. This means that you should specify a car equipped with Lynite connecting rods and pistons. Besides dispelling heat 5 times faster than iron or steel, the light, strong Alcoa Aluminum Alloy from which they are made weighs only ⅓ as much. Think what this means in the reduction of bearing loads when these light weight connecting rods are used.

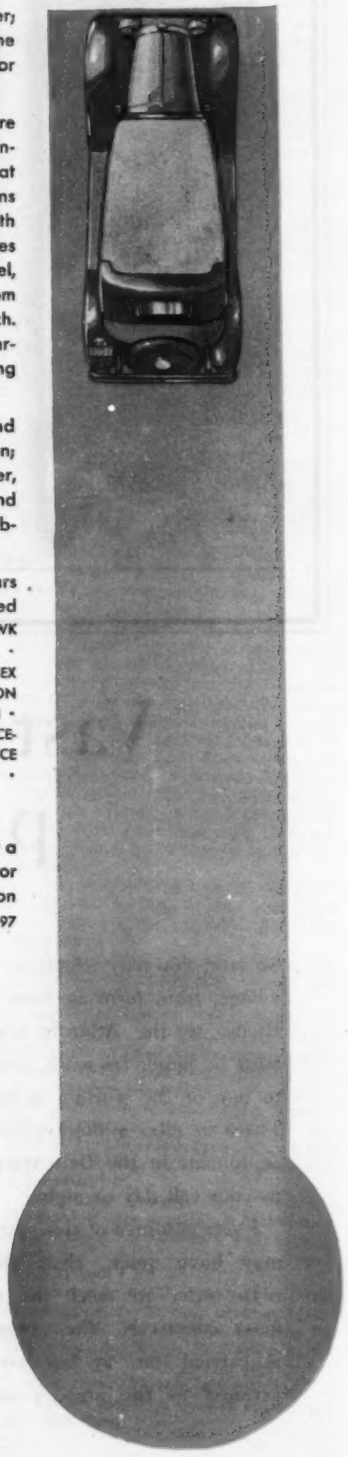
Equipped with Lynite connecting rods and pistons, engines run cooler with less carbon; gas goes further. Greater speed, more power, quicker pick up, less wear on bearings and cylinders are other important advantages obtained by the use of these Lynite products.

As a consequence 79% of all makers of cars are now using Aluminum Alloy pistons. Included in the growing list are:—*AUBURN · BLACKHAWK · CHRYSLER · CORD · DE SOTO · DODGE · DUESENBERG · DU PONT · DURANT · ELCAR · ESSEX · FORD · FRANKLIN · GARDNER · GRAHAM · HUDSON · HUPMOBILE · JORDAN · KISSEL · LINCOLN · MARMON · NASH · PACKARD · PEERLESS · PIERCE-ARROW · PLYMOUTH · REO · ROAMER · ROLLS-ROYCE · ROOSEVELT · STUDEBAKER · STUTZ · WHIPPET · WILLYS-KNIGHT · WINDSOR.

*1930 Statistical Issue Automotive Industries

With so much to be gained it is well to buy a car equipped with Lynite. For change-overs or replacements ask any garage or service station about Lynite. ALUMINUM COMPANY of AMERICA; 2497 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

LYNITE
CONNECTING RODS
AND PISTONS
MADE OF ALCOA ALUMINUM



HOW TO TREAT REPORTERS

(Continued from Page 27)

"No. I thought it was just a quarter."

Under those circumstances he was of course pardoned. Two weeks later he was removed from the regular news staff and made religious editor of the paper, though I could never understand why. Just one of those things that managing editors do, no doubt.

The matter of the highball, though, as indeed of all beverages, from coffee to laudanum, as a form of courtesy to the young gentleman of the press, is not generally disputed among the more liberal authorities. The interviewee may offer it and the reporter may accept it without any concession on either side. The latter loses none of his integrity through this polite amenity, and the former must understand that he remains *in statu quo* upon offering it. He gains nothing.

Food, as I understand it, is regarded differently. A reporter is not expected to eat while on duty, so he will always refuse it except in the cases of motherly old ladies, when he may accept a slice of homemade pie or a few cookies, and younger ladies with bonbons and other confections on the coffee table. However, if the younger lady is a movie actress and still serves bonbons, the reporter is expected to contract his account into about one-third of the space he would have allowed otherwise. There is no appeal from this ruling.

Declined Without Thanks

Gifts of a more substantial character—assuming that anyone would be crazy enough to send a reporter a gift of substantial character—fall under still another regulation. This is a very delicate situation. I've never heard of a reporter who ever expected a gift any more than he expected a card from King George V, and the only gift I've ever heard of that cost the giver more than two dollars was a baked ham that a Manhattan lawyer sent to a reporter I knew. Against my advice the reporter returned the gift—the only time I ever heard of that being done. He explained that he had never seen the lawyer, never spoken to him, had no idea why he had been selected for the honor, and, what was more, being Jewish, he regarded the gift of a baked ham as highly unethical.

I, naturally, understand that suggesting to interviewees that they not send gifts to reporters is advice on about the same rational level as warning Sir Harry Lauder not to throw his money away. If ever there was a reporter who expected anything from anybody, it was only because he'd just entered the business that morning. By now he knows better. So we needn't discuss that aspect further.

If the experiences of myself and my colleagues in the profession count for anything, it is just about as futile to expect my notion of the ideal behavior for an interview to be observed. That isn't enough for most people. They want more talk, more chitchat, a more social atmosphere. They want to pal it a bit.

Recently a moving-picture actor returned from abroad and was met by the ship-news reporters. They didn't have to meet him; he wasn't particularly important. But some idiot said he was a good fellow; he would appreciate a couple of paragraphs. So the boys called on him in his stateroom between Quarantine and the pier. He received them with a display of emotion which would have been regarded as exorbitant in the reception of a long-lost mother.

"Mr. X," began one of the reporters, sparring for an opening which might give the chump some opportunity to make a statement worth printing, "we would like to know ——"

"Just a minute, boys!" the actor interrupted. "Just call me Jack—just Jack, that's all."

Unprepared for this democracy, the spokesman for the boys looked a little unhappy.

"Jack," repeated the actor—"just Jack."

"What we want to know ——"

"Jack!"

"Jack—what we want to know, Jack, is how did you ——"

"I just want you to know," the actor explained, transfixing them with his smile, "that, after all, I'm just one of the boys. I don't want you boys ever to call me Mr. X, because I want you to know I'm just one of you. Call me Jack."

Somehow, as I heard it later, the news of this privilege threw a deep blanket of gloom over the boys. Nobody, it seemed, wanted to call or even think of this young man as Jack. One and all, they were opposed to his being "one of the boys." The very thought of the possibility depressed them. When presently they were off the ship, they said nothing, but just looked at one another, and, with a union of thought that was beautiful, they all walked over and dropped all the notes of their interview with the actor into the melancholy waters of the North River.

Again, to continue with the prohibitions, don't try to sell a reporter the idea that you don't want your name in the papers. This is one act, however honest it may be, that a reporter never accepts. As I remember my own experience, it was three days before the theory of personal modesty was exploded.

I was on a Savannah paper—just on it for two days. On a tip from someone, I ran down the story of an accident in which a car had driven into a telephone pole a few miles out of town. I found that a man named Pulaski had been at the wheel and a young woman calling herself Bailey had been at his side. The latter had been seriously injured; Pulaski had emerged without a scratch. That afternoon the story, without much importance, had appeared in my paper.

The next morning when I showed up at the police barracks, a motorcycle cop, grinning happily, informed me that Pulaski was looking for me. It seemed that he had been engaged to a girl who objected to his acquaintance with the spurious Miss Bailey and, as result of my story, had broken the engagement. The cop suggested that if I cared for my health I'd better hop along.

So I hopped along. I tried to make my haste as casual as possible, but I did manage to cover quite a bit of ground. Word came three times during the day that Pulaski was but a skip or two behind me, and each time I stepped out quite spryly. I managed to elude him until five o'clock that afternoon, when he came up—nobody needed to tell me who the large fellow was who loomed in the door—in the police barracks once more, where I felt relatively safe.

"Are you Johnson?" he demanded.

"One of them," I replied cautiously.

"You wrote that story in last night's paper?"

"About what?"

"Pulaski," said Mr. Pulaski.

"I did," I admitted, seeing no other way out of it.

"Then what's the idea," he asked furiously, "of spelling my name with a Y at the end?"

Most reporters learn this lesson as quickly as I did, so there's no use saying you don't like the idea of your name being published in what you may refer to as the public prints. There is only one way of proving to a reporter that you don't want your name published in the public prints, and that is by not letting him get in to you at all.

The authorities that I have consulted for this paper feel also that a word should be included, for the public's own good, on a situation that seems to exist uniquely in the relationship between some members of the laity and the press. That is the notion that something ought to be done to persuade these young men to straighten up and lead better lives. My own records show no fewer than three cases recently in which the reporters calling in line of duty were prayed for—in their own presence!

Making the Front Page in Vain

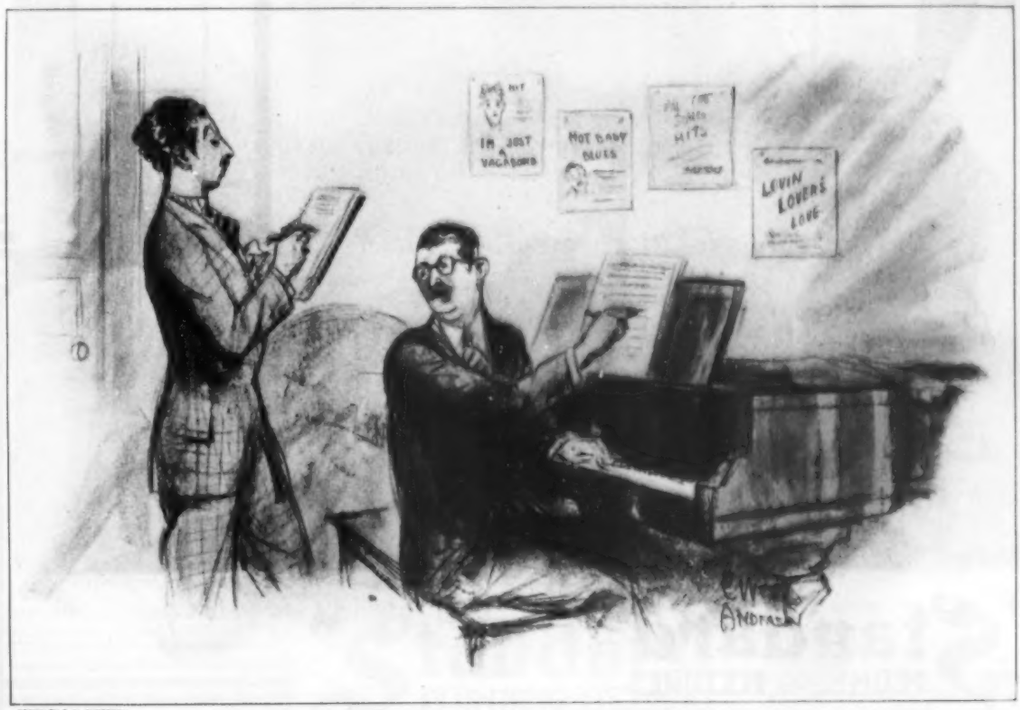
The impulse to reform them may perhaps be traced to a run of popular newspaper melodramas last year. The boys did, in these operas, lead perfectly scandalous lives; to be candid, we were all a bit flattered, as we went home to our wives and radios, at the picaresque portraits drawn of us. Little did we suspect what it was going to let us in for.

The moral of all this is that if the young men who gather the news of the nation are received or not received in a definite and businesslike manner, without frills or other extraneous matter, you will all fare better in print, and the reporter himself will be a happier man and a credit to the community. If you overtreat him he puts you down, in the vernacular, as a space louse. If you mistreat him, he has one simple and poisonous way of annoying you.

It is used only in extreme cases, and I offer myself as the guinea pig to illustrate its effectiveness. All my life I've wanted to see my name on the front page of a newspaper—as a part of a story, not as its writer. Recently I got it. At a party where I was a guest, one of the gentlemen present, forgetting he was there on a social basis, swiped a valuable brooch from a lady guest. The police had hardly entered the place before a reporter arrived.

I recognized him; he was a chap I'd never had any use for, any more than he'd had any use for me. I mean to say, we disliked each other more than a little. So I saw it coming. I'd be on the front page all right—the importance of the lady who lost her jewelry assured this—but it was scarcely in the kind of story I'd have liked. I hadn't the least suspicion of the loathly depths to which this reporter could descend. I knew he was pretty much of a mug, but I'd never thought of him as the unspeakable hound that he proved himself.

The next morning the story was there on the front page. But can you imagine what that fellow had done? He'd misspelled my name! "Among those present," he'd written, "was Crummally Johnson." Did I burn up!



DRAWN BY C. D. ANDERSON

"All Right! All Right! But Mothers Ain't Been Selling Well for Two Seasons Now"

A prize competition in designing new bathrooms

"Why shouldn't the bathroom be given as much consideration, *as an interior*, as the other rooms of the home?" Just a year ago the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. asked the question and, to make possible an affirmative answer, introduced new fixture designs and colors of real artistic worth.

These new forms and colors have inspired a new consideration for the long neglected bathroom. Beginning as a converted hall end or a large closet, it became a room in its own right, essential but of no architectural or decorative importance. Today, the homeowner is eager to realize its possibilities *as an interior.*

Naturally then the homeowner looks to the architect for a definite statement of these possibilities, for designs which will broaden the usefulness of the bathroom and make it, architecturally, a worthy part of the home. Since plumbing fixtures must be installed permanently, any interesting placement which makes for individuality such as the sunken, raised, or recessed bath must have its inception in the architectural treatment of the room.

And so the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. sponsors this friendly competition to stimulate interest and originality in designing a new interior, the bathroom. The conditions governing this prize competition are stated on the opposite page.

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures, even the most inexpensive designs, are made in White, Ming Green, T'ang Red, Royal Copenhagen Blue, Orchid of Vincennes, Clair de Lune Blue, Ivoire de Medici, St. Porchaire Brown, Rose du Barry and Ionian Black. A chart of these colors and a copy of the book, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home, will be mailed on request.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

$27,500 in prizes for architects

Class A: Design for a bathroom suitable for homes costing *not more* than $15,000 to build.

First prize	$5,000.00
Second prize	2,500.00
Third prize	1,000.00
Fourth prize	500.00
Fifth prize	250.00
Ten prizes of	100.00
Twenty prizes of	50.00
One hundred prizes of	25.00
	$13,750.00

Class B: Design for a bathroom suitable for homes in the building of which cost *is not* a major consideration.

First prize	$5,000.00
Second prize	2,500.00
Third prize	1,000.00
Fourth prize	500.00
Fifth prize	250.00
Ten prizes of	100.00
Twenty prizes of	50.00
One hundred prizes of	25.00
	$13,750.00

Complete statement of conditions governing the competition

Eligibility: The competition is open to architects and architectural draftsmen. Designs may be submitted as the work of one or more architects, of one or more architectural draftsmen or of a firm of architects.

Each architectural draftsman shall give on the card referred to under paragraph, "Identification", in addition to his name, the name of a practicing architect as a reference.

Application blanks are not required.

No employee of the American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation may enter the competition.

Time: The competition closes 12 Midnight, October 30, 1930. Designs must be postmarked before that hour.

Drawings required: (a) An elevation of *each* side of the bathroom (room may be rectangular, octagonal or any desired shape); (b) Floor plan; (c) Ceiling plan, where special treatment is indicated.

The elevations shall be drawn at a scale of three-quarters of an inch to a foot. The floor and ceiling plans, at a scale of three-eighths of an inch to a foot.

Designs for Class "A" and Class "B" bathrooms shall be drawn on separate sheets, each mounted on cardboard twenty-six inches by thirty-nine inches. Each sheet shall have the title "A Design for a Bathroom — Class A", (or) "Class B" (as the case may be). Drawings shall not be framed.

All drawings shall be in black ink. The sides of the bathroom shall be shown in direct elevation and no perspective elevation or rendering of any kind shall be shown.

A color chart indicating the color of the plumbing fixtures, walls, ceiling, floor and decorations shall be shown. A legend shall be given indicating the materials used and a list of the plumbing fixtures and accessories shall be given.

A competitor may submit one design in Class "A" and one design in Class "B", but not more than one design in each class may be submitted by any competitor, group or firm.

Plumbing fixtures and fittings: The selection of fixtures and fittings shall be made from the designs illustrated in the "Standard" general catalogue, or in the book, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home. The book, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home, and a color chart will be mailed upon request.

The plumbing fixtures shall be in one of the nine colors in which "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures are made, or in white.

Designs entered in Class "A" shall show one lavatory, one water closet and one bath and may or may not include a shower above the bath. Number and character of plumbing fixtures and fittings are not limited for designs in Class "B".

Identification: The competitor's name shall not appear on the design. On the back of the mount the competitor shall draw an identification mark. This mark shall also be drawn on a card, three inches by five inches, bearing the competitor's name and address. This card shall be placed in a plain envelope, sealed and glued to the back of the mount.

Where to send drawings: Drawings shall be sent prepaid, or delivered to: Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Competition Committee, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Care should be exercised in preparing the designs for mailing so that they will be received in good condition. Each design entered in the competition is submitted at the risk of the competitor. The Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. will not be responsible for the loss of, or damage to, designs while in transit or in its custody.

Title to designs: The prize-winning designs become the sole property of the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

The Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. reserves the right to publish or reproduce any prize-winning design, or to make it adaptable for publication or reproduction.

Should the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. desire to publish or reproduce a competitor's design, he will be extended the privilege of signing his work.

Jury of awards: The designs will be judged by a jury of awards composed of the following architects: William H. Beers, A. I. A., of Beers & Farley, New York City; Addison B. Le Boutellier, A. I. A., of Ripley & Le Boutellier, Boston; Eugene H. Klaber, A. I. A., of E. H. Klaber & E. A. Grunsfeld, Jr., Chicago; Louis C. Mullgardt, F. A. I. A., San Francisco; Allison Owen, F. A. I. A., of Diboll & Owen, New Orleans.

Points on which the designs will be judged: (a) Originality, (b) Practicability, (c) Distinctiveness in color scheme and in arrangement of fixtures, (d) Suitability in the use of materials.

Announcement of awards: The names of the prize winners will be announced as soon as possible after the closing date of the competition.

Professional adviser: The professional adviser of the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. in this competition is Howard K. Jones, A. I. A., of the firm of Alden, Harlow & Jones, Architects, 2403 Farmers Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

This program has received the approval of the Committee on Competitions, Pittsburgh Chapter, American Institute of Architects.

Requests for further information regarding this competition should be addressed to the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

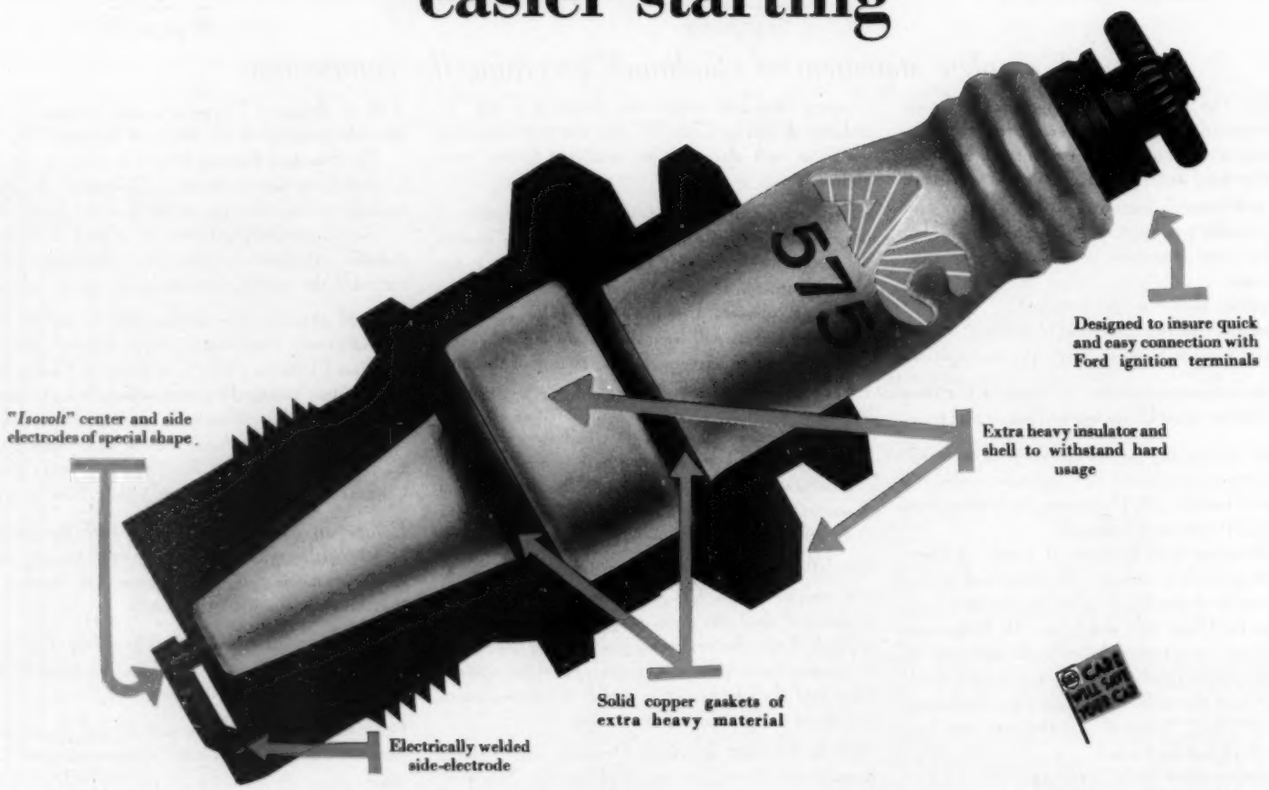
Competition Committee - - - - - - 106 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Division of AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

Among the AC factory-equipped cars are: BUICK · · · CADILLAC · · · CHEVROLET · · · CHRYSLER · · · DE SOTO · · · DODGE BROTHERS · · · DU PONT
DURANT · · · ESSEX · · · HUDSON · · · LA SALLE · · · MARQUETTE · · · NASH · · · OAKLAND · · · OLDSMOBILE · · · PLYMOUTH · · · PONTIAC · · · VIKING

For Model A Ford owners—the new AC 575—a spark plug that greatly improves low speed performance. Is better at all speeds, gives better idling, faster pick-up, easier starting


575
Designed to insure quick and easy connection with Ford ignition terminals
"Isovolt" center and side electrodes of special shape.
Extra heavy insulator and shell to withstand hard usage
Solid copper gaskets of extra heavy material
Electrically welded side-electrode
CAN WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

The Model A Ford owner can now buy a two-piece spark plug of AC quality. It is called the AC 575. Note its many betterments in design and construction.

For example, "*Isovolt*" electrodes, science's latest contribution to the industry, assure lower voltage requirements and are much more resistant to fouling.

The electrically welded side-electrode has 35 times better electrical conductivity than a side-wire inserted by the old "staking" method. The extra heavy solid copper gaskets permit of taking the plug apart a number of times without injury to the gaskets.

For Model T Fords the AC 1075 gives better engine performance because it, too, is a better spark plug.

That AC Spark Plugs are better is evidenced by the fact that more than 200 of the world's leading manufacturers are using them as original equipment.

Although AC's function so much longer and better than ordinary spark plugs, factory service engineers recommend changing them every 10,000 miles for better economy and improved performance. On putting in a new set of AC's—no matter what make of spark plugs you may now be using—you will immediately note the difference.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*
AC-SPHINX, Birmingham, *ENGLAND* · AC-TITAN, Clichy (Seine), *FRANCE*

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AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS AC GASOLINE STRAINERS
AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES AC GASOLINE GAUGES AC COMPLETE INSTRUMENT PANELS

THE SAME THINGS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Nothing," said Sue. "Good morning. Where were you last night?"

Tom waved his arm vaguely. "Here and there," he said.

"Tom." Sue felt her voice grow hushed; she always felt an awe at the things Tom had seen and done. "Tom, were you ——"

"Yes. Haven't you got eyes? And don't you tell the old man either."

"You needn't say that," said Sue. "You know I don't tell."

"That's right," said Tom. He sat down on the edge of her bed and swung his feet slowly back and forth. "I'll tell you something else. There's hell to pay in Mexico. There's going to be a war."

"Tom!" She started from her dressing table. "You're not going, are you?"

She remembered how Tom swung his legs back and forth and crossed his hands behind his head.

"Why not?" he said.

"But, Tom," she said—"Tom, you mustn't go."

"Think I'll get killed, don't you?" Tom Swale said. "Well, who's going to stop me going?"

"Father is," said Sue.

For a moment Tom Swale did not answer. His eyes opened wider and he unwound the towel from his head. Some water from it trickled down his forehead and ran down his long, thin nose.

"Sue," said Tom, "my head is aching fit to bust. We've got to stick together, Sue."

Then they were down in the dining room. The coffee urn was boiling; the windows were open, so that there was a smell of fresh grass and coffee. Dennis Swale was seated by the coffee urn, reading his morning mail.

Everything in that room seemed curiously his own. It was always so in the whole house when Dennis Swale was there. The carpet, unchanged for twenty years, was worn into little paths, the block-print wall paper of ships and lighthouses was dingy, half the brasses had fallen from the sideboard, two Chippendale chairs had broken backs, but when Dennis Swale was in the room everything came together.

"Well," said Dennis, "well." He never said good morning—she always remembered that. "Pour out the coffee, Sue," he said. "Tom, where were you last night?"

"Out, sir," said Tom.

"And drunk," said Dennis Swale.

"Yes, sir," said Tom. There was no good to lie.

"That's right," said Dennis Swale, "don't lie." His face was the same as always, but somehow he was different. "Tom," he said, "I've bought the old shipyard. What do you think of that?"

"Sir," said Tom, "what did you do that for?"

"The old shipyard?" said Sue. "Why, there's nothing there."

"Be quiet, Sue," said Dennis Swale. "I'm talking to your brother. I've bought the yard and I'm going to build a ship. Tom, you're going there this morning."

"A ship?" said Tom. He was staring across the table. "What kind of a ship?"

"A wooden ship, a schooner," answered Dennis Swale.

"Yes," said Tom, "but why?"

Dennis Swale leaned back in his chair as though he had said nothing strange.

"To make money," said Dennis Swale. "Now, I know what I'm talking about. There's enough tonnage being sunk to make a market for wooden ships. Your great-grandfather built them, and you're going to build them. Hurry with your breakfast; we're going to go there now."

"But, look," said Tom. "I don't know how."

"No," said Dennis, "but you're going to learn. I didn't think it would ever happen. There'll be ships on the river."

The coffee was boiling with little puffs of steam and, all at once, everything seemed changing when he spoke, and Susan could tell that he had been thinking of the idea for weeks and months, turning it in his mind until it seemed already done. Dennis looked across the table straight at Tom and smiled.

"Yes," said Dennis Swale, "we're going to lay one down. They can laugh if they want to, but they'll see there's money in it. And shipping's an essential industry. Hurry with your breakfast, Tom."

She remembered, when Tom sat looking, that his eyes were dark and puzzled, as though he saw something which the rest of them did not see.

"All right," said Tom. "If there's a war I'm going to it, just the same."

Dennis Swale set down his coffee cup. "Well, you're not," he said. He did not raise his voice. "You're the only son I've got. That's why I'm going into shipping—one of the reasons. They won't call shipyard workers out. I've looked into that."

"Look here," said Tom. "I knew there was something funny about this. You can't fix everything ——"

Dennis Swale drew in his breath. There was something in his face which made Tom look away—something inexorable and hard as rock. "Keep down your voice. You're staying here," he said. "I'm stronger than you are, Tom. Someone has to live here after I am gone."

There was no trace of emotion in the way he said it, but Sue could understand. There were so many things her father could never say; all his thoughts were on Tom Swale, and Tom Swale must have known it.

"But I might go to war and live," said Tom. "Did you ever think of that?"

"No," said Dennis Swale.

"But why?" said Tom. "Won't you tell me why?"

"Because I'm afraid," said Dennis Swale. "God help me, I'm afraid."

In the silence which followed they could hear the click of cart wheels or the sound of a motor horn on the street, and then the bell of the First Church was ringing, tolling out the hour of nine. Tom's face had grown red, and so had her father's face, and they both sat looking at their plates as though something had happened of which they were both ashamed. It was an amazing thing, but like him. There was a steel-like stubbornness in all of them. It never seemed strange to her that her father started shipbuilding to keep his son from war.

"Give me some coffee, Sue," said Dennis Swale. And then the doorbell rang and Sue tried not to start.

"Who's that?" said Dennis Swale.

"A young man, sir," the maid said. "He wants to see Miss Susan."

Susan felt her face grow hot because her father's eyes were on her, suddenly sharp and watchful.

"A young man?" her father said. "What young man?"

"It's Mr. Scarlet, sir. Young Mr. Scarlet whose father owns the shoe shop."

Dennis Swale pushed back his chair. His forehead was broken in little furrows.

"What does he want?" her father said. Susan looked up at him and looked away, now that her turn had come.

"He wants to take me sailing," she answered. "He's got his catboat out."

"Sailing?" said Tom. "I like his nerve."

Dennis Swale sat looking at her, his forehead still in lines. "You weren't going to go?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "I said I'd go."

"What's that?" said Tom. "You said you'd go?"

"Be quiet," her father said.

There was a footstep in the hall, and then John Scarlet was standing near the window in the sun. His hat was in his hand and his face was very red, and Dennis Swale was looking at him, rubbing his hands softly one against the other. As John Scarlet stood there in the dining room, Susan felt as though an iron door had slammed; she had never thought of John Scarlet standing in their house.

John Scarlet had looked well enough in his blue suit by the church, but in the Swale house he was different, suddenly ill at ease; his hands looked large, his shoulders slouched as he was standing by the window. She had never felt so sorry for anyone as she did for him. He was not like them, and he must have known it, for his voice sounded husky when he spoke.

"Good morning, Sue," he said. "Good morning, Mr. Swale. Good morning, Tom."

"'Morning, John," said Tom. "Where did you get that tie?"

John Scarlet put his hand up to his collar; his tie was a flaming red, exactly like his face, and suddenly it seemed to Sue that Tom and Dennis Swale were just alike; their faces had the same look, half surprised and half amused—hard, sharp, watchful faces, staring at John Scarlet with cool, unblinking eyes.

"Well," said Dennis Swale, "I understand you've asked my daughter sailing."

"Yes, sir," said John Scarlet. "Yes, leastways I thought she might like to go. I've got the catboat out. There's a nice light wind."

Dennis Swale glanced out the window and shook his head. "The wind's too high," he said. "Thank you for asking her. I'm sorry she can't go."

John Scarlet's head went up. He must have known what Dennis meant, because the Scarlets were not fools.

"I can handle a boat," he said.

"Certainly," said Dennis Swale, "but—we're obliged to you for asking."

"John," said Sue, "I'm sorry."

"Oh, that's all right," said John. "I'd—better be going now."

"I'll see you out," said Tom.

As Tom closed the door behind them Sue felt her heart beat faster and her breath was coming fast. It was as though something terrible had happened, though Tom had only closed the door.

Her father was looking at her sharply. "Sue," he said—"will you listen to me, Sue? John Scarlet's quite all right; I have nothing against him, but we're different from the Scarlets. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said, "I understand."

"Not that the Scarlets aren't all right," said Dennis Swale; "not that his father isn't admirable. He's richer than I am, if you want to put it that way. The Scarlets are an old family. They've been here as long as we have, if you want to look at records, and we've always known the Scarlets. It isn't exactly that. It's background. We don't stand for the same things. We never will."

He made a gesture with his hand, a single, sweeping gesture, but Susan could always remember it because it made a picture. It was the silver on the sideboard and the steaming coffee urn and the mahogany of the side chairs and the tallness of the room against simple, homely chairs and tables. It was the smoothness of their father's hand and the precision of his voice against heavier hands and louder voices. It was austere, steely beauty standing against plenty in its own hard strength.

"It's the way we're made," he said. "You'll see it sometime."

"Yes," said Susan Swale.

"Yes," said Dennis, "we're one sort of people; the Scarlets are another. You saw him in this room. You saw him beside Tom. I am glad you saw him here."

"Yes," said Susan Swale.

The door had opened and Tom was back. "Tom," said Dennis, "did you see him out?"

"Yes," said Tom. "He's gone."

"That's right," said Dennis Swale. "What is it, Sue?"

For Susan was standing up, and suddenly her voice had broken and she forgot to be afraid.

"You're both unkind," she said. "That's what you are—nasty and unkind. You didn't need ——"

"That will do," said Dennis Swale. "Susan, go upstairs; your mother's calling."

As she was walking down the hall she heard her father's voice again. "What's getting into everybody? Has the girl gone crazy too?"

Her mother was sitting up in bed, wrapped in blue brocade and lace, with her breakfast tray across her knees. Susan wondered sometimes if she would grow to look like her mother, if her hair and her eyes would also take on the dullness of unpolished glass, if her cheeks and her lips would droop into the same thin lines.

"Sue," said her mother, "you're too young to knot your hair like that. Don't forget you're not grown up."

But Susan knew it was not true; her mother was gazing at her in a cool, unfriendly way, as she might at another better-looking woman, and Sue was better-looking—something told her that.

"Has your father had his breakfast?"

"Yes, mamma," said Sue.

Her mother sighed and looked down at her hands, white and soft, with little tapering fingers. "Sometimes," her mother said, "I think your father is a little mad. Did he tell you? He's taking all the money he has left to build a ship."

"Yes, mamma."

"Sue," her mother said, "please close that window and carry down my tray. Sue, when you get married, mind you find a man who doesn't stand for something. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, mamma," said Sue.

"I think," her mother said—"I think that everyone who stands for something is a little mad. Take your father, Sue. He plays a little game just as I play solitaire. He makes his rules and follows them. It has nothing to do with life. It isn't living; it's playing a little game."

"Yes, mamma," said Sue.

Sue always remembered what her mother said because everything that happened afterward was exactly like a game which had started in the house that very morning, in which they all must play, whether they wished or not, according to some unwritten rule. The Swales were in it, and the Scarlets were in it, too, and the Scarlets had their own pride. They were not the forgetting kind. And Sue Swale had a mind. Sue Swale could not forget.

She and Tom were walking down a rutted road that afternoon, leading from the pastures toward the marshes in back of the Parlin Farm. Tom's two English setters were quartering before them through the grass, and she could turn her head and see the town standing by the river. The wind was blowing fresh from the open water, making the air as clear and bright as though there had been a rain, and she could see the Swale house on the high ground with all the other houses rising toward it. Though it was a long way off, the line of it was clear and the distance made it seem perfect and unobtainable, not like their house at all.

Tom was walking with his quick, nervous step, kicking at the tufts of grass.

"What's the matter with you?" said Tom. "There's no use snapping at the old man like that."

"I don't care," cried Sue. "You were nasty. Both of you were nasty. You hadn't any right ——"

"No right?" said Tom. "Are you crazy? You can't go out with Scarlet, and he should have had the sense to know it. It isn't—oh, confound it, don't you see?"

"Hush!" said Sue, and she caught her breath. "Here's John Scarlet now."

He was coming toward them, walking down the lane with a heavy step, but when he saw them he stopped, though he was a long way off. He stopped and waited while they came walking toward him.

"I've been waiting for you," John Scarlet said. "Tom, tell your sister to go home."

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GM
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MOTORS

THESE are the forms in which General Motors' "Owner Service Policy" is given to the buyers of new General Motors cars. Each carries the five fundamentals of warranty and service plan explained on the opposite page. You know exactly what you are entitled to, what the factory will do and what the dealer may be expected to do.

The service organizations of the General Motors car divisions include 20,000 dealers in the United States and Canada. Each dealer has the advantage of genuine parts, specially designed tools, and schools and factory guidance for the training of service men—all to the end that your satisfaction as an automobile owner may be complete.

EVERY BUYER of a new General Motors car is protected by an "OWNER SERVICE POLICY"

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1 A warranty of 90 days or 4000 miles (whichever shall occur first) against defective materials or workmanship. This applies to every part of the car, including all original equipment, except tires.

2 Replacements under the warranty are made without any charge to the owner. This applies to labor as well as to materials.

3 During the period of the warranty, the owner may change his residence to, or travel in, any part of the United States and Canada —and still enjoy the provisions of the warranty.

4 A period of free inspection and adjustment is provided by the dealers of each division, in accordance with the terms of its individual "Owner Service Policy."

5 After the expiration of the warranty period, an owner requiring service is protected by the use of genuine parts and a system of flat-rate charges which are fair and reasonable.

The "OWNER SERVICE POLICY" is issued in the forms shown on the opposite page. Any General Motors car dealer will give you full particulars.

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(Continued from Page 67)

"I won't," said Sue. "John, what are you going to do?"

She had never seen violence, but instinctively she knew. It was written on John Scarlet's heavy face.

"I'm going to lick your brother, if you want to know," John Scarlet said. "You go back, Sue, if you don't want to see it. . . . So I'm not good enough to take your sister out? Take off your coat, Tom Swale."

Beside John Scarlet, Tom looked very slim as he took off his coat. "Sue, hold the dogs," he said. "John, you might have picked some other time."

"Confound your stuck-up airs!" John Scarlet said. "I'll show you, Tom!"

And then Tom Swale began to laugh with his coat still dangling on his arm, and Sue remembered that she could hear the waves across the marshes, beating on the outer beach.

"John," Tom Swale began, "won't you listen to me first?"

It must have been the laughter which made John Scarlet blind, for he struck Tom even before he raised his hands, flush upon the jaw. He struck Tom so that his body crumpled forward and Tom lay on the grass, flat upon his face; and then he was standing looking at Tom stupidly, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. It all had happened so quickly that Sue could not believe it. First Tom Swale was laughing, and then he was on his face, clutching at the grass.

Next a strange thing happened; it happened before Sue could move. Before she could move a step, John Scarlet was on his knees lifting up Tom Swale.

"Tom!" he was saying, and his voice was choked. "So help me," said John Scarlet, "I didn't mean to hit you then! You laughed; it made me mad!"

John Scarlet placed his arm behind Tom's back and pulled him up, while Sue stood staring at them without the power to move. There was something immense about the scene which held her in a spell, for somehow the whole town was in it and hundreds of unspoken matters. She could always remember their two faces close together, John Scarlet's heavy with pain he could not express—a broad, coarse, kindly face—and Tom's was like a marble mask. In that moment the blood and life were out of it, leaving only a delicacy and peace.

"Sue," John Scarlet said, "so help me, I didn't mean to hit him then! The way he laughed—the way he laughed!"

Then Sue heard herself speaking in a hushed, strange voice. "He always laughs like that," she answered.

"Yes," John Scarlet said, "he's always laughed like that at me. . . . Tom, I didn't mean to hit you. Tom, are you all right?"

The fixed, staring look had left Tom's eyes. He shook his head and blinked and struggled to his feet.

"I never had a chance," said Tom. "Aren't you ready to go on?"

"No," John Scarlet said, "I can't fight now."

Tom stepped toward him unsteadily, and then he stopped. "You mean you won't?" he said.

"Yes," said John Scarlet, "I mean I won't. Tom, I wish that I was dead."

Tom brushed the dirt from his shirt, and Sue could see that his hands were trembling.

"All right," he said. "Later will be better. I'll see you later, John. But don't you see, no matter what happens it won't make any difference?"

"Yes," said John Scarlet, "yes, I see."

He was looking at them both in a puzzled way, as though he had never known them.

"John," Sue Swale spoke suddenly, because the spell had left her, "you mustn't fight again."

"No," said John, "I won't. It won't do any good."

"Oh, yes, you will," Tom Swale said. "We've got to finish this."

But John Scarlet must have seen that there was something hopeless, because he shook his head.

"No," he said, "it won't finish ever."

Tom put on his coat and nodded. It was the strangest thing, Sue could remember, that she was sorry for John Scarlet. His strength had broken on something hard, where strength could be no help. The hardness of her father was in Tom Swale, though he had not struck a blow.

"Come," he said, "let's be going, Sue. . . . I'll see you later, John."

As they walked on up the road Sue looked back once, and there was John Scarlet, standing in the grass with drooping shoulders and listless hands, staring at their backs. But Tom Swale did not look. She glanced at him timidly, afraid to speak. All his thoughts were struggling, narrowing his eyes, twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"We can't leave off like this," he said.

"But he won't fight," said Sue.

"No," said Tom, "I know he won't, and we can't leave off like this. Sue, don't tell the old man, will you? I'd hate to have him know."

"Of course I won't," said Sue.

But her father guessed it, because her father's eyes were sharp and Tom's face was red and swollen. He was sitting in the library looking at his paper when he heard them in the hall.

"Come in here. Is that you, Tom?" he said.

There always seemed to be a dusk in the library, even when the lamp was lit; the rows of old leather books were sinking backward into shadows which the lamplight never reached. The portraits on the wall were all in shadow, and her father, Sue remembered, seemed half shadow as he sat in his leather armchair, staring at them both.

"Tom," he said, "what's the matter with your face?"

"Nothing," said Tom.

"You've been fighting Scarlet. That's the matter," answered Dennis Swale.

Sue remembered that she felt no surprise; it was as though the shadows in the room had told him. And then the bell of the First Church was ringing; the sound was coming through the open window in slow, strong waves. Sue loved to hear the sound; it always brought her back to lonely nights when she was very little.

"Swale," the church bell seemed to say, "Swale, Swale, Swale."

"Yes," said Tom, "we started fighting, but I haven't finished yet."

"And don't you finish." There was a loud rattling sound; her father had crushed the evening paper in his hands. "He's too big for you. Do you understand? And fighting won't do any good. Do you think I want you killed?"

Tom walked to the table and lighted a cigarette; the flame of the match struck him exactly as the lamplight struck his father's face, and once again they were just alike, long-nosed, thin-lipped, staring at each other from the shadows.

"Mind you," said Dennis Swale. "I'll tell you when you have to fight."

"What's the news?" said Tom.

Sue saw her father look away straight into the dark; then she saw his shoulders stiffen as though he saw something coming toward him from the corner of the room.

"It looks like war," he said.

"Of course it does," said Tom. "We'll get in it sometime."

Then Dennis Swale was staring at the carpet. "But you won't go," he said. "Mind you, I can stop you. . . . Tom, the carpet's old. I want you to get a new one when I'm gone. And I want you to paint the stairs and have the elm cut down."

"Yes, sir," said Tom Swale.

That was nearly a year before the war, but the thought was with him always that Tom Swale was going to die.

Anyone can tell you about wartime at Haven's End; it was a fine time, in a way, because the town was all awake. There seemed to be echoes from all sorts of other wars. Since the French and Indian troubles Haven's End had grown rich when there was fighting. It had always been a matter of shipping, and though the sea seemed very far away, the ships were coming back. Anyone can tell you how it was, once the yards were going; men were coming from the back country; the stores were lighted long after dark each night.

Sue could remember walking with her father down the street in 1917 while everyone stood watching.

"That's him," she heard them say. "That's Swale; he's the one who owns the yard. He must be getting rich."

The windows of the house in those days were always full of light. There were strange men coming from the city; the telephone was always ringing. She remembered what her father said one night, because it showed what he had been thinking all the time.

"They thought I was crazy," he said. "And now you can sell anything that floats. It's always that way in a war. Look how old Daniel Swale raked the money in when he built this house. There'll be money for you, Tom, before this thing's through."

He was doing it all for Tom, but he must have known that something was moving nearer the faster the yards were growing. She could tell by the way he looked at Tom, half startled, as though he had been afraid that Tom would not be there.

The thing that Sue remembered was that hammering and the shrieking sound of saws, rising harshly like the sea bird's cry, and the smell of fresh wood by the river. The smell of wood and all the sounds blended curiously together, making thoughts rise in sudden, great, formless shape. There would be the yard by the river, surrounded by old warehouses with blank, broken windows, gray with their rotting shingles and clapboards, staring at the open water where the wharves once stood. But the shipyard was all new, the wood was so fresh that it was hardly seasoned. On that side of the deserted water front it was throbbing with new life.

Back on the ridge above the river, the Swale house stood, and then there were the elm trees budding in the spring and the tower of the old First Church above the roofs, with the weathercock upon it almost golden in the sun. Out on the river the waves were dancing, glittering like diamonds shaken on a deep blue cloth. It was all like something that had happened long ago, Sue Swale always said, though it was only April, 1917.

Tom Swale was just beside her, looking at the river, and Dennis Swale was standing by himself, listening to the shrieking of the saws, when a voice made Susan turn. It was old Mr. Scarlet who owned the shoe shop. He was walking toward them with a hurried step. He must have seen them from his office window.

"Mr. Swale!" he was calling. "Mr. Swale!"

As Dennis Swale turned around, it always seemed to Susan that he had a startled look; she sometimes thought that Dennis had known what was coming, and that he was bracing himself to meet it.

Mr. Scarlet took off his brown felt hat.

"Good afternoon, Miss Swale," he said, and Susan felt her face grow hot under Mr. Scarlet's look. He seemed to be saying just as clearly as though he spoke, "So my son isn't good enough for you."

"Hullo," her father said. "What is it, Scarlet?"

"Have you seen the paper?" Mr. Scarlet said.

"No," said Dennis. "What is it?"

Mr. Scarlet mopped his forehead; he looked tired before he spoke.

"We've gone into the war," he said. "I thought I'd come to tell you, Mr. Swale." Mr. Scarlet had pitched his voice almost to a shout to make it heard above the noise of sawing, but somehow, as he spoke, the noise seemed blotted out. They both must have known what the other thought—old John Scarlet and Dennis Swale. She could hear her father's words, "We don't stand for the same things. We never will," and Dennis Swale was looking with distaste at Mr. Scarlet's wrinkled clothes.

"Well," he said, "anyone could tell we'd have to fight."

"All right," said Mr. Scarlet, and he looked inquiringly at Dennis. "There's no harm in my telling you, is there? I just came to ask what we were going to do."

Sue saw her father's forehead gather into little lines, and then his lips moved upward. "Is there any reason," he asked, "why we should do the same?"

"Well," said Mr. Scarlet, "now, there's you and me, and we stand for something in this town. We've got to set example; we've got to do what's right."

Her father's scowl made his whole face sharp and narrow, and black as thunder.

"Do I understand," said Dennis Swale, "you've come here to tell me the right thing to do?"

"Now, Mr. Swale," said Mr. Scarlet, "there's no need to get so hot. We've only got to do what's right. That's all. Now, we've got sons."

"Yes," said Dennis Swale, "and my son is staying here. This is an essential industry. He'll have his orders to stay on."

Mr. Scarlet mopped his forehead again. "I know," he said. "I don't blame you, but I ask you, is it right? I'd like to see the same as you. Shouldn't we be examples, Mr. Swale?"

"Damnation!" shouted Dennis Swale, and the blackness in his face leaped into his speech. "What are you here to preach at me for? I've only got one son."

Mr. Scarlet thrust out his jaw and stepped toward Dennis Swale. "I guess my son's as good as yours," he said. "You may not think so, but he means as much to me."

"Scarlet," said Dennis Swale, and his voice was shaking, "I'm not asking your opinion. If you want to kill him go ahead. It's no affair of mine."

Then they were all looking at Tom Swale as though the same thought had impelled them. Tom did not appear to have heard the talk. He was looking at the river where the gulls were circling by the harbor buoys, and, somehow, he seemed light and unsubstantial. Something in his slimness, something in the way he looked, made Susan Swale afraid.

"You mean"—John Scarlet's voice grew louder—"you mean you'll make a slacker of him? Is that right, Mr. Swale?"

There was a buzzing from the saw like a sound of tearing cloth; it seemed to be tearing at Dennis Swale, for his lips moved with the sound.

"Damn your impertinence!" he shouted. "What right have you got to libel me? Now, wait a minute. Don't you speak. I'm not afraid of what you think or of what anybody thinks. My son's more useful here than dying in a ditch. And he'll stay here. Do you understand?"

Mr. Scarlet looked at Tom Swale and mopped his forehead again.

"My boy's as good as he is," he said. "John's worth three of him."

Then Sue felt a hand upon her arm; it was Tom, and he had heard.

"Let's get out of here," he said. "Did you see the look on the old man's face? Sue, the old man's afraid."

"But, Tom," said Sue, "where are you going? What are you going to do?"

"Be quiet," said Tom. "I know what. You've buried me already, but I'm not dead yet."

Then Tom walked on in silence until they were at the foot of the main street which ended in the cobbled square, where the town well and the whipping post once stood.

"I'll go alone," said Tom. "I'll see you later, Sue."

Old brick warehouses, storehouses built in the early nineteenth century, stood all around that square. Though they had been converted into shops with new plate-glass windows, you could always feel that the present and the past were clashing, and the present seemed unstable, not the past. In front of the shoe-shine parlor a group of men were gathered, and Tom Swale was

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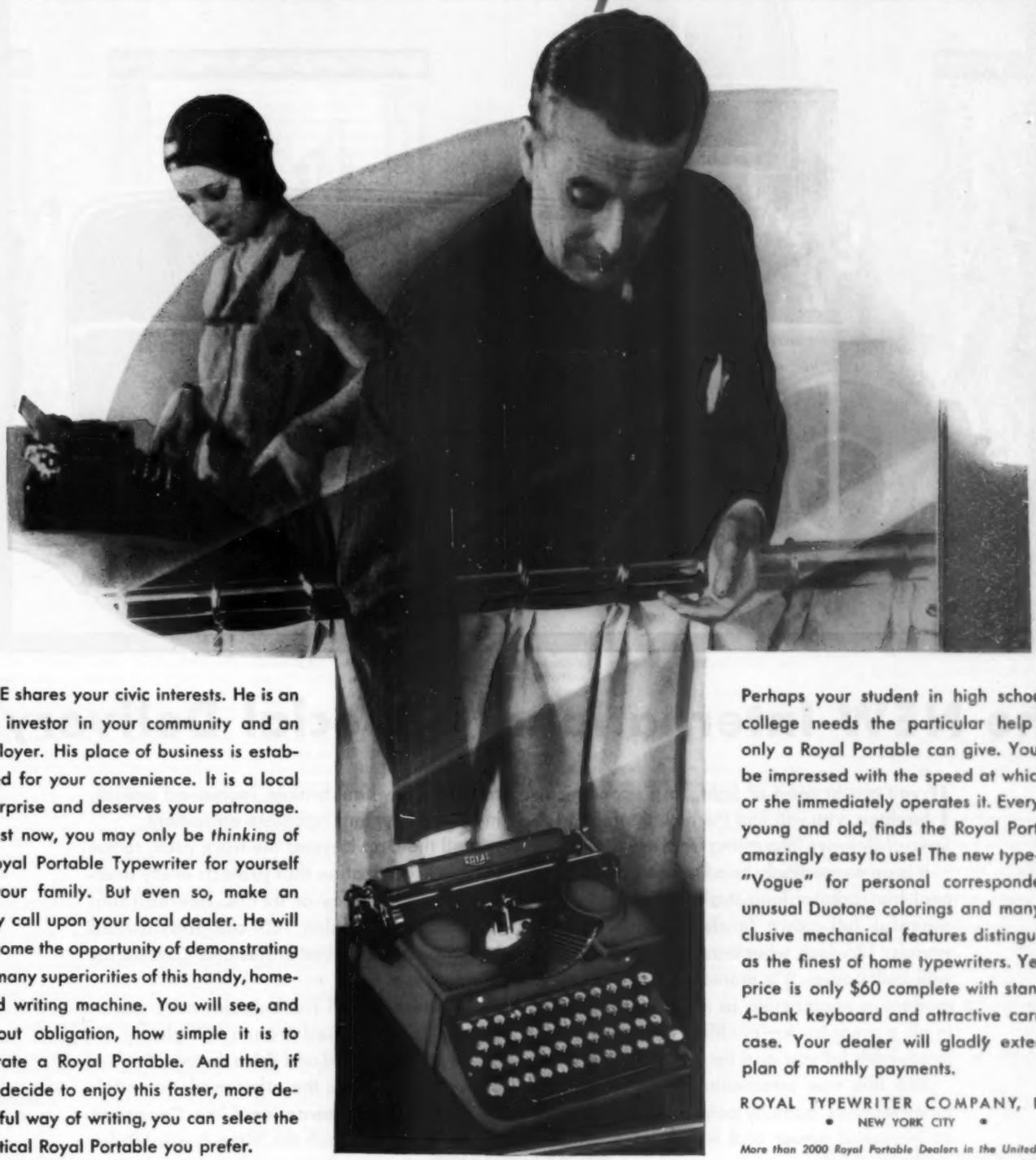

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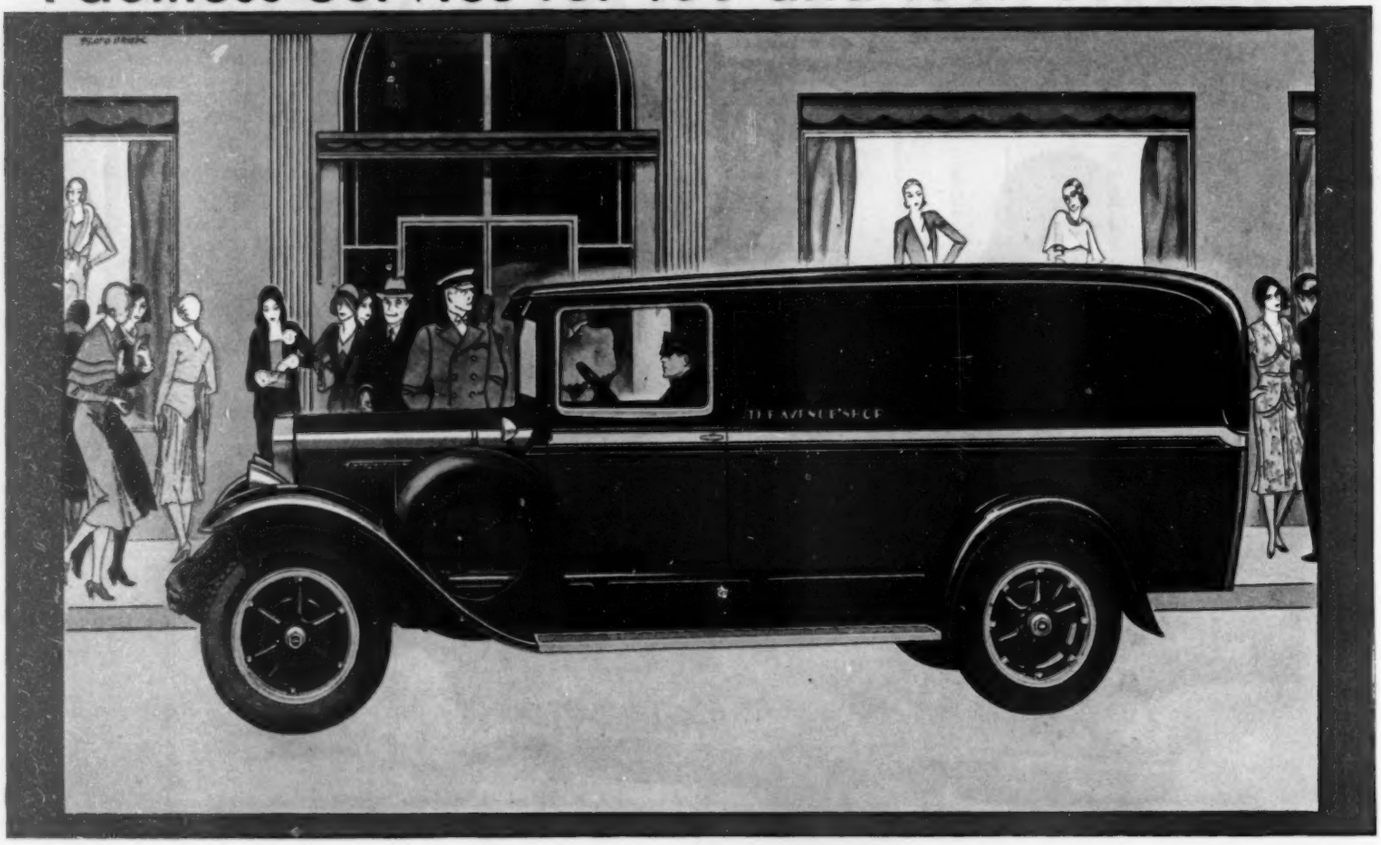

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 70)

walking toward them, straight across the street. As Sue stood watching, her heart gave a sudden leap. John Scarlet was standing by the shoe-shine parlor in that group of men, and they were already speaking, and Tom must have seen him first.

"Hi, Tom!" someone said. And then an older man was saying, "Good evening, Mr. Swale."

Tom nodded and walked toward them with his quick, nervous step.

"Who's got a drum?" he said. "John Scarlet, can you beat a drum?"

"What do you want a drum for?" Sue heard John Scarlet asking in his deep, singsong voice.

"Because there's always been a drum."

"Are you crazy, Tom?" she heard John Scarlet's voice. "What do you want a drum for?"

"Because we're going to march," she heard her brother saying. "Come on. Who isn't going to wait until he's drafted? Who's going to this war?"

Then it seemed as though everyone in the street had stopped and as though everyone were staring, even from the dusty windows.

"By thunder!" she heard John Scarlet say; his voice rose above a sudden burst of voices. "I'll go with you, Tom. Come on, then. There's Swale and me. Who else is going?"

And then she saw him take Tom Swale by the hand.

"Thanks," Tom Swale was saying. "There had to be you and me. Hurry; let's get started before the old man comes."

"Come on," someone was calling. "Who's going with Tom Swale?" And then a drum was beating. It seemed to Sue that she would always hear the sound, quick, rhythmic, like a heartbeat.

"Look," she heard someone say. "Ain't it like those Swales?"

And then the bell of the First Church was ringing very fast like a voice shouting up and down the street.

"Come on!" someone was shouting. "Who's going with Tom Swale?"

Then they were walking up the street to the beating of the drum, and it seemed to her that a part of Tom had gone already upon that wave of sound.

Then she saw her father. He must have left the yard as soon as he heard the drum. He walked quickly into the middle of the street; he had taken off his hat, and she could always remember him as he stood there, grizzly-headed, already growing stout.

"Tom!" he shouted. "Wait a minute, Tom!"

"I can't!" called Tom. "Don't you see I can't wait now?"

Then Dennis Swale stepped forward, and Sue remembered that he was smiling. "That's right," he called. "Go as if you were going to breakfast, and thank you—thank you, Tom." And then he stepped across the street, and she could see him standing bareheaded, with his eyes still on Tom Swale.

Though neither of them spoke of it, Tom must have seen that Dennis Swale was giving all that he had to give. They were going—all the things which he had built and hoped were going with the ringing of that bell. The shipyards, the Swale house, the vanity of human wishes—all the things that Dennis stood for were pitifully weak and small. In a moment they were gone like the turn of a gambler's luck. Dennis Swale had tossed them all away into that sea of memories which made an island always out of Haven's End. The thing which he did next did not seem strange then, when all the world was changing. Dennis Swale had turned his head, and there was old John Scarlet on the curb beside him.

"Scarlet," said Dennis Swale, and as John Scarlet turned heavily toward him Dennis Swale's glance wavered and his voice was low: "Scarlet, there are times —— The things I said —— Scarlet, won't you please shake hands?"

There were times, and John Scarlet must have known there was a time for everything, for he showed no surprise.

"Yes, of course," he said.

"There are times"—Dennis Swale cleared his throat—"when everything comes all at once ——"

"God bless you," said Mr. Scarlet. "Of course I understand."

"Thank you," said Dennis Swale. "Do you remember how the walls of Jericho fell down? All the walls I built ——"

Dennis shrugged his shoulders and laid a hand on Mr. Scarlet's arm.

"I might have known there was no use building walls. Tom blew the trumpet. Don't misunderstand me. It's just as well they're down."

"God bless you," said Mr. Scarlet, and his voice was very kind. "He'll be back."

"No"—Dennis shook his head—"no, he'll not be back. Scarlet, may I ask a favor? I've some Madeira. Will you come and have a glass?"

"What?" For the first time Mr. Scarlet looked astonished. "What was that you said?"

"It would be a favor," said Dennis slowly. "We stand for the same things."

PUDDLER JIM

(Continued from Page 15)

of him, since Mr. Davis, by reason of his foreign nativity, is constitutionally barred from the White House. As to early advantages, Mr. Coolidge had much that Mr. Davis hadn't, including a fair competence, a college education, leisure to read and to cultivate his mind. On the physical side Mr. Davis had the better of it, with his rubicund exuberance. Both were prodigies of industry, but Mr. Davis knew how to play as he went along, while Mr. Coolidge did not. Outdoor sports, music, a gathering of Elks meant much to Mr. Davis, little to Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Davis, expansive, loquacious; Mr. Coolidge, silent, self-contained. They attained political success by opposite routes.

Mr. Coolidge represses emotions of exuberant geniality. If he has ever slapped any elector on the back or grabbed an extended human paw robustly with both hands, history makes no record thereof. Mr. Davis with unaffected pleasure pumps the elector's right hand, gives him social massage about the arms and shoulders, exudes solicitude for his health and happiness. He glows with pleasure when an acquaintance drops in and inquires, "What did you pay for that sporty necktie?" or "How does your corporosity sagaciate this bright morning?" Address such personal inquiries to Mr. Coolidge and he curls up within his shell like an exasperated armadillo.

It's all wrong, of course, to judge a man by external appearances, but on what philosophers call "the impression of the first look" the jocund and flawless countenance of Mr. Davis presents a striking contrast to the physiognomy of Mr. Coolidge. To this day, Mr. Davis' face is as smoothly faultless as a perfect artificial pearl or a chromo of moonlight and roses done on linoleum.

"He was a man born with thy face and throat, Lyric Apollo!"

But success as a popular leader is not always a matter of personal pulchritude. Look at Mahatma Gandhi!

Mr. Davis is as fraternal as the starlings which congregate at nightfall in the nooks and crannies of the District Building on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. Mr. Davis is a grand mixer, with a gift for calling comparative strangers by their first names.

If Mr. Coolidge has ever addressed casual friends by their first names, history shows no record of it. There are exceptions, of course, to every rule. The Hon. James B. Reynolds, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and unofficial political adviser to three Presidents, is universally known as Jimmie Reynolds. Jimmie enjoys the distinction of being addressed in Mr. Coolidge's delightful twang as "James." So does Jim Davis.

A schoolboy writing from Mooseheart, Illinois, addresses the Secretary of Labor as "My dear Jim." "Dear Jim" is able to call 10,000 Pennsylvania electors by their first names. This record probably is exceeded by no other man in public life, with the possible exception of Senator Watson, of Indiana.

Mr. Coolidge never joined any fraternal organization.

Mr. Davis, in his own words, says, "I am willing to join any fraternal society that will admit me and has for its purpose the good of mankind." It is not surprising, therefore, to find the name of Mr. Davis inscribed upon the parchment rolls of Baptists, Elks, Templars, Guernsey Cattle Breeders, Odd Fellows, Masons, Shriners, Tall Cedars of Lebanon, Kiwanis, Foresters, Rotarians, Maccabees, B'nai Briths, Artisans' Order of Mutual Protection, Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of North America, Mystic Order of Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm, Improved Order of Red Men, Knights of Pythias, Koran Grotto, Spanish War Veterans, Pittsburgh Boosters' Association, Loyal Order of Moose—of which he is director general—Eagles, Owls. His membership in the two latter orders naturally carries ex-officio membership in all the Audubon Societies of America. Like Saint Francis of Assisi, Mr. Davis is little brother to the birds.

So put Mr. Davis down for membership in all sodalities, lodges, nests, temples, wigwams, grottoes, forests, dens and aviaries.

Membership in a lodge bolsters up a man's self-esteem and feeds the inner springs of confidence, thus stimulating him to noble emprise and valorous deeds of pith and moment.

Array a timid, obscure man in the regalia of an exalted potentate and you set his feet upon the ascending steps of infinite progression. What is wanted in this humdrum workaday life is liberation from the prison of reality into the ampler world of make-believe.

Mr. Davis is governed by his sympathies rather than his antipathies. He is a pro man rather than an anti man. God bless you, dear folks, one and all! What he is for would outrun the limits of our story, but certain things may be mentioned:

He's For:	He's Against:
The Flag	The Bolshies
The Constitution	The Wobblies
Ethics	The Reds
Law	Idleness
Order	Low wages
Faith of the fathers	Tribulation
The Brotherhood of Man	Sickness
The Ten Commandments	Poverty
The Golden Rule	Sin
The protective tariff	
The American home	
American womanhood	
American manhood	
American childhood	
Prosperity	
Palladiums of Liberty	
Divine gift of song	
Shorter hours	
More pay	

Mr. Coolidge always kept about one lap ahead of Mr. Davis. He was getting himself elected city solicitor of the city of Northampton at the salary of sixty-five dollars a month just as Mr. Davis was getting himself chosen city clerk of Elwood at a salary of forty dollars a month. Mr. Coolidge at about the same era was wont to attire himself neatly, not to say nattily, in a suit of fair cut supported by a starched

JOHN BOLES—handsome, talented, magnetic—is at his best in "Captain of the Guard"—that stirring romance of the sanguinary French Revolution when the rabble overthrew royalty and the streets of Paris ran red with the blood of aristocrats.

The hero dares the wrath of the King to save his sweetheart. His defiance is most dramatic and unexpected—at the foot of the throne and in the presence of the entire court. His previous allegiance snaps like a reed—his courage is sublime. He has been summoned to sing a song to the king, and in all the glory of his uniform, he responds with "La Marseillaise", the song of the commune which inspired the revolutionists. The King is speechless—the court astounded. Then he breaks his sword over his knee and flees to the stronghold of the revolutionists.

His sweetheart is in prison condemned to death. But he and his comrades destroy the prison and rescue her. Then we see them — hero and sweetheart — marching down the street at the head of the rabble singing that wonderful song. I wonder if the swains of today will dare as much for the girls they love.

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shirt and white collar. Mr. Davis contemporaneously was still in the hickory-shirt-and-blue-denim-overalls stage, with the white-collar-and-starched-shirt era yet to be. Mr. Davis' election to public office definitely transferred him sartorially to the white-collar class, though his sympathies just as definitely remained with the collarless of earth.

What we get out of this comparative method of study is the conclusion that there is a diversity of human talents, that we can't all be Leonardo da Vincis, and that one star differs from another star in glory.

The Psychological Method:

As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. What does Mr. Davis think? We ought to know by this time, since for forty years he has been expressing himself copiously in the spoken and written word. Mr. Davis further expresses himself symphonically as a clarinet player and a sympathetic Welsh-ballad singer. When Mr. Davis bursts into Welsh song over a coast-to-coast radio hook-up, some persons unacquainted with the Welsh language set down the aerial disturbance to a bad case of static. The initiated know better. They recognize in Mr. Davis the best all-around Welsh song bird in America and one of the small group of songsters in the Western Hemisphere who can handle the Welsh vocable "*Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobdllllandysiliogogogoch*" without coming up for air. Though he has no great fund of small talk, he's willing to talk about small matters. He's sincerely interested in people and their problems. He'll listen attentively to trifling talk of inconceivable unimportance. He likes men and enjoys mixing with them. About the only human types he doesn't mix freely with are drunkards, idlers and professional trouble makers.

The Trouble With Communists

"Some men are by nature beavers," he tells us, "some are rats. The beaver is a builder, the rat is a destroyer, yet they both belong to the rodent race. I boast of beaver blood in my veins."

No idle boast! Mr. Davis has worked like a beaver all his life. As to the Reds who believe in leveling down, he looks upon them as aberrations from the kindly race of normal men. Some theorists look upon criminality as a disease. Mr. Davis looks upon communists as sick men.

"Communists," he tells us, "are tired men. What they need is a dose of castor oil. I never knew a communist in my life that was a well man."

This philosophy, of course, endears Mr. Davis to a considerable class of persons who cherish the inviolability of property rights. Mr. Davis has this much in common with Voltaire, who declared that "all people are good except those who are idle."

Mr. Davis' celerity in getting ahead in the world is largely due to his habits of industry. He is thoroughly alive—alive in every pore and with every muscle and brain cell aching for activity. Mr. Davis' philosophy of life is largely built upon a foundation of physical robustness. To Mr. Davis, the common physical ills, such as pyorrhea, sinus trouble, granulated eyelids, fallen arches, obstreperous adenoids, backfiring tonsils, are but empty names. They no more touch his life than does the seven-year itch that disturbed the peace of the early Manchu monarchs. Exuberant physical well-being—how few possess it, how many of us yearn for it!

As the most eupeptic and robustious of contemporary American social thinkers, Mr. Davis tells us that "good board consists of lots of greasy meats, strong coffee and slabs of sweet pie with gummy crust as thick as the palm of my hand. Nobody knows how to make pies but the American housewife. And lucky that she does, for men cannot thrive in America without pie." Fate thus turns thumbs down on the writer, since it just happens that he cannot eat pie, greasy meats, or drink strong coffee. Still there is some comfort in recalling such conspicuous pie abstainers as Erasmus, Julius Cæsar, Carlyle and Shelley who rose above the common ruck of humanity. His tribute to the American housewife as the world's pie maker *par excellence* will be acclaimed by everybody with approval. Mr. Davis seldom misses an opportunity to pay a deserved tribute to the housewife.

In a recent radio hook-up, Mr. Davis' advertised subject was The Greatest Business Manager in the World. In withholding the identity of the manager referred to, Mr. Davis kept us all on the tenterhooks of dramatic suspense. Some put their money on Owen D. Young, others on Mussolini, others on Henry Ford. But all were wrong. Here is Mr. Davis' verdict:

"The greatest, busiest business executive in the world is the wife of the American workingman. She keeps her youngsters well fed, happy and healthy because she is an economical purveyor, buyer and cook, one who knows how to save her husband's money, and who is lavish in her own thought and energy. Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done from Sunday morning until Saturday night. That's the situation in a nutshell for our biggest, busiest business executive. This great country of ours may well be thankful that it has to its everlasting glory this wonderful element among us, the reverent, faithful, devoted, patient, hard-working, ennobling wife of our American workingman."

Mr. Davis received bushels of complimentary letters from some of the millions of devoted women to whom just tribute was rendered, but, curiously enough, not one letter of appreciation was received from any husband.

"I have always regarded myself," writes Mr. Davis, "as a humorist, but the impression I made on my comrades was that of a serious and religious fellow."

Just an illustration or two of Mr. Davis' humor:

"I learned," writes he, "that blood is not only thicker than water but is thicker than curdled milk, and you can't line up a mother against her own children, even if you chased the cows until they got so wild that they gave strawberry pop instead of milk."

Again, he tells the story of how a white man came along and put a spoonful of quinine in the open mouth of a sleeping Negro. The darky, awakened by the bitter taste, asked the white man what it all meant. "It means," informed the white man, "that you have done busted your gall and haven't long to live."

These humorous sallies, of course, get a big hand from any audience. It is only the literalists who are solemnized by Mr. Davis' humor. Despite every proof to the contrary, they still regard him as "a serious and religious fellow."

It Sounds Hot Anyway

When he describes a puddling furnace as "hot as the Fourth of July in Abyssinia," everybody applauds the pat illustration save perhaps some literalist from Abyssinia, who points out that the country is one lofty plateau broken by snow-covered mountains, with July the rainiest, coldest and most shivery month of the year.

Speaking of the blessings of going shirtless in the terrific heat of a rolling mill, Mr. Davis humorously points his story with the remark:

"Adam enjoyed that blessing in the Garden of Eden. And when he sinned they punished him by putting a shirt, collar and necktie on him."

"Keep working and you'll get the chromo," urges Mr. Davis. But some fastidious folk disdain chromos; they want oil paintings.

Mr. Davis rises to lyric enthusiasm when he dwells on the opportunities which America affords men of character and industry.

"My early days," he tells us, "were spent at forge and puddling furnace. The iron that I made is civilization's tools. I ride by night in metal bedrooms. I hear the bridges rumble underneath the wheels, and they are part of me. I see tall cities looking down from their iron heights upon me."

At forty he had amassed a sizable fortune. "This," he tells us, "gave me great confidence in myself and in the institutions of this country. A land where a boy can enter the mills at eleven, learn two trades, acquire a sound business education and make a competence in his thirties is not such a bad country."

"You'll never get anywhere, Jim," fellows used to say to Mr. Davis in his younger days, "as long as your conscience is so darn active. To win in this world, you've got to be slick." But Mr. Davis refused to be slick. That sort of thing is not in his make-up. As a harmonizer and pacifier he's smooth, but not slick. Put him down among a crowd of excited laboring men, all talking angrily at once, and it won't be long before he "takes the break," as the musicians say, and the ensemble chorus becomes a Davis solo.

Changed Labor Conditions

Mr. Davis doesn't smoke, cuss, tipple, dice, lay wagers, bet on the ponies. He has no dissipation but work and service. But even here the word "dissipation," with its usual connotation of waste, is out of place. He no more wastes his energies than does a bit of radium which throws off emanations without lessening its bulk or impairing its value.

On one occasion, the Secretary of Labor intervened to prevent the deportation, on a technicality, of a God-fearing immigrant mother and her brood of healthy and right-minded children.

"I recalled to the mother that I had been one of such a family entering the port of New York some forty years before. Little did I dream then that I would ever be a member of a President's cabinet, with power to wipe away this woman's tears and turn her heart's sorrowing into a song of joy. I told the mother that the baby in her arms might be Secretary of Labor forty years hence."

A touching incident, altogether creditable to our poor fallen humanity.

As director general of the Loyal Order of Moose, Mr. Davis has seen that benevolent organization grow from a membership of 247 persons, including himself, to close on to 700,000. In his iron-puddling days it was the sad experience of Secretary Davis to witness family tragedies when accident or death crippled the chief breadwinner. He saw tiny children dispatched to orphan asylums.

Jim Davis' pity for the orphans of workingmen found practical expression in the establishment of the great institution of Mooseheart, Illinois, where Moose orphans are given a chance in life. As Congressman Vestal eloquently put it in his just eulogy of Secretary Davis on the floor of the House of Representatives: "Tonight, in Mooseheart, 1400 orphan children will kneel beside their trundle beds and say their prayers for a man who has made it possible for them to have a home and to receive an education that will fit them for the battles of life on even terms with the more fortunate children of America."

Varied and complex problems confront a Secretary of Labor. Immigration, naturalization, labor conciliation—it's enough to know that Mr. Davis' task, like that of "our greatest executive, the laboring man's wife," is never done. New forces of thought and feeling sweep the country. Constant readjustments must be made to meet the changed labor conditions of an ever-changing world. The old clean-cut oppositions between capital and labor no longer exist in this country. In the past decade, strikes and lockouts have consistently dwindled. There were about one-sixth as many in 1928 as ten years before. Organized labor has attained its objective of an eight-hour day and is now advancing toward the goal of a shorter week. The five-day week is already enjoyed by 500,000 organized workers. The

(Continued on Page 76)

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(Continued from Page 74)

distinction between capital and labor is blurring all the time.

Mr. Davis, representing the hosts of labor, is well fixed after a manner of speaking, with a huge stake in the efficient management of American business. Mr. Davis is implacably hostile to labor extremists as represented by the communist element. Thus it happens that the capitalists extend to the affluent Mr. Davis the right hand of fellowship, while organized labor finds in him a true and sympathetic friend. With respect to wages, he's as efficient as the flexible-tariff device in seeing to it that rates go up and by no misadventure come down. Wages held like a rock after the business sinking spell following last autumn's stock-market crash.

The old, crucial, industrial controversies are passing, but new problems arise which call for new solutions. As our machines become more cunning and our workmen more skilled, we perform more work with fewer men. This entails technological unemployment. It's becoming harder to get jobs and to hold them, particularly for men who are past the prime of life. What's to be done? Well, Secretary Davis has plenty of sound ideas on the subject and perhaps he'll tell you all about it some night over the radio, closing his discourse with a Welsh song that will affect the circumambient ether like a downpour of rain on a tin roof.

Mr. Davis may be set down as a strong supporter of the American home. The institution is well worth supporting, and if all homes were as happy as Mr. Davis', there would be no need of bringing up the matter at all. The young and radiant Mrs. Davis is the perfect complement in personal charm and efficiency to her distinguished husband. The five children arriving on this planet at two-year intervals constitute a family of J's—James, Jr., Jane, Jean, Joan, Jewel.

"I like," writes Mr. Davis, "the approval of my own conscience and the approval of my fellow men."

Mr. Davis enjoys the approval of his own conscience and, after carrying the state of Pennsylvania in the recent Republican primary by nearly 250,000 votes, it would appear that he enjoys the approval of his fellow men. Success in life consists, I suppose, in getting what you want and being satisfied with it after you get it.

A Vest-Pocket Geography

California

CALIFORNIA is the land of Romance, unusual weather, climate, native sons and daughters. It has every variety of climate. The Imperial Valley is a former desert which has been irrigated and given over to the production of food for men and stock. The state produces a great variety of nuts and all kinds of fruit, including the grapefruit. A grapefruit is a dose of quinine and a shower bath, retaining the salient features of both.

Los Angeles, including all settlements within a radius of twenty miles, is the largest city. It is the largest, anyhow, but it believes in doing things in a big way. Witness its aqueduct—two hundred miles over mountain and desert. All for a drink of water.

San Francisco is the second city and principal seaport. The two are great rivals. Los Angeles has the movies. San Francisco has the Golden Gate and Hiram Johnson.

The state produces vast quantities of minerals. Other products are grapes, letters from Hollywood asking the old folks for car fare home, and raisins.

WM. P. ROWLEY.

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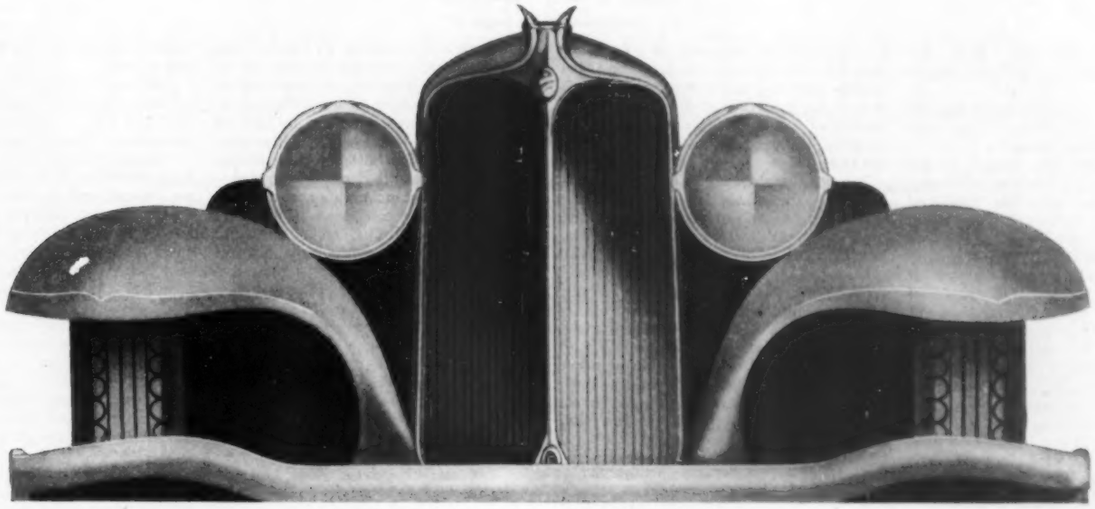

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KAYO! OKE!

(Continued from Page 5)

Whatever purse he asks on any bout, offer him a third or less, and he'll be glad to get it."

"About what price are good fighters now?" asked Amy. "I'd like to have some idea of all our expense items."

"I don't suppose you expect to get Dempsey or Tunney or Sharkey or Schmeling or Carnera or even the Bounding Basque," said Mr. Trevor. "They would all run into money. But I imagine Pete can fix up your prelims with a bunch of youngsters who'll be glad to go on for you for from ten to fifty apiece, and your chief bout—well, if you can find a couple of ambitious lads who're anxious to get on and make a showing, you might have to pay two hundred and fifty to five hundred."

"You mean for each, or for both? It seems a great deal," I objected.

"It depends entirely on the state of the fighter's finances. If he's broke, he'll fight for less. If he's flush, with plenty of bouts in sight, he'll stick out for bigger money."

There was a slight impatience in his voice, and we all felt it and rose at once, thanking him for his advice and information.

Mr. Trevor seemed very much relieved to have us go, but he added a word of caution: "Pete Ranse is a pretty hard-boiled customer. Don't be surprised at anything he says or does. He's the only man in town who can arrange your bouts, and he'll do a good job if he takes it."

The Romanay Jones chauffeur looked very surprised when told to go to the Columbia Gymnasium, but he was far too well trained to protest. And, indeed, when we arrived I was as surprised as the chauffeur, for if anyone had told me there was such a place in Newton City I would not have believed him. A few mean-looking shops, a cheap hotel, some rooming houses of questionable appearance, one of those odd, small eating places which are open all the time, and where the patrons sit on stools before a counter, and the Columbia Gymnasium—that was Burrow Street, and it was all dirty and almost sinister, though not actually a slum.

"It's quite exciting, isn't it?" said Virginia. "I feel as if we'd come to a foreign country."

We all felt that way, and we felt it even more so when we saw Mr. Ranse. He was a large square man with a coarse face and greasy hair and enormous hands with hairy wrists. He had on an old pair of trousers and a dirty, faded sweater. And he had the most curious ears, quite misshapen and thick, with bits of them missing. I am afraid I stared at Mr. Ranse's ears; I could not help it.

We stood at the door of his gymnasium and Amy told him what we wanted, and all he said was "Yeah," and sometimes, "Oh, yeah," and he kept looking from one to the other of us with curiosity.

"I gotcha," he said at last. "You leave it all to me. I'll take care of the whole thing and everything'll be jake, see? All you gotta do is put up the mazuma."

"Not at all," said Amy. "We can't give you a blanket order and trust to your judgment entirely. And we shall check up everything with Mr. Trevor of the Orbit, who is assisting us."

Mr. Ranse's face darkened; he raised his voice: "I won't touch nothin' that's got a newspaper guy borin' in. If you wanta do business with me, you gotta do it my way, see?"

"Well, then we don't want to do business with you," said Amy crisply. "There is too much involved for us to hand it over to any one person." And she started to go out to the car.

But Mr. Ranse followed her. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," he said. "What's eatin' you ladies? I ain't a guy that's hard to get along with, an' if this is for charity I'm willing to do my bit. Don't be so hasty. Now, why don't you ladies come into the gym and see some of my youngsters workin'? We can pick out some of the prelims right here and now under your own eyes, if you got the time. Of course, for the main bout you oughta have sumpen pretty good—a fast local boy, say, and a lively kid from Chicago. How about it?"

It was a complete capitulation, and by it Mr. Ranse showed his lack of character, for when a person gives an ultimatum and then promptly backs down when it is firmly met, he isn't much of a person, psychologically speaking.

The gymnasium was a strange place, full of strange unpleasant odors. In the center there was a space with a sort of rope fence about it, and there were some young men standing about with only short dirty underdrawers on, and coats or sweaters; their legs were bare and they had on low shoes. Inside the fenced-off space were two lads, hardly more than children and very skinny, simply in underdrawers and scanty undershirts, but I am broad-minded, and besides, after seeing what our nicest young men and girls wear on the beach today, nothing in the way of undress can shock me. The two lads inside the fence were prancing about and jabbing at each other with boxing gloves, and a stumpy, degraded individual was standing at one corner and giving them directions.

"That's young Swifty Gooch and Bert Stein," said Mr. Ranse almost fondly, and then he suddenly bellowed: "Put some pep into it, you two rabbits; use your muscle!" whereupon the two boys pranced and jabbed frantically. "They're both of 'em comers," he said to us in his usual voice. "Yeah, both of 'em. Flyweights. Slick, fast boys. You can see that for yourself. They'd make you a dandy prelim."

"How much would they cost?" asked Amy.

Mr. Ranse's small eyes lit with a greedy flame. "Two hunnert apiece."

"Twenty dollars apiece, and not another cent," said Amy, taking out her notebook, "and that's subject to approval by Mr. Trevor. They don't seem so very good to me; in fact, I consider them mediocre."

"I don't getcha, meedyoker," said Mr. Ranse. "They're flyweights, like I said. I couldn't put them on for you at no twenty apiece. They'd laugh out loud if I told 'em."

"Then we won't have them. We won't pay very much for anybody in the preliminaries. Remember, we are raising money for a worthy cause, Mr. Ranse; we're not giving it away to prize fighters."

Mr. Ranse grew very earnest. He walked around in front of Amy and waved his hamlike hands. "But where do I come in?" he said. "Cripes, lady, I'm not in this business for my health. This ain't no five-and-ten counter full of good fighters. I gotta train these boys, and tell 'em how to fight and get 'em to the stadium and pervide seconds and what not, and am I to get nothen out of it? I might as a favor to you, and because it's a charity, let these boys go on for a hunnert and fifty apiece, but that's the least I'll talk about."

"Then it's settled," said Amy.

"Whatcha mean—you'll pay a hunnert and fifty?"

"Why, no, we won't have them at all. Or wait; we might pay twenty-five apiece for them."

After more argument from Mr. Ranse, with Amy standing perfectly firm and quite detached and pleasant in manner, he gave in and said that Swifty and Bert might do a four-round go for us at twenty-five dollars each, though it was clearly agony for him to yield the point.

"By doing a four-round go, I presume you mean that they may box four rounds?" said Amy. "This entertainment is for the ultimate preservation of our mother tongue, Mr. Ranse, and we must carry out the spirit of the work in every way."

But Mr. Ranse shook his head. "I don't getcha," he said.

So Amy let the matter go for the time being; there was so much more to do. It seemed, after a good bit of conversation, that Mr. Ranse had no more fighters to show us at the moment, but he said he could obtain as pretty a pair of lightweights as ever put on the mitts—regular Benny Leonards, whatever that may have meant—for another one of our preliminaries. They had odd names, too, like the first pair—Steve Wozak and Bozo Dingle. They could do ten rounds, and Amy did some frightful bargaining, but secured them for thirty-five dollars each, though Mr. Ranse sobbed about it in an extraordinary fashion for so rough and hard a person. We let him sob, and when he was through he was willing to take the thirty-five.

Then he suggested a snappy light-heavy pair for another ten-round go. More odd names—one was Micky Smidt, known as the Bouncing Boche, and the other Two-fisted Tug Riley. Mr. Ranse extolled them both and said they were great favorites among the local boxing fans and would be great drawing cards. But, of course, he wanted a very high price for them, and it seemed as if all our negotiations were going to break down when Amy said that fifty apiece was the limit of our means.

At this, Mr. Ranse seemed about to burst. His face became purple and he stammered and stuttered with emotion. "Chees," he said explosively, "what is this—a hold-up game? I been up against all kinda rackets, but you ladies got a new one. I'm a plain worken man, see, and I ain't used to being crucified by a bunch of swell dames wit a limousine at that."

"Well," said Amy, "if you don't want to hire us the Bouncing Boche and the Two-fisted Mr. Riley at fifty dollars apiece, we'll go to Chicago and import our own fighters at a reasonable rate."

"Reasonable! Now, listen, lady, I got too big a heart to letcha go up against those Chicago guys, honest I have. They'd get your eye teeth. They ain't marks like me; they wouldn't know a charity if it come and laid an egg in their hats; charity don't mean nothen to them, no time. But me, I'm different. Alla same, I'm not lit about having my pockets picked."

We gathered that we were to have the Smidt person and the Riley at our price, though it was painful to Mr. Ranse.

"Now that's fine," said Amy heartily. "We've arranged practically everything but the main attraction of the evening. What are your suggestions for that, Mr. Ranse?"

Mr. Ranse made an effort to conquer his emotion, and succeeded very well. But when he spoke again, he did so with caution: "I could fix up sumpen swell for you if you wanted it, ladies, but it'll run into money, and since you're counten the nickels it mightn't be worth while to so much as name it."

"If it is very expensive, you are quite right; we needn't waste your time and our own," said Amy, with great promptness. "Thank you very much for warning us. I am sure we can get a pair of good, experienced fighters from Chicago who will interest everyone."

"Not so fast, lady—not so fast," said Mr. Ranse in an aggrieved way. "You're too quick on the trigger. If I'm furnishing the talent for the prelims, I guess I got a right to cut in on the big bout. What I was going to say was this: Over the tracks in the mill district there's a big Polack who's licked every fellow he's gone up against to a fare-ye-well. He's not scientific, but he goes right in and flails 'em like Firpo. Any of you ladies ever see Firpo fight? No, I might 'a' known not. Well, this here, now, Polack is a lot like Firpo, see, built like a goriller—and does he pack a wallop! And strong! He can lift a horse and wagon. Now, if he was matched wit' some smart young comer from outta town, lady, I tell you, you could fill the stadium twicet over with the crowd that'd come to see the massacree, honest you could."

"We want a large crowd, of course, but we don't want anything brutal or degrading," said Amy. "Still, it does sound rather interesting. What is this man's name?"

"His name's Joe Plotski—Wild Man Joe. I tell you what I'll do, ladies: I'll go over to see Joe, and talk it over with him. He's a rough guy, Joe, and you gotta kinda ease him along, but if he's agreeable to a match and I can get a smart heavy from Chi who'll take him on, all I gotta say is you'll have a card that couldn't be bettered. Ladies, you'll see somethen if the Wild Man fights. Ladies, I guarantee your eyes'll lay out on your cheeks like a coupla horse chestnuts."

"We are not exactly eager for that to happen," said Amy, repressing a smile, which we were all obliged to do, "but go ahead and see Mr. Plotski, and let me know his feeling in the matter. If he wants to fight ——"

"He always wants to fight, Joe does. But he's kind of choosy about the details, and he's not big-hearted like me. He won't do somethen for nothen."

"How much do you think he will charge?" asked Amy. "For if he is too expensive we won't bother about him."

"He won't put on the mitts for lessen a grand."

We looked at one another questioningly. "I'm sorry, but I don't understand you," said Amy. "Just what is a grand?"

Mr. Ranse surveyed us more in pity than in anger. "Honest, ladies," he said, "from the Armenian stuff you been pulling on me I thought you'd been around. A grand's one thousand bucks, cold."

"Do you mean one thousand dollars?" said Amy. It seemed that he did. "Then," she went on, "we need not bother Mr. Plotski. If he wants to fight for a hundred and fifty, very well, and the other man, his opponent, can have the same amount. But that is all."

"But lookit, ladies; I don't even dare offer Joe a hunnert and fifty; he'd more'n likely lace right into me and I'd come home on a plank."

"Suppose," said Amy, "I offer it to him myself. You can bring him to my house this evening and I'll talk to him."

"You know," said Mr. Ranse thoughtfully, "it'd be somethen to remember to see you offer Joe Plotski a hunnert and fifty for ten rounds. Lady, I'll take up your bet. I'll get a-holt of Joe tonight, and if he's not all hooched up I'll fetch him to your house this evening and you can speak your piece, let come what may. All I say is, if you got a police whistle, have it handy."

"I'll expect you about half-past eight," said Amy, and we went out to the car.

We all felt that it had been a wonderful experience, not exactly like our social work among the poor, but at least we had come in contact with quite a new sort of fellow citizen. I congratulated Amy on her bargaining with Mr. Ranse, but she modestly gave all the credit to the warning from Mr. Trevor. Before we parted she asked us if we would not come over in the evening to see this Mr. Plotski and aid her with the negotiations. Virginia said she couldn't, that she was having the Mitchels in for dinner and contract, but I was glad to accept.

When I got home it was lunchtime and Wilbur was waiting for me. It is my custom to tell Wilbur all the incidents of my day while we eat our meals, for I long ago discovered that these recitals make him feel masculine and superior, and therefore very agreeable, and if I want anything or have any large bills, this mood is to my advantage. So I told him about our proposed entertainment, and he was greatly diverted, and when I mentioned Joe Plotski he positively exclaimed.

"That's darned enterprising of Amy Jones," he said. "Joe Plotski's good. If

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he'd train and go into the fight game seriously he'd have a chance at the championship, but he's bad-tempered and uncertain, and no manager has ever been able to do anything with him. And he's got a reputation for fouling if he has to take any punishment. I pity the set-up Pete Ranse brings on to go against him, for he'll be pounded to a pulp. Your party's going to be a big success, for every Polack over the tracks will buy a ticket to see Joe fight, and so will every other man in town."

Now, Wilbur is usually inclined to be scoffing and uppish at everything Amy Romanay Jones does. I think he secretly resents her enterprise and ability, so when he said this about the prize fight I was much pleased.

"Why, Wilbur," I said, "this is splendid. You have cheered me up tremendously, for I will confess that I was very doubtful about the whole thing until now. It seems such a queer affair for me to be mixed up with. I know nothing about fights or fighters, and even the few we have heard over the radio gave me no clear idea of what they are like."

"Why should you?" said Wilbur. "We have never had one here that ladies could attend. But now I suppose you and Amy Jones will be sitting right down in the bloody corner, yelling your heads off." And he laughed with keen amusement. "Let me know as soon as you've got Joe signed up, and also who he's matched with, and I'll spread it at the club and get your publicity started."

"That is very sweet of you, Wilbur, but then you are always thoughtful and kind." I have told him that he is thoughtful and kind right along through the years of our marriage, and this simple and effortless attention on my part has had an enormous effect on his character, though he would greatly resent being considered malleable. It is to me one of those little wifely secrets in which married life abounds.

After what Wilbur had said about Mr. Plotski, I went over to Amy's in the evening with eager anticipation, and I had hardly arrived and spoken to Amy and the girls, Eleanor and Genevieve, when the butler came in and reported that two very suspicious characters were at the door and insisting on coming in, saying that they had an appointment with Mrs. Romanay Jones. The butler was disturbed and annoyed; it was plain that he had a low opinion of the callers.

Amy told him to admit them, however, and presently in that beautiful Georgian drawing-room appeared Mr. Ranse, and with him one of the strangest beings I ever beheld.

Mr. Ranse is, as I said, a large man, but beside his companion he seemed a spindling boy, actually! This creature was well over six feet in height, and almost as wide as tall. His shoulders were like those of Atlas in the old prints. As for his face and head—well, there at once sprang to my mind those lines of Markham's:

Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?

He had a thick black stubble on his chin, which did not make him more attractive, and his dark, furry hair grew nearly down to his eyebrows.

Mr. Ranse waved him forward. "This is Joe Plotski, ladies," he said, "known from coast to coast as the Polish Wild Man."

Amy went forward and shook hands with both of them. "This is a pleasure," she said. "You remember meeting Mrs. Kreston this morning, I am sure. And these are my two daughters. Do sit down and we will talk things over."

She waved Mr. Plotski toward the sofa, which was the only seat in the room capable of bearing his weight, and Mr. Ranse cautiously lowered himself to the edge of an armchair. Mr. Plotski, on the other hand, flung himself down as if quite at home, and lolled against the pillows in a common way. I could see that Amy did not like this.

"I hope you are comfortable," she said to him, with rebuke in her tone for his familiar attitude.

But he was not disturbed. He replied in a hoarse, gruff voice, simply, "Oke."

I supposed he was speaking Polish, and so, I found out later, did Amy. Seeing that he was impervious to any social hints and helps, she went on to the matter in hand:

"You called, I presume, about the boxing exhibition we are holding in the stadium on June twentieth?"

"Oke," said Mr. Plotski.

"And you probably know that with the help of Mr. Ranse we have hired all the fighters for our—er—preliminary bouts, as I believe they are called."

"Oke," said Mr. Plotski.

"Mr. Ranse suggested that you, Mr. Plotski, might be interested to box ten rounds in the main bout—as I believe it is called—provided we could obtain someone from Chicago to box with you."

"Oke," said Mr. Plotski.

"But Mr. Ranse also suggested that the price we could afford to pay you for your services might not interest you. We could not pay you more than a hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Plotski."

The Wild Man straightened up and began to speak and, to my surprise, in fairly intelligible English:

"I don't fight nobody for lessen eight hunnert bucks, see? Most often I get a grand."

"Yes, that's what Mr. Ranse said. I'm afraid you've been asked to come up here this evening for nothing, then, Mr. Plotski, because one hundred and fifty is our price."

The Wild Man scowled so that his hair rested on his eyes, absolutely. "Say, who ju think you are?" he asked rudely. "Old Mrs. Ritz herself, mebbe? You ast me to come up here to make terms for dis fight and now you don't want to pay me my price?"

Amy interrupted him: "I did not ask you here; I merely said that if you came I would talk to you about the amount we would pay you. Didn't Mr. Ranse tell you that?"

"I did, Joe—you know I did," broke in Mr. Ranse fawningly. "I toldja these ladies were doing this for a charity and hadn't any money to spend, but they'd heard about how good you was, and was so anxious to getcha for their main attraction that I thought maybe they'd think it over and make it worth your while, see?"

"My husband says you are a marvelous boxer," I said at this juncture, with the most flattering emphasis. "He says that if you box for us the success of our entertainment is certain."

"Why don't I get my cut in de gate, then? This ain't nothen but a shell game you're worken."

"What does he mean by cut in the gate?" asked Amy of Mr. Ranse.

"He means a per cent in the gate receipts—the money that's took in for tickets, the mazuma, the dough," explained Mr. Ranse.

"But why should he have a share? We're doing this for a worthy cause and merely hiring the entertainers at a fixed price."

"Yes, but you see, lady, fights ain't usually run like that. Mostly the fighters split the gate, fifty-fifty or forty-sixty, or whichever is fixed beforehand, after the expenses comes out."

"Very interesting," said Amy, "but the hitch here is that we're not having that sort of a fight. I'm afraid we can't do business with you, Mr. Plotski."

"Oke," snorted Mr. Plotski, and got up from the sofa.

I could see that Mr. Plotski's rude and rough behavior had annoyed Amy, and indeed it had annoyed me also, but I reflected that he was a poor fellow who had probably never come under any cultural influence, and it seemed to me that here was a chance to do some real missionary work. I also observed that Mr. Plotski was annoyed with Amy, that he found her manner irritating, and that, too, was natural, for he must have been accustomed to being treated as a person of great importance in the circles in which he moved. So once more I came forward.

"This is too bad," I said. "Mr. Plotski, be generous and think of how much it means to us to have your name and your prestige and your skill for our program. We are not planning this entertainment for ourselves, but, on the contrary, for a most worthy cause. Now, if we were to pay you two hundred dollars—I am sure we could go to two hundred, couldn't we, Amy?—then you would have the satisfaction of contributing to our cause yourself. I am sure that idea will appeal to you."

Mr. Ranse came to my aid nobly, "And lookit, Joe; you ain't had a match since you walloped the tar outta Sailor Jeff over a year ago. Everybody's afraid to go up against you. Two hunnert's a nice little piece of easy money, and you get your name in the papers, and if we can match you wit' Steve Barzelli or Big Boy Gomez, say, you could get a match wit' anybody at twice your price after you've kayoed either of those babies."

This last caused Mr. Plotski to hesitate. At last he said: "Maybe you got the rights of it, Pete. If you get Steve or the Big Boy to take me on, the two hunnert's oke with me, this once, y'unnerstand."

"Now, that is very gratifying, I am sure, and we all appreciate it, Mr. Plotski," said Amy graciously. "That is fine. Thank you very much indeed. We will make every effort to get you the opponent you wish. And thank you, too, Mr. Ranse; you have been very kind."

"I gotta hand it to you and sister here," said Mr. Ranse, beaming at us. "I never expected it'd come out like this. You're a very slick pair of second-story workers, ladies, and that's no lie. I'll hop a train tomorrow and go up to Chi and see if I can sign up Steve or Big Boy Gomez right now while we're all hot."

"Oke," said Mr. Plotski.

"Just what does that word 'oak' mean?" asked Amy. "Is it, perhaps, Polish?"

This question, though innocently put, was a mistake. Mr. Plotski became very angry. "Say, wotcha game?" he said very rudely. "Wotsa big idear of kidden my talk? Can'cha unnerstand the English langwich?"

Amy became crimson with annoyance at being so addressed in her own house by such a person, and I could see that she was about to reply sharply, but Mr. Ranse also saw this and intervened soothingly: "It's the sporten way of saying okay, lady—that's all. Joe here, being prominent in sporten circles, natchelly speaks their langwich. Oke means nothen but okay, see—nothen but okay. The lady ain't no sport, Joe; she didden mean to kid."

It was unfortunate that this occurred, for at that moment was born the mutual feeling of distrust and dislike between Amy and Mr. Plotski which had such an extraordinary development. I cannot in the least blame Amy, for the man was an utter vulgarian; but, on the other hand, I have always observed that the lower classes are most sensitive about any criticism of their speech. Amy did not intend it as criticism, but the effect was the same as if she had. It was too bad this had to happen at the very beginning of our association with Mr. Plotski. He went out of the Jones mansion, glowering and muttering, and he left Amy in a ruffled frame of mind. If it had not been for Eleanor and Genevieve laughing and telling her that she really must get acquainted with modern slanguage, I really believe she would have called off the whole entertainment, even though we had rented the stadium and made such progress with our plans. I knew from her expression that she must be diverted to pleasanter trains of thought, so I at once asked her whom she had in mind for the program committee and the ticket committee, and if we were going to need any other committees to manage the affair.

My little ruse was successful, for she at once became her dignified and capable self. I took a pencil and paper, and wrote down the names as she gave them to me, and very soon we had a complete organization in outline.

Amy thought we should have a special press committee, and she asked me if I would head this. I would have preferred the program committee, for if I do say so, I have a special aptitude for getting up good programs, but Amy said Virginia Haller ought to head that committee, because her husband is in the printing and lithographic business and therefore we could have our work done at cost—a very good practical point. Besides, I knew that Virginia Haller would come and ask me to help her, so that my ideas on programs would not be lost. Elvira Delphane seemed a good one for the ticket committee, for she is irresistible as a saleswoman. Wilbur says she could sell a saxophone to Paderewski and roller skates to Henry Ford, and she has the ability to imbue her coworkers with her own zest.

As we did not seem to need any more committees at the moment, I started to go home, and while I was putting on my hat Amy said thoughtfully:

"I cannot help thinking of that Plotski person, and I have grave doubts that he is the sort of fighter we should have. He seems to me a very low type."

"I thoroughly agree with you," I said. "I was most indignant at his behavior tonight. You showed the most wonderful self-control and forbearance in dealing with him. He should have felt it a privilege and a pleasure to be allowed in this house. But we cannot expect Chesterfields in his class, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that we hired him for one-fifth of his regular price, and Wilbur says he is a marvelous attraction and that every man in Newton City will buy a ticket to see him. So the advantage rests with us."

"That is true," said Amy, brightening. "Yet I am still wondering if such insolence should be allowed to go wholly unrebuked. He sadly needs a lesson in manners."

"My dear, he needs a thousand lessons in manners! He is impossible, he is dreadful, but I fear he is too stupid to grasp the most elementary rules of etiquette. However, if the opportunity occurs, I know that you will be exactly the right one to help him, and perhaps this is the chance of that poor fellow's life, a turning point in it that will lead him toward better things."

"You are always so sweet, Lucetta. What would I do without a friend like you?" said Amy, and kissed me good night.

"You mean what would I do without a friend like you!" I said with fervor, and indeed I meant it sincerely. Newton City without Amy Romanay Jones would be a dull and barren waste.

On my way home I was thinking of this, and also about her feeling of repulsion toward Mr. Plotski. I hoped that I had somewhat abated it, for when Amy Romanay Jones takes a dislike to anyone, it is impossible for her not to show it. Any emotion she has is usually translated at once into action, and with Mr. Plotski I felt that it would be unfortunate and might lead to the ruin of our plans, because it was clear to me that he was obstinate and willful, as well as sensitive, and being so low a specimen of the lower classes, he would be, as Mr. Ranse had intimated, hard to handle without dissimulation and diplomacy. However, I remembered that Amy is a thorough woman of the world, and a kind and generous spirit as well, so that I was possibly anticipating trouble which would never happen.

Wilbur was most pleased at my news that Mr. Plotski was going to fight for us, and when I said that Mr. Ranse was trying to hire either Stephan Barzelli or Big Boy Gomez, he grew quite excited.

"Why, Lucetta," he said, "if you get either of those boys here you'll have to run special trains from Harville and Ransom and Purdee! And I'll bet you get a lot of fans from Chicago too. You can charge twenty-five apiece for the ringside seats, and five for the bleachers. That fellow Ranse knows what he's about! This will be the real thing."

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I was enormously cheered by this, for Wilbur is seldom enthusiastic about any of my undertakings, and I drew him on to talk of prize fighting in general and Joe Plotski in particular. I gathered from his remarks that Joe Plotski is a very powerful fighter, but inclined to strike foul blows, which Wilbur says means hitting his opponent below the belt in front. He does not do this continuously, but only when much excited or when his opponent shows signs of being able to defeat him. Wilbur told me much more about prize fighting and enjoyed himself so much in instructing me that I encouraged him to continue for the better part of an hour.

The entertainment began to take definite shape, now that the committees were appointed and at work. We asked Mr. Ormond Pringle to be our announcer, because Mrs. Pringle is very deaf and will not use any aid to hearing, so that Mr. Pringle's voice is highly developed. Mr. Ranse had lost no time in finding an opponent for Mr. Plotski. He went at once to Chicago, as he had promised, and returned with a contract for Big Boy Gomez to box ten rounds for the price of two hundred dollars, the same as we were to pay Mr. Plotski. Amy and I went again to see Mr. Trevor and showed him our program and asked his opinion. He gave a low whistle of amazement and looked at us with respect.

"You've pulled a very smart turn," he said. "You couldn't have doped a better card. Gomez is no set-up; he's a real comer, and he's been crazy to get a match with somebody who'll let him show his stuff. And as for Joe Plotski—well, my hat's off to you, ladies. Anybody who tells me that women haven't got the true sporting instinct after this is going to get an earful. How did you do it? Hypnotism?"

And the very next day in the Orbit he gave us a whole column, a really stunning write-up in which he said that hereafter he would be in favor of turning all big sporting affairs over to the women of Newton City to manage, that we had twice the brains and ability of the men! Wilbur read it aloud to me at breakfast, and though he laughed a good bit, it was not in a disagreeable way.

Well, really, outside of getting the tickets printed, my committee had nothing to do but take the money for them, they were in such demand, but as I had expected, Virginia came to me for help with the program. We decided to have small leaflets for general distribution, free, and then handsome souvenir programs to be sold at a dollar each. On these I put a good bit of thought, and their appearance justified it. We had nice large pictures of the officers and heads of committees of our organization, together with a brief but clear outline of its purpose. We also had pictures of the fighters in characteristic attitudes, and a few words about each, such as their age and weight and record, if any. The outside cover was printed with a bright-colored border and handsome gold type. And on the inner cover I introduced a touch of whimsy which brought out many admiring comments, a few quotations in light vein, appropriate to the affair, such as:

That same man who runneth away
May fight again another day.
—ERASMUS, *Apothegms.*

Two lovely black eyes,
Oh, what a surprise!
—*Old American Ballad.*

He went it on his muscle,
Like John Heenan or Jem Mace.
—*American folk song, Johnny Gilhooley.*

Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England—what were the gladiators of Rome or the bullfighters of Spain in its palmiest days compared to England's bruisers?
—GEORGE BORROW, *Lavengro.*

Nigh New Orleans
Upon an Emerald plain
John L. Sullivan,
The strong boy
Of Boston,
Fought seventy-five red rounds with Jake Kilrain.
—VACHEL LINDSAY, *John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston.*

In selecting these bits I kept in mind our high mission to protect the English language, and I hoped that among the masses who would attend our entertainment there might be more than one who would be led to investigate further in Erasmus and Borrow and Lindsay, and the realms of early Americana, because of the piquant suggestions thus given. I expressed this hope to Mr. Trevor, and what was my delight to have him tell me that he had gone so far as to buy a volume of Lindsay on the strength of my quotation, and enjoyed it immensely. And I know—though I did not appear to notice—that Wilbur got out our own volume of Borrow's Lavengro and read it for the greater part of one evening. And even Mr. Ranse, in whom I had suspected no least æsthetic spark, told me that if I'd like to hear it, he would sing for me the whole of that quaint old folk song, Johnny Gilhooley, and that he had learned it as a tot at his father's knee.

My activities with the programs and the tickets were most satisfactory to me, but there was one situation which worried me greatly. This was that the enmity of Amy Romanay Jones for our main attraction, Mr. Plotski, did not die, but increased from day to day. And it was returned threefold by its object. Mr. Plotski, in our chance encounters, never lost an opportunity for some boorish act or remark calculated to displease and provoke Amy, and to belittle her personality. He invariably addressed her as "Mrs. Ritzy Jones," and seemed to take pleasure in combating every idea she expressed. For instance, the matter of the referee.

Now, Mr. Trevor had explained to us that for each match there had to be another man in the ring with the fighters, to keep score. It is a highly technical position, and one which, speaking baldly, offers a chance for dishonesty, because each fighter wishes a referee who is friendly to himself. Sometimes, Mr. Trevor said, a fighter will even bribe a referee. Amy felt very much upset when she heard of such practices, and she went at once to Mr. Ranse and told him that there must not be the slightest flavor of dishonesty about our referees, and if there was any such possibility, we would dispense with referees altogether, and simply let the fighters fight and keep score themselves.

Mr. Ranse's amazement at this suggestion was evident. "Chees," he said softly, "I wonder if they's anything wrong wit' my ears. I soitenly didden hear what you said; it ain't possibill."

So Amy repeated her remarks. But Mr. Ranse demurred so earnestly, and waved his arms and declared that it wouldn't be legal, that at last she said she was willing that we should have referees, but they must be like Cæsar's wife.

"Chees!" cried Mr. Ranse again, "we can't have no janes for referees. Lady, come back, you're on your way to the nut house. Lady, who is this here Cæsar's wife anyhow?"

At last the misunderstanding was cleared up, but even so, we had not yet engaged any referees. Mr. Ranse suggested that the degraded-looking individual we had seen at his gymnasium—his name was Stumpy Sawyer—be engaged for the first two bouts, and said that he himself would take on the match between Smidt and Riley, and the final bout between Plotski and Gomez. Before we decided we asked Mr. Trevor what he thought of it, and he said he guessed it was all right, but that if he had any say in it he'd get out a professional from Chicago.

So Amy told Mr. Ranse what Mr. Trevor had said, and Mr. Plotski was present, and really we had a perfectly terrible scene. Mr. Plotski contended that he had all along understood that Mr. Ranse was to referee, otherwise he would not have signed up, and he swore—I mean actual profanity—that he wouldn't put on the mitts unless Mr. Ranse did referee. In the end Amy gave in, but you can imagine how unwillingly. She came away looking like a Valkyrie. Never before have I seen her so angry.

"That impudent, insolent brute!" she said between her teeth. "Even at this late date and with nine-tenths of the tickets sold, I've a great mind to tear up his contract and throw it in his face. Why, Lucetta, men like that shouldn't be allowed to live! He is scum! It is degrading to be obliged to look at him, and to have to yield to his insistence in a matter so vital as this referee job is worse. I am certain that there is some understanding between him and Mr. Ranse, and not of an honest sort either. I feel convinced that he means to win by intimidating Mr. Ranse into deciding in his favor, whether he deserves it or not."

With a great deal of difficulty, I smoothed her down, pointing out that the affair would be over shortly and then she would never need to see or speak to either Ranse or Plotski again, and that she was far too noble and generous to let her personal reactions interfere with the ultimate success of our undertaking. I do not know which argument availed with her, but at last she said that she would not tear up Mr. Plotski's contract. Outwardly she regained her usual calm and poise, but I know her so well that I was aware of a constant, hot, inward seething, ready to erupt like Vesuvius at any moment. I determined to be with her as much as possible, and to stay by her side on the night of the entertainment, and secretly I spoke to Mr. Ranse and asked him if he could not win Mr. Plotski to a more gracious behavior toward her. But Mr. Ranse was gloomy.

"Joe's sore's a crab on that dame," he said. "I don't dast say her name to him but he comes out wit' somethen dirty. The way she jewed him down, in the first place, is eaten on him constant, and then her asken him if 'oke' was Polish he thought was a crack, and it's so on, and so forth, and what not, and if he wasn't scared of a trip to the calaboose I don't know but he'd've crowned her. He'd like to, believe me. He told me the other day he was comen round to believe it'd be worth a year in jail to hand her what he gives his wife when she gets fresh."

"This is abominable," I said. "And you can tell Mr. Plotski from me, Mr. Ranse, if he raises a finger against Mrs. Jones, my husband, Mr. Wilbur Kreston, the lawyer, will see that he goes to jail not for one year but for ten. There are ways and ways," I went on, looking as severe as possible, "to protect American womanhood to the full measure of the law, and he will find it out if he tries any violence."

"I getcha," said Mr. Ranse. "I seen many an innocent man given a stretch by a slick lawyer. I'll do what I can wit' Joe, but I gotta warn you that he's a tagger when he's roused, a wild, roarin' Bengallia tagger at that, and I never was much at trainin' wild animals."

"Tiger or not," I said, "he will find himself behind bars if he isn't careful, just as many other tigers are."

There did not seem to be anything more that I could do, and as the entertainment would soon take place, I felt that nothing much could happen before that time. Then these persons would pass from all of our lives, and, so far as I was concerned, without regret, even though I had found a certain interest in observing the phenomena of their strange existence.

And really, when the day came, and proved to be one of those rare June perfections about which the poet sang—an azure sky without a cloud, a delicious warmth, but no humidity in the air, and a sort of sweet, brooding peace over all—really, it did seem as though everything must go well and smoothly and happily.

Amy and I drove out to the stadium early, and, soon after, Virginia Haller arrived, and, soon after Virginia, came the girls who were to sell the souvenir programs. In the twilight the place looked quite impressive, with its circular bank of seats, its flags flying on top, and its rows and rows of chairs placed about the ring. The manager of the stadium—that nice young Perkins—said that the lights were all fixed for the ring and that the ushers were ready, and showed us where the motion-picture cameras were to perch, on high platforms at either side. Our chief of police had sent a special strong-arm squad to take care of would-be gate crashers and other disturbers of the peace. There was a possibility that the mill-district men would make trouble, it seemed, in case the decision went against Mr. Plotski. At this reminder of her antipathy, Amy's head went up and her lips tightened and she began to look Junoesque and Valkyrielike.

"The decision will be fair, no matter who is winner," she declared.

Mr. Perkins smiled uneasily. "Oh, of course," he said. "But Big Boy Gomez might pop Joe something unexpected, and if he does, believe me, I hope he's one of God's chillun and got wings, for he'll need 'em. Those mill boys are crazy about Joe."

"Lucetta, when this is over," said Amy to me, "we must look seriously into the social work in the mill district. It cannot be well done if such low ideals flourish there. We must do something about it."

"Certainly we will. But now, Amy," I said, to distract her, "suppose we go and see if all of our fighters are there and ready."

Accordingly, we took our programs and pencils and went to the dressing rooms. Mr. Ranse was much in evidence, and to my amazement he was dressed in a white silk shirt and white flannel trousers; also, he had shaved recently so that his face was almost clean-looking. And his strange little satellite, Stumpy Sawyer, was also dressed in white! Wilbur told me afterward that referees frequently do this, but I could not have been more surprised, as I was not expecting our humble grubs to metamorphose into butterflies, and white butterflies at that.

"Well, Mr. Ranse," said Amy, agreeably, "you're very smart indeed. We came down to see if everything was all right and all the fighters here."

"All set," said Mr. Ranse, and accompanied us down the line of the rooms, giving a cry of warning that we were coming. We checked on our programs as present, Gooch, Stein, Wozak, Dingle, Smidt, Riley and Mr. Gomez. Each had his little group of attendants—relatives and friends, I suppose—and a depressing sight they were. People may talk all they like of the manly art of self-defense, but the persons who engage in it, and their immediate associates, look, for the most part, like malevolent insects, and I will not name the sort of insect they most resemble. I gazed with special attention at Mr. Gomez, whom I had not seen before, and though he was a large, strong fellow, he did not seem to me quite equal to Mr. Plotski in physique. I mentioned this to Mr. Ranse.

"You said it," he replied, "but Big Boy's there wit' the science."

"Where is Mr. Plotski?" asked Amy.

"He ain't here yet," said Mr. Ranse.

"He ought to be here. I hope he's not playing any tricks on us," said Amy.

At that we heard a loud feral roar behind us, and I was reminded of Mr. Ranse's allusion to Mr. Plotski as a tiger, for the frightful sound emanated from him. He had come in behind us.

"Much oblige for the dirty dig!" he bawled. "Playin' tricks, indeed! You should know about tricks after gouging the lights and liver outa my honest rights in this here match!"

"Now, Joe—now, Joe!" said Mr. Ranse warningly, trying to advance and retreat both at once. "Joe, he always feels sorta good before a fight," he explained to us. "You know—fulla beans!"

"Well, everybody's here now," I added swiftly, "so we'd better be going back to see whether everything's all right outside." And I drew Amy away as firmly as I could.

"Yeah, you better git out! This ain't no place for no ritzy ole janes!" Mr. Plotski shouted after us.

"Isn't he unspeakable?" I said as we gained the outer air. "He terrifies me, really."

"I wish you had not insisted on coming away," said Amy. "It's a mistake to permit him to be so disgusting and outrageous. I was just going to give him a sharp talking to when you caught hold of my arm."

I wondered whether she thought anything she might say would have the least effect on Mr. Plotski, because I felt sure it wouldn't. However, a timely distraction occurred at this moment, for Virginia Haller came running to tell us that the mayor was arriving and Amy must be there to welcome him. And with that, of course, the evening may be said to have begun.

After welcoming the mayor and his party, Amy and I went down to our seats, which were alongside of the press seats in the front row. From this excellent place we could see and hear all that went on, and I must say it was rather thrilling. The mill-district contingent had arrived and was making a loud demonstration. The lights were lit and the moving-picture men were on their perches and adjusting their cameras. All about us were the élite of Newton City, and beyond them a vast surrounding audience. As Wilbur had prophesied, a number of trains from near-by towns and cities had been run for the occasion, and every seat in the stadium had been sold. I glanced at Amy, and from her expression knew she was still regretting that she had not rebuked the rudeness of Mr. Plotski; so I said, with admiration in my voice, "Look, Amy. Isn't it inspiring? And you, my dear, are responsible for this enormous concourse, this great human aggregation focused here for the sake of a noble cause. It is all your success, your credit."

She relaxed a trifle, and I believed that the moment of danger was over. And now the hour for the beginning of the entertainment slowly struck, and down the aisle came the two young contestants for the first bout, our flyweights, Swifty Gooch and Bert Stein, along with their seconds and Mr. Stumpy Sawyer, the referee.

Mr. Pringle, the announcer, stood in the middle of the ring with his megaphone, and in the fewest possible words told of the founding of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the English Language, but he was sadly interrupted by the impatient audience, which clamored for the fighting to begin. Loud waves of sound, a prolonged booing, in fact, drowned out most of Mr. Pringle's remarks, but when he began to tell of the present match, and to point, first to Swifty and then to Bert, and give their weights, silence was restored.

The two lads shook hands, Mr. Pringle descended from the ring, a brazen gong rang imperatively, the seconds slipped down through the ropes, Mr. Sawyer braced himself, and the first fight was on. I had never seen a prize fight before and I had not understood very much about the few I had heard reported over the radio, so I was greatly interested to see how it was done. It was not at all as I thought. Instead of hitting each other, the two lads danced about on their toes, and now and then one or the other would fling out a swift hand, but not with much effect. They had all the effect of little automatic figures, wound up to make certain gestures.

"Really," I said to Amy, "it's quite tame. I supposed they actually struck each other."

The crowd, however, seemed to enjoy it, and encouraged the lads with cries of: "Hittim on de beezer!" "Cut out de footwoik!" and "Sock 'im in de mush!" and other unintelligible slogans, which went to show how greatly needed was our new society.

Presently the gong sounded again, and the two lads sat down and the seconds jumped in and fanned and rubbed and wiped them.

This went on for four rounds, exactly the same each time, though toward the end of the last round Swifty's nose bled a little; but take it by and large, it was a very monotonous and, to me, dull exhibition. I was glad Amy had been firm on paying them only a low price.

Then there was a short wait, and presently the next match began—the one between Steve Wozak and Bozo Dingle—and this was a little better; the men were more mature and did not hop about so much, and now and then hit each other severely, which, after all, is what they were there for. Steve got a cut over his eye which made him quite gory, and Bozo's nose bled too.

"This is much better," I said. "Really enjoyable."

The quaint cries of the crowd went on constantly: "Use de left hook, Steve!" and "Cut 'im up wit' a jab to de kidneys!" and "Hey, de ole hooper-dooper!" and "Ow, right on de button!"—most amusing. Now and then Steve and Bozo grasped each other in a close embrace and stood perfectly motionless until Mr. Stumpy Sawyer told them to let go. I could see no reason for this; it wasn't affection, for they continually made insulting remarks to each other.

But even though this match was livelier than the other, it lasted too long for me. I began to feel the same bored indifference, and I saw the last round of it with a sense of relief.

The third bout was between Micky Smidt, the Bouncing Boche, and Two-fisted Tug Riley, and they were larger than Steve and Bozo—light-heavy they were paradoxically called—a well-built pair, though the Bouncing Boche was rather unpleasantly hirsute. They seemed known to many of the audience, who greeted them with applause and many personal remarks. I gathered that there had been a quarrel between them at some time or other, and they certainly scowled and growled, and did not want to shake hands before fighting. However, Mr. Ranse made them do it, but it was a mere farce; they simply touched their mitts and backed away.

But, really, it was a good fight! They did not dance about much or hug each other; they battled! Oh, it was splendid! The crowd grew tense and silent as they exchanged their heavy blows, and at the end of each round, such cheers! Twice did the Bouncing Boche crowd Mr. Riley against the ropes, and once I thought he would be pushed out right into my lap. Three times did Mr. Riley batter Mr. Smidt down to the floor, but before Mr. Ranse could count the fatal number, up bounced the Bouncing Boche once more, eager to attack. You will hardly believe me, but it is true that I forgot my neuritis, my age, my sex and my social position, and climbed up on my chair and in my loudest voice urged Mr. Riley to sock Mr. Smidt in the mush, quite unaware of what I was saying.

And do not think I was alone in this. The entire stadium turned into a Roman amphitheater of Nero's day! And even Amy Romanay Jones got up on her own chair and bade Mr. Riley kill Mr. Smidt, just as Flavia Agrippina may have shouted "Thumbs down!" on Spartacus. Oh, it was marvelous!

And I regret to tell you that at the end Mr. Ranse decided that the match was what is called a "draw," which means no advantage for either. This was a great disappointment to me, and I called up to Mr. Ranse that he was no good and ought to be shot, but happily neither he nor anyone else heard me. I was positively limp with excitement when this match was over, but I straightened my hat and gown, which had somehow become disarranged, and tried to be calm while waiting for the final bout.

But I tell you honestly the excitement of this Smidt-Riley encounter was literally nothing to the Plotski-Gomez affair! Nothing at all; a mere whisper. Mr. Gomez's manager, who was an aggressive sort of person, informed Mr. Ranse, right in the ring before the fight started, that he wasn't going to stand for no fouling. And Mr. Plotski, bad-tempered and sensitive as usual, roared out from his corner, on hearing this, that Big Boy better not wear his pants under his armpits.

I remembered what Wilbur had said—that Mr. Plotski had been accused of striking various opponents below the belt, and thus achieving victory on a foul, as they call it.

I mentioned this to Amy, and she at once got up and spoke to Mr. Ranse and said, "Mr. Gomez's manager is perfectly right. Please tell Mr. Plotski that we will not permit any hitting below the belt."

Now, you can imagine, with all this before the fight, the mill-district group yelling and whooping for Mr. Plotski, and everybody in the wildest uproar, and Mr. Pringle trying to make himself heard and tell the people how much Mr. Plotski and Mr. Gomez weighed—though why that matters I cannot understand, for they didn't weigh the same—and the two fighters, large, powerful, dark creatures, being fussed over by their attendants—well, I really wonder how my heart stood the strain.

Mr. Plotski was a dreadful-looking object when he stood up to fight, a fearsome brute indeed, and I cannot say that Mr. Gomez was any Ramon Navarro! He was more regularly proportioned than Mr. Plotski, and he had a pair of shoulders that looked like a Percheron's hindquarters, but his face was almost as prognathous and low-browed as Mr. Plotski's. As I looked at them I seemed to see prehistoric man in the jungle, and I would hardly have been surprised if an ichthyosaurus had walked down the aisle; it would have been quite at home.

And when they began to fight, to exchange great thudding blows, flailing at each other with their mighty arms, I seemed to hear the beating of the tom-toms, and the war cries of the Neolithic—or is it Neanderthal?—Age, and each nerve and artery of my body throbbed in swift response, and I wondered if, perhaps, in those days, I myself might have been a great warrior chieftainess; I felt so exultant and uplifted and at one with what was going on before me!

It was, indeed, an epic encounter, an encounter of Titans—that is, up until the eighth round. Mr. Ranse had been keeping score apparently to the satisfaction of everyone, and there seemed to be no advantage to either man. Mr. Plotski struck continually, and when his blows landed he rocked the powerful Mr. Gomez as a reed is shaken by the wind. But his blows did not always land, for Mr. Gomez was very clever in avoiding them, and had a way of holding in his chin and ducking his head which made him difficult to find. Often Mr. Plotski's plunging wallop landed but on empty air, and this made him very angry. And at such moments Mr. Gomez would come back at Mr. Plotski with short, snappy, pistonlike, binging jabs which seemed to give Mr. Plotski a good bit of pain, and, of course, as he was hurt, he became still more angry, and the eye which Mr. Gomez had not closed for him sent forth gleams of hate and malice and fury which made delicious cold chills run up and down my spine.

The combat waxed ever more violent and horrible; and Mr. Gomez had received one blow which had caused him to spit out two teeth. The audience was yelling so that it was next to impossible to hear the gong, and among the mill-district men there came a hoarse, reiterated shout which was at once a plea and command, "Kayo him, Joe! Kayo! Kayo! Kayo!" People were not only standing on the seats but on the backs of the seats, and such was my own excitement that I turned around and with my right arm—where the neuritis was worst—I flung to the ground a young man who was standing on the back of my chair, and ejaculated toward his prostrate form, "Take that, you big bum!"

And then in the eighth round, suddenly Mr. Plotski, maddened by Mr. Gomez's repeated duckings and subsequent blows, crouched like a lion about to spring and struck a fearful arm's-length blow which hit Mr. Gomez in the stomach and felled him to earth writhing in agony. Mr. Ranse stood over him and began to count: "One—two ——"

"Foul! Foul!" cried Mr. Gomez's manager, and those nearer took up the cry, "Foul, he hit 'im below the belt! Foul! He hit 'im below the belt!"

Mr. Ranse hesitated and looked fearfully around at Mr. Plotski. "You go on counten, you blankety-blank son-of-a-blank!"—I must refuse to soil my pen with the words which Mr. Plotski used—"or I'll break your blankety-blank neck!"

Mr. Ranse started to obey: "Three—four—five ——" when suddenly from my side I heard the clarion voice of Amy Romanay Jones, never silent in the cause of justice.

"It was a foul! Mr. Plotski did hit him below the belt!" she cried. "I saw him do it! Mr. Gomez is the winner!"

"You come up here and say that to me, you nosey old fool," yelled Mr. Plotski, "and I'll give you somethen you'll remember ——"

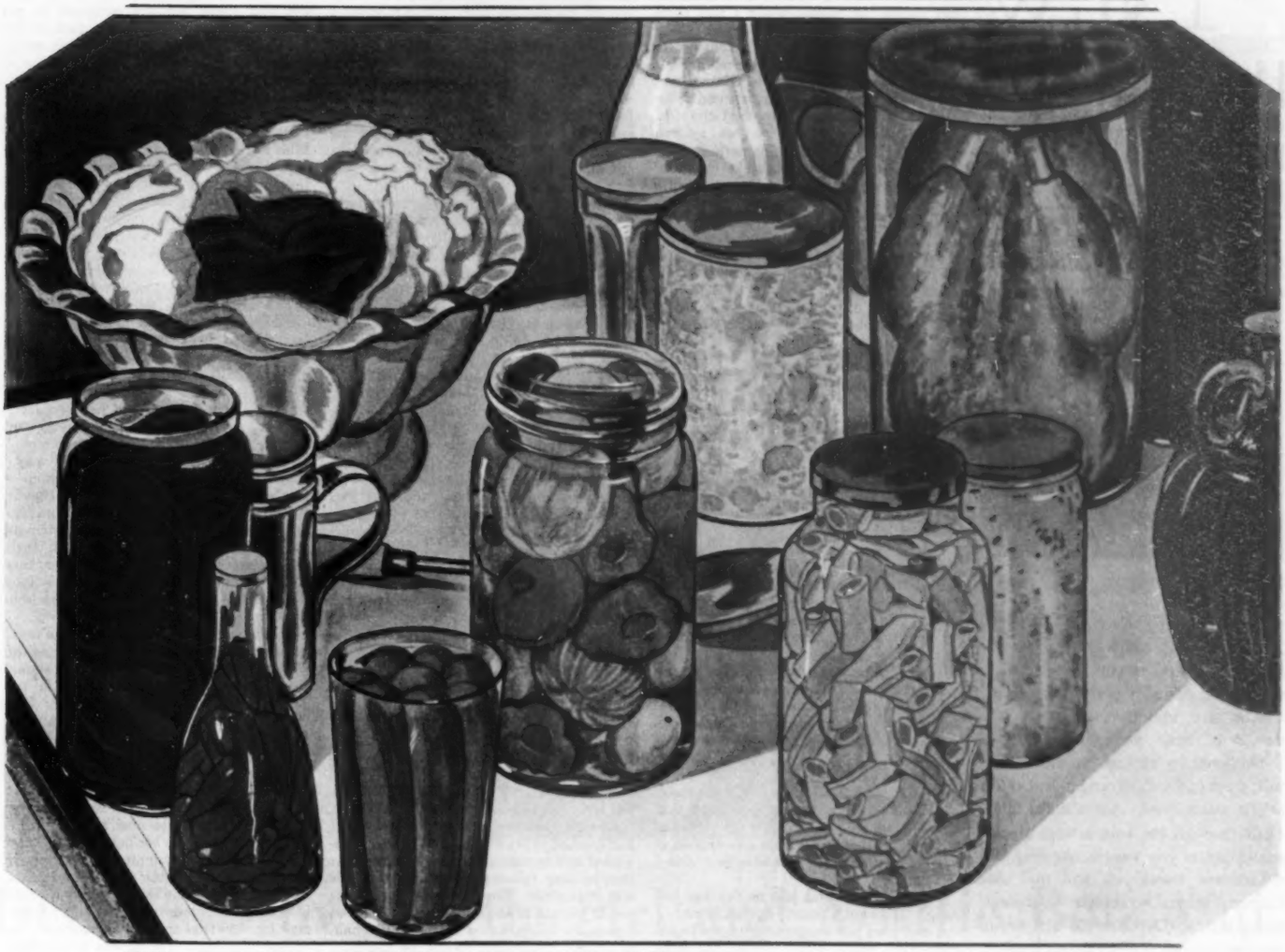
But before he could complete the challenging sentence, Amy Romanay Jones had pushed her chair to the ringside and had climbed through the ropes and stood before him. So extraordinary was the spectacle that a sudden silence fell over the stadium, and the audience stood and gaped in wonder. Mr. Ranse's upraised arm was frozen in the air, and even poor Mr. Gomez stopped his pitiful groaning and clutching.

"How dare you speak to me like that, you big bully and poor sport!" cried Amy dauntlessly and magnificently, facing Mr. Plotski. "I've been wanting to give you something to remember, and there it is!" And with that she drew back her arm and with all her own generous muscle, steeled by her dislike of Mr. Plotski and her insulted majesty, she gave him such a slap with her open hand as Diana herself might have dealt to an erring Ephesian.

Mr. Plotski had been teetering on his heels and toes, sticking out his chin and lowering his head as she approached, and she caught him off his balance. Believe me or not, but it is true, he came down like a giant redwood struck by lightning, and as he fell his temple came in contact with the little iron chair which had been swung into the ring for him to sit on, and it stunned him so that he lay, motionless, stretched at Amy's feet.

Naturally, she hadn't expected that, but she can always rise to the occasion. She flung out her arms toward the silent and awe-struck audience and in a ringing voice cried out: "Kayo for him! He dared to affront American sportsmanship by hitting below the belt!"

I shall not attempt to describe the pandemonium of applause which followed, for I cannot do it. I will close my account tersely by reporting that the net receipts of our entertainment were fifteen thousand six hundred and seventy-eight dollars and seventy-five cents; that Amy Romanay Jones has received overwhelming offers to go into the movies and on the variety stage, which she has, of course, refused; that Mr. Plotski is taking a course in Classic English and How to Speak It; and that since that night I have not felt the least twinge of my old enemy, neuritis. Isn't it just too wonderful what a woman with courage can accomplish?



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THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS

(Continued from Page 11)

with big trees, and vines over the porches, not unlike the houses where I had come from.

"That's where the Malcolms, the swellest people in town, live." Elsie jerked her left thumb toward a large house painted light green with dark green shutters and trimmings. It had a round cupola at one side, and in the center of the lawn was an iron stag. "I guess they're millionaires. Anyway they're terribly stuck up."

Just then a girl about my size, in a white sailor suit with a pale blue collar, came down the front steps.

"Hurry up," Elsie commanded, although I was already out of breath from our pace. "That's Dorothy Malcolm now. Thinks she's somebody."

Naturally, I was at once on Dorothy Malcolm's side, and if I had not been intimidated by my guide, I would have lingered to see her. Up to this time I had never heard anyone called a millionaire—anyone that I actually knew by sight. Vaguely I had supposed that the man who had given my mother two thousand dollars must be very rich, but I had not thought much about money beyond the pennies I had asked for, and always obtained when my father was at home, for all-day suckers or licorice drops at the candy store on the corner.

There were a few boys playing outside the big frame school when we got there. Elsie tossed her braids when she saw them, but marched into the hall and introduced me to Miss Fry, a fairly young, plump teacher, who told me she hoped I'd be as good a pupil as Elsie.

I sat at a desk carved with different initials and watched the class assemble. The girl in the white sailor suit sat just in front of me—our seats were awarded alphabetically—and smiled in a sweet, rather shy way.

"You're new," she said.

This seemed to me a very friendly statement, particularly in view of the fact that Elsie had said she was so stuck up. I looked with admiration at her brown curls, tied at one side with a wide pale blue bow, and I felt happier.

She turned around just as the last bell rang. "I've got a pony," she whispered.

I had been put temporarily in the beginning sixth grade, which shared the same room as Elsie's class. But I was unable to pay attention to the book the teacher had loaned me, and when our class had its turn, I was in too much of a daze to respond to Miss Fry's "Now we'll see what our new scholar can do." When I muttered that I didn't know, I saw, across the room, Elsie's triumphant smile.

I doubt if I should ever have become a really good scholar if it had not been for that smile. For I, too, learned easily—so easily that up to this time it had not seemed worth while to work at my lessons. I had preferred to smuggle storybooks—trashy novels, my mother called them—to read behind the tall backs of my geography.

When at last it was time for recess, Dorothy waited for me. "I've got a pony and a cart," she said. "Maybe you could come and ride in it on Saturday."

But before we could leave the room, Elsie was at my side; now that Dorothy was being friendly, she had to assert her previous claims.

Then, as the teacher called Elsie to her desk, Dorothy whispered, "Our mothers don't let us play with her." Her brown eyes opened wide, and her voice was even lower: "Her father keeps a saloon."

At this moment Elsie rejoined us and put her hand authoritatively on my arm. "We'll go and swing before the little kids get there."

She insisted that I get into a high swing, and began to push it violently. When it was already going too high for my comfort, she ran under me, giving the board a final shove. I can still remember my terror as the ropes creaked and the swing went up toward a great oak tree. For a moment I thought my feet would be caught in the branches. I wanted to cry. Then I heard Elsie's voice—coming, it seemed to me, from hundreds of feet below—"Fraidy cat! Fraidy cat!" Then I not only hung on but I tried, by moving my body, to make the swing go even higher. "Run under me again!" I asked. It was the first conscious act of physical courage I had ever performed.

There seem to be two definite kinds of people in the world, in regard to the way they act when challenged. One kind, if told they cannot do some especial thing, become convinced they cannot. But I have always belonged—an inheritance from my father, perhaps—to the other class, who, when told they cannot do something, will determine to do it or die!

So, when at last recess—which lasted really only fifteen minutes, but seemed to me hours—was ended, and Miss Fry, after speaking privately again to Elsie, told me she thought I'd better go back to the fifth grade, I forgot my timidity and said, "Let me try it here for a few days."

I worked strenuously the rest of the day. Noon hour was an ordeal; the boys and girls who lived near the school went home for lunch, leaving only fifteen or so of different ages, who quickly ate whatever their lunch boxes provided, then played games until the bell rang at one o'clock. Elsie stayed, as she lived too far away; the day before, she had just left at noon in order to see me, and did not go back. Her father always let her stay home if she did not want to go to school. The others were chiefly Germans or Swedes who lived near the brewery. There was a small, sharp-featured Jewish boy, just over eleven, and about to graduate, the youngest who had ever completed the course, but despised by the others because he refused to join them at Run, Sheep, Run and Prisoner's Base. Dorothy and her friends all went home.

I would have preferred, after Elsie and I had finished the rye-bread-and-cheese sandwiches and apples and sausage of our joint box, to stay indoors and study, but this was impossible. She saw to it that I was put at the end of the line when they played Crack the Whip, and when the long chain of sturdy youngsters swung so violently around that I was thrown, cutting one knee through my stocking, which was gashed on the sharp pebbles, I felt that she was really pleased. If it had not been for her, I would have cried. Not only because of the actual hurt but because of my torn stocking and the dirt on my dress.

During all the years since that day, when I have thought of Elsie, it has been with bitter resentment. But while I have been writing these pages about my first encounter—we were doomed to have many others—I wonder suddenly if I do not owe her a great debt of gratitude.

For, due to her bullying, I became hard. Not only physically hard—I had the same wiry well-coördinated physique which made my father noted in his field—but I learned not to complain, not to whimper. To grit my teeth and hang on. She never called me a fraidy cat or a cry baby, or a tattletale. And the things she did call me, later, I was able to pretend not to mind, no matter how sharply they hurt. All my life since I have worn the same mask of indifference to snubs and slights and misfortunes. In due time it made me known on two continents as insensitive. I overheard someone saying about me, in my own villa at Cannes a few years ago: "Why, that woman doesn't know when she's insulted!"

She would have been amazed if I had told her that from the daughter of a German saloon keeper I had acquired the necessary armor for conflict with her—a French marquise.

But there is this to be said about going to public school in a small town—once you have learned to get along with all the types you find there, you are equipped to get along with any people in any part of the world. Assuming you are willing to adapt yourself to learning all the ins and outs of the different customs and manners you will find.

By Friday—we had arrived on Monday—Elsie and I had reached an armed truce. Miss Fry praised me, and I won the spelling bee with which the week closed, but these victories meant little, because on the way out Dorothy said, her face flushed with embarrassment: "Mamma"—it was the first time I had heard the word pronounced with the accent on the second syllable—"has asked somebody else to play with me tomorrow. I'm awfully sorry."

The next day we moved. Part of our furniture had arrived, and we put it into an eight-room, two-story, brown frame dwelling a block beyond Elsie's, nearer the brewery. There was a vacant lot next us; my stepfather had persuaded my mother to invest all that remained of her two thousand dollars in buying both the house and the lot.

"The town's going to grow this way," Herman declared. "They're building a pickle factory in the next block and they're going to have a furniture factory soon. Besides, there are the men from the railroad shops." The idea he had forced upon Uncle Otto was that he and my mother take boarders and in addition run a little shop where German-cooked food could be sold for workmen's lunches.

Just why Uncle Otto, who knew no trade except that of a cellist, and my mother, whose entire skill was in sewing, should have been hypnotized into this sort of undertaking, I do not yet understand. Herman's interest was clear; he had owned the property; and he thought, moreover, that by having boarders so near, and a place where food, but not liquor, was sold, his own patronage would increase.

I have said that my mother intimidated and baffled me. Even now, try as I will, I can get little clew to her behavior. I know that she was the daughter of a farmer in Western Massachusetts; that she had eloped with my father, who had gone out there to look at some horses belonging to an estate near by, and that she had always been unhappy with him. Yet he was a man with charm of a boisterous sort, a smattering of education and an open-hearted generosity; whereas Uncle Otto was moody, unreasonable, frankly contemptuous of women, and not good-looking. Yet she adored him. Her complete subjugation alienated whatever natural affection I had had for her, and his jealousy of me—as a reminder of my father—made her also resentful of my presence. Uncle Otto felt that I was capable of doing a great deal of work around the house "to pay for my board and keep." My mother, as automatically as if she were a creature in a trance, therefore delegated a great many tasks to me.

The second Friday after my arrival at school I imparted to Dorothy the significant news that we had a house of our own and were no longer with Elsie's family. I assumed that her mother's cancellation of our engagement the week before had been due to my living over the saloon.

Dorothy was plainly delighted. "Where is it?"

"Over near the new pickle works." This, I felt, sounded better than saying near the brewery.

"Oh!" Her mouth became round with distress. "But nobody lives there! That's on the wrong side of the tracks!"

This was my first knowledge of definite social barriers. My immediate feeling was terrible regret that she was not, after all, going to ask me to her house. Then I was filled with resentment against Uncle Otto at having chosen a location which automatically kept me away.

(Continued on Page 89)

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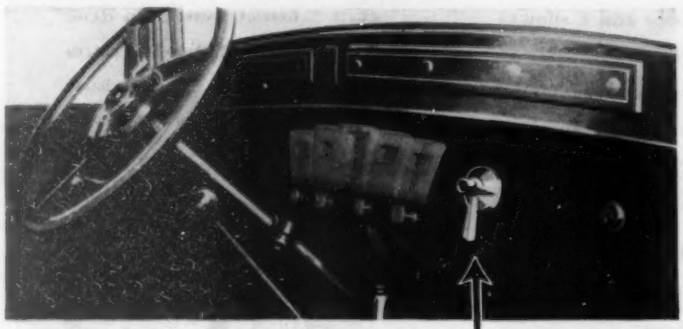

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YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH A TRANSITONE

(Continued from Page 86)

It took me several days to reach another conclusion—one which was to be the foundation for all my life since. I made up my mind that no matter where I lived, I would make friends with Dorothy and her crowd.

When I see children, nowadays, of ten and eleven, I wonder how it was possible for a girl of my age to have fixed on an ambition and been so shrewd about working it out. But this may be because most of the youngsters I now observe have been carefully guarded since birth by nurses and governesses, and their native initiative is undeveloped. I had been allowed to do and to read anything I desired. I was an only child, and somehow or other I was mature beyond my years; although in the picture of my class, taken that year, I looked young and peculiarly innocent compared with my contemporaries.

There is something absurd about calling a girl who is not eleven a social climber, but I believe that if this instinct is inborn it asserts itself sometimes at an even earlier age. The ways in which I struggled to achieve my ends were not entirely the product of my mind; some of them were simply intuitive.

I knew, for instance, that Dorothy liked me, and that her four or five best friends at the school were divided. So I began to make up to them. I would swing them until my arms ached; I would be on their sides at games; and I was always ready to help them with their lessons. I would look over their arithmetic problems, correct their mistakes, and show them how to get the same answer that was in the back of the book. Writing compositions was easy for me; I had read so much that I had a bigger vocabulary than most of the others, and I helped one after another when they were laboring over a piece about Halloween or Thanksgiving.

I made an even greater sacrifice. I had a definite craving for candy, and when one of the boarders would give me five or ten cents, I would stop at a store near the school and select marshmallow bananas and other penny confections to eat at recess. But I found that Dorothy and her friends were not allowed to buy candy, although they longed for it; so I got into the habit of giving them the things I terribly wanted myself.

I also acquired prestige from Elsie's unfriendliness, for she was greatly disliked by the nice girls. I explained to them that it was awful for me to have to live near her, but my stepfather had made us leave Boston and come out here. The mere fact of the death of my father—whom I described with more poetic license than strict accuracy—won sympathy for me. And the phrase "stepfather" was so reminiscent of fairy tales in which a step parent is notoriously cruel that I began to be regarded with pity. If I had not been so generally helpful, I imagine the pity would have been less considerable.

Then, as Christmastime came near, I noticed that whenever I came up to the crowd—of which I was now a recognized member so long as we were all at school, although I was never asked to their houses—conversation stopped and they all seemed embarrassed. It was Elsie who triumphantly told me why they whispered so much.

"Dorothy Malcolm's going to have a party," she repeated in a singsong way, "but she didn't ask you."

I had enough presence of mind to answer, "Is that so?" and refuse to say more.

School was out on Friday, for Christmas came on Tuesday that year. I was kept busy every moment of the days, for by this time there were three boarders at our house, all of whom had meals at different hours, and the shop was doing a brisker business. But to all that I accomplished at home I gave only my surface attention. Over and over again, like a refrain, I said to myself, "I've got to go to Dorothy's."

Then, on Sunday, when I was sweeping the upstairs, I realized that I would not see her again. There was no further chance for her to invite me. Tears came into my eyes, and the necessity to get a handkerchief caused me to open my mother's bureau drawer. There, beneath a layer of sensible undergarments, I found the most beautiful baby doll in the world. It was completely dressed; it was the sort of doll every little girl dreams of. For several years I had felt myself too grown up to play with dolls, but now I perceived that my mother, who scarcely listened when I expressed my preferences, had dressed this one for me with great care. I held it in my arms. Its brown eyes closed, with long lashes lying over its pink china cheeks. Oh, but I would enjoy having this! And I wasn't really too old; the nice girls all played with dolls sometimes. Dorothy had confessed that she cried when she broke hers. I had an idea!

I ran down to the kitchen, holding the treasure tenderly. "Oh, mother, I'm terribly sorry! I found this by mistake!"

Mother, under Uncle Otto's tutelage, was trying to cook a hare. She did not turn around.

"Is it really for me? All mine? Can I do anything I want to with it?"

She tasted the gravy and burned her mouth. "Certainly you can," she answered. "You can throw it out of the window if you want to."

I kept it in my bed all that night, being careful not to muss its long lawn dress edged with narrow lace. How I would have loved to keep it! I could pretend it was my little sister and talk to it.

But the next day, about noon, I wrapped it carefully in a piece of white tissue paper I found in the store and wrote on a blank card: "To Dorothy. Merry Christmas and love, from her friend Ruth."

I managed to slip out of the house, and ran all the way across town up to the Malcolms' big house. Sometimes on the way home from school I had lingered on the sidewalk talking to Dorothy, but never had I gone past the iron stag and right up to the front door.

My heart beat violently as I rang the bell. A maid in black and white, with a cap, just as in the English novels I'd read, opened the door. She apparently assumed I was one of Dorothy's friends, so asked me to go into the drawing-room. This expression on the printed page had made me suppose it had something to do with drawing, but I could find no signs of this occupation in the long room with a bow window and a wood fire burning. The walls were papered in dark red and crowded with framed paintings; never had I seen so many chairs and sofas and little tables with lace covers and silver-framed photographs and china bric-a-brac.

I was too timid to sit down, either in one of the deep chairs or on one of the little gold ones. I was standing not far from the entrance, package in hand, when Dorothy and her mother, who had the same kindly, sweet expression, came in, both wearing hats, with fur scarfs and muffs.

Mrs. Malcolm had come to school once or twice in her carriage to call for her daughter, but I had never met her before. Now she took my hand and said Dorothy had often spoken of "her new little schoolmate."

I was encouraged to hand over the package to Dorothy, who unwrapped it eagerly and gasped with joy. Her mother praised the doll warmly, then said, "Your present for Ruth is on my bed—the red box. Go and bring it down."

She told me to sit beside her on a little sofa near the fire, and she asked me a few questions—not inquisitively, but in such a nice way that I found myself describing all the work I had to do and telling her about my stepfather, who didn't like me. "And what do you want to be when you grow up, Ruth?"

I blushed. She was so pretty, and there was a smell of violets when she took out a handkerchief. I said impulsively, "I'd like to be just exactly like you."

She put her gloved hand over mine. "We'll have to find a better ambition for you than that." But I knew she was pleased. (Continued on Page 91)

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S-90

(Continued from Page 89)

When Dorothy came down with a big box of candy and a card on which the ink was not yet dry, Mrs. Malcolm said, "Did you remember to ask Ruth to your party tomorrow night?"

Dorothy became scarlet. "I—I forgot."

"My little daughter's so forgetful." She put her arm around the girl's shoulders. "But we all want you, Ruth. We have supper at half-past six, so all the children can come, and a little dance afterward in the mansard."

I didn't know what a mansard was, but I felt it was better than heaven. "If someone can bring you," she went on, "I'll see that you get home safely. Tell your mother it won't be later than ten."

How I got out of the house and back home, I do not know. The phrase "walking on air" is inadequate. The gates of paradise had opened.

I found my mother flushed from the heat of the kitchen stove and from Uncle Otto's scornful criticism of the German noodles she had made at his instigation. Usually I had no desire to speak of my own plans to them, but today I was exhilarated beyond caution.

"I'm going to the party!" I cried.

"Set the table," Uncle Otto answered.

My head was still in the clouds as I placed plates and knives and forks on the round table in the dining room. In my excitement I dropped a tray of cups, and the clatter brought my stepfather to the scene. "You can pay for every one of them yourself!" was the gist of his remarks, to which he added a great deal of scolding and comments on my clumsiness and carelessness.

"I haven't any money," I answered, picking up the débris.

"Oh, yes; I know about the nickels and dimes you have."

But I shook my head. "I haven't any money." Nor did I tell him what I had done with my savings. Perhaps I had acquired stubbornness from him, for neither then nor later have I ever told anyone anything I did not deliberately desire them to know. I have never explained or apologized, unless for some reason of my own. This has been of invaluable help to me. I am known as secretive, but, on the other hand, I have been given many confidences, due to my reputation for discretion.

Dinner was a silent meal; only one of the boarders ate with us at noon, and he was a taciturn Norwegian. Afterward, when I was wiping the dishes, I spoke again to my mother about the party. She seemed unable to grasp the significance of the invitation. In fact, she had less interest in social values than any human being I have ever known. When she had been a seamstress she had classified all customers as "good pay" or "bad pay." Now she divided boarders into "quiet, sober men" or "noisy" ones, and would let only the former stay in our house.

To my question of "What shall I wear?" she gave some attention. The summer before, she had made me a pink silk dress out of some material an actress had left at our house and never claimed. "I guess that will do," she now said. "Though it's short sleeves and your underwear will show."

"I'll fix that. But I haven't any shoes or stockings."

"I can't ask Otto," she said. Uncle Otto kept all the money, and as he did the marketing she did not even have any change. "Well, you'll have to wear your school shoes."

But this I determined not to do. During the afternoon I volunteered to stay in the store. A good many people came in to buy things, and as I put the dollars and half dollars and once a five-dollar bill in the cash box, I made up my mind that part of this belonged to me. It was my father's money which had bought the house and made the shop possible. At the end of the afternoon I took three dollars for myself, put on my hat and coat, called to my mother I had to go, and went quickly uptown to a shoe store. I bought a pair of black patent-leather slippers which were like those I had seen Dorothy wear once when she was going to a party after school, and at the dry-goods store I bought some white stockings. Then I selected a pink hair ribbon and ran home.

After supper I showed these purchases to my mother, who was more afraid of Uncle Otto's wrath if he should discover what I had done than of the ethical problem involved.

Fortunately, we went to Elsie's for Christmas dinner, and by six that evening Uncle Otto had been put to bed, so he never saw me in my finery. Heinie, who had overheard his sister's sarcastic comments on the party, volunteered to take me there. When he saw me, all dressed in pink, with my hair hanging in curls, he said, "You look nice."

I left him on the sidewalk in front of the Malcolms' house and ran up to the door. Several carriages were coming along, and I did not want anyone to see my escort. The maid told me to go upstairs and take off my wraps. My old brown coat and hat looked out of place with the others lying on the wide four-poster bed, but when I looked in the mirror I felt encouraged. The bedroom itself fascinated me, and when, beyond it, I saw a bathroom—the first one with running water and a porcelain tub I had ever seen—a determination was born to have a house like this some day. When I went back to Fording twenty years later I again put my wraps in this bedroom—only this time it was an ermine wrap—and the room seemed to have shrunk in size, and the furnishings, although they had not been changed, I called suburban.

But that evening it seemed a large and incredibly luxurious place; I went downstairs almost overcome by awe, and not until Dorothy, who saw me through the open double doors leading into the drawing-room, came out and kissed me did I recover. Her father wore a dress suit, which impressed me tremendously, and her mother had a low-necked dress of cherry red. The others—I suppose there were a dozen adults and twenty children—all wore evening clothes, but the little girls were dressed much as I was.

There were two gayly decorated tables in the big dining room, and at the children's table the boys and girls were seated alternately. On one side of me was Dorothy's brother, Richard, a boy of fifteen, who was home from an Eastern boarding school for the holidays, and on the other side another girl's brother, who was attending a military academy in Ohio. Out of the corner of my eye I watched them carefully before attempting to select the right spoon or fork for the various courses.

If a girl is to be attractive to the opposite sex, she is relatively as attractive at eleven as at twenty. Both these boys liked me; at first glance they may have thought I was too much of a kid, but as the meal progressed they got over that; partly because I listened with wide-eyed, genuine interest when they described their lives at boarding school, and partly because I had that indescribable quality which makes some girls popular, while others, who may be prettier or better dressed or more clever, are wall flowers. The effect which this knowledge of my own attraction has had upon my life cannot be estimated. I have always regarded it as an asset, just like long eyebrows and thick, lustrous, coppery-colored hair. Being sure of it, it has never turned my head. I was never boy crazy or unduly elated by masculine attention. I have used it for all it was worth, but it has been a tool, a means to an end. Without it, I should never have been where I am now.

Another result of my security in regard to men liking me is that other women have rarely been jealous of me. Perhaps they have instinctively recognized my own lack of susceptibility and known, therefore, that I was not to be really feared. My head has always ruled my heart. Apparently, when I built up resistance against fear, timidity and material deprivations, I built up a complete emotional resistance.

After supper we climbed two flights of stairs to the mansard—which I found was a converted attic with built-in seats under the windows and a raised platform for the three-piece orchestra. I had all the partners I wanted, and the girls were very sweet to me too. Having found that the Malcolms had invited me, they took their cue; for Mr. Malcolm, as the owner of the big chemical works, was the richest man in town, and he and his wife, who had "come from the East," were considered the final authority in social matters.

At ten there was a Virginia reel, in which everyone, young and old, took part; then the youngsters were sent home. My hostess patted my shoulder when, in turn, I said good night. "You were the belle of the ball. Richard is to drive you back."

He put me into the closed carriage, then asked me where to tell the coachman to go.

The necessity to tell him almost ruined my evening, but he only said, "It's nice and quiet over there"; then got in beside me and told me that he wanted to go to Annapolis and be a naval officer, while we jogged across the tracks and back to my shabby house.

"I want to do something for my country," he declared. "I don't care about making money."

And then and there I rejected the plan, which I had formed earlier in the evening, of marrying him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DRAWN BY P. BARLOW

"Why, Uncle Horace, I Haven't Been on a Horse in Twenty Years!"

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Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

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WHEREVER there is material of any kind to be hauled, you are likely to see Ford trucks at work. You will find them at many a shipping-platform, or meet them on the way. And see them climbing ramps, out of excavations.

You will notice Ford trucks where business is swift . . . and in rural sections, where strict economy often dictates the type of transportation. For the Ford truck is excellently adapted to a wide variety of purposes.

A number of new features increase the usefulness of the Ford truck, adding as well to its capable performance and rugged strength. Among them are the spiral-bevel-gear rear axle; the two optional gear-ratios; the larger brakes; the heavier front axle and spring; the 4-speed transmission, and the dual rear wheels—available at small additional cost.

Standard bodies for the Ford truck, which are the panel, stake, and platform, are mounted on the chassis with 131½-inch wheelbase. A chassis with 157-inch wheelbase is available for carrying light but bulky loads.

Bodies are strong and good-looking, with loading-space of carefully planned dimensions. The stake and platform types can be equipped with either open or enclosed cabs. Go to your Ford dealer. Let him show you how long and well, and at what low cost, the Ford truck will serve your purposes.

Ford

POINTS SOUTH

(Continued from Page 7)

year a surplus quantity of inferior cotton that gluts the market and injures the price. Here you have the modern problem of obsolescence. The solitary-mule method is obsolete, the cotton is obsolete because it is produced at a high cost, much of it at a loss, against the competition of the low-cost power farmer in the Southwest, and the one-mule farmer himself, as an economic unit, is wholly obsolete. He has been unable to hold his place in time. So long as he is there, doggedly surviving in poverty and discontent, he will be a liability to cotton culture as a whole. His quantity is not necessary. It had better not be grown. Yet so long as he grows it he will be hurting everybody's profit. What to do about him? Rationally, why do anything about him? Let him alone and he will vanish, as all obsolescence must, down to a measure at which it becomes quaint and curious. But meanwhile, say those who are for bringing relief to him in some such form as an export bounty on cotton or a direct government subsidy—meanwhile, they say, he may starve. Well, a man who may starve with the soil in his hands is already a public charge, and it would, perhaps, be cheaper to treat him as such than to keep charging him to the distress of agriculture. He may starve on cotton. That is so. It would take him a thousand years to starve on cows, pigs, chickens, a vegetable garden and a few acres of corn, instead of his one-mule one-hand cash cotton crop.

FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

In the room, second floor front, nothing has changed since the downfall of the commode. At that time the floor was bored for running water and a porcelain basin not much greater than an inkwell was screwed to the wall paper in the corner. But all the world of sound outside has changed. When this was a grand room, say, about 1900, the sounds that lifted into the window were of tilted chairs coming down on the veranda below as the sitting ended, yawning voices exchanging bedtime wishes, the crack of billiard balls, a tinkle of glasses, the whinny of horses weary of waiting, hoof beats, the barber-shop quartet or a trio with banjo, guitar and harmonica, playing softly. Now the sounds that keep you awake are of car doors slamming, starter gears whirring, engines racing, the automatic gong of the one traffic light marking the arbitrary intervals, and, above all this, the radio through a loud-speaker over the door of the local music shop.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Propaganda at a filling station:

"How do you like U. S. 1?"

"Fine so far."

"First time over it?"

"Yes."

"It's fine all the way. If you like it, give it a boost in the North."

Which means there are now two fast motor highways from the North to Florida competing for favor. This is United States Highway No. 1. The other is the Virginia-Carolinas-Florida Short Route, via Charleston and down the coast. It means also a change in the point of view.

Roads there always will be in the old sense—township, county and state roads. But a motor highway is not one of these made harder and wider, nor any number of them connecting for uses of continuous travel. The automobile got its puppy legs on roads as such—dirt roads mostly—and that was very good training for it. Then, year by year, as it unimaginably grew toward a vehicle possessing the speed of a locomotive and a radius unlimited, the struggle to keep roads of any kind under it was so desperate that for a long time nobody could seize the problem in a radical manner. Only now are we beginning to see what it is.

There was the same dimness of vision toward the locomotive. That a revolutionary means of transportation had appeared was not all at once clear. The first railroads were local. As their importance became regional and national, their ends were joined together and systems were evolved, but, because of its local beginnings, the railroad structure to this day, especially in the East, is full of geographical awkwardness. Men would have planned railroad systems very differently if they had planned them first.

The motor car has developed much faster than the locomotive did. Actually it has, though when you consider what greater means and technical knowledge the motor-car makers had to work with, it may not be relatively so. At any rate, the locomotive itself could not develop faster than the roadway under it. This was, first, strap iron nailed to wooden stringers, then iron rails laid on crossties, and at last steel of enormous weight and as finely made as the blade of a knife. Neither can the motor car develop faster than the way on which it runs. Hence the importance of the distinction now beginning to be perceived between motor roads and motor highways. Any road must be a motor road, since the motor car is universal, but a motor highway is not merely an improved road. It is not a road at all—that is, not as we have thought of roads since the railroad displaced the post road. A motor highway is an original artery in the economic body. It is an engineered way for transportation, for seasonal migrations and for long-distance travel by means of a new power vehicle of astonishing mobility. In that character great motor highways would never be built by separate political divisions, meaning townships, counties and states. It could not be expected of them. There must be a large geographical plan to begin with, and obviously it must be one in which national, regional and state considerations may all be reconciled. This way of thinking led to the Federal-aid scheme. The Washington engineers lay down the regional and national plans, and then, as the states conform their own road-making plans to these, the cost of making a highway is halved. The Federal Government stands one-half and the state finds the other half. It was under this scheme that ideas of highway routes and systems began to prevail over the local view of roads. The interstate view now is definitely established. For example, there is the Virginia-Carolinas-Florida Short Route Highway Association, in which all the states save only Georgia are represented by civic organizations and chambers of commerce; and the purpose of the association is to promote goodwill for that way from Washington to Key West. This is in competition with United States Highway No. 1.

Nevertheless, the idea of a motor highway is not yet radical enough—not as radical as it will be when at length we do realize what the possibilities of motor-car transportation are. The motor highway is still led through towns and cities, generally because the towns and cities want it that way, just as once they wanted the railroad. If it came down the main street like the old post road that was, all the better. Thus the local idea survives. When, in the course of time, the natural physical conflict between through and local traffic has produced an intolerable congestion, then the town sees that through traffic ought to go around; only, by that time, the cost of sending it around may be very great, almost prohibitive, whereas, in the first place, it might have been very handily done.

Between a motor highway and a railroad there is one point of unique difference: It is necessary for a railroad to touch a town or a city in order to serve it. It must go all the way there. Not so with a motor highway, on which you have, instead of trains on rails, an unlimited number of flexible, individually controlled power vehicles, each with a separate intention and free to turn off the highway at any point. Therefore, a motor highway need not touch a city or a town at all. As through traffic approaches its destination it changes its character, becoming local, seeking the local way. At that point where it changes character motor traffic should turn off the highway into local roads. A few states, notably New Jersey in the East and Missouri in the West, have seized the idea of express highways that eliminate cities and towns. New Jersey came to it only when the confusion of traffic in the cities became unbearable. In Missouri it was forethought.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

There are cities like this, not too often made over, where one view of a street may include three periods of taste. The modern period, of course, or what now may be the style in building. Then the period we call the 90's, meaning sometime about 1890. The third is the period of all before that, back as far as the life is in bricks, mortar and the heart of well-chosen wood. Let the modern period be. Another generation will look at that with a free and distant critical faculty. We, perhaps, cannot see it for the doing of it. Moreover, the amazing contrast is not between the modern thing and what belonged to either of the other periods; it lies between the ugliness of what was made in the 90's and the general good taste of all that had been made before and was already there. The riddle is that with the fine designs they had in their eyes, people, nevertheless, built these ugly things in the 90's—things for which they had no designs at all. As you look from one to the other, you cannot imagine it. They were born to a world in which Colonial taste was dominant who invented what followed, accepted it, even thought it good-looking. It was change. It was novel. There was nothing else to recommend it, unless that would be its unfortunate durability. Samuel Butler said that although the psyche is at rest and happy only with familiar objects and ideas, hence the way we resist change, yet, nevertheless, Nature would not be herself if she had not implanted also in the mind a desire for novelty. That is, perhaps, all it was—a demand for novelty, a movement toward change, and no good patterns ready. It is curious, though perhaps a natural fact, that an onset of bad taste affects everything alike. Not only were the houses of the 90's ugly, so was furniture ugly, so were interiors and colors, so, also, were the styles of dress. It may be our thoughts were ugly too.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

Loveliness may be crushed with words. It is so subtle, so deeply associated with moods and memories in collaboration, that a feeling of it cannot be imparted by description. A line of poetry may evoke emotion from the same depth, but you have then a word image acting upon the imagination, and not loveliness itself acting upon the senses. It is from knowing this to be true that with a lame tongue at the end, we say to one another, "But you must see it!" The thought is suggested by a recollection of the gardens in the mid-thoroughfare of Savannah. Why are they so lovely? And why does one remember them, not as a series of parked centers to go around by four right angles each and, therefore, a nuisance to through traffic, but as gardens really in the romantic term? It is common enough to find an idea of things in which the senses delight above use and utility or the necessities of vehicular movement. Here it is not an idea. That is perhaps where the difference lies. From the idea you get a park avenue with some barbered green down the middle of it; from the feeling you get gardens in the street. These Savannah gardens, not formal, not too tidy, represent a long compact between Nature and people, honorably observed on both sides. The fragrance is the essence of her histories and theirs distilled together.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Garrett. The second will appear next week.

Showing "American" Pumps in Sewage Pumping Station at New Rochelle, New York

"AMERICAN" PUMPS at NEW ROCHELLE

THREE fifteen-inch large capacity "American" Centrifugal Pumps are in service in the Sewage Pumping Station in New Rochelle. The city depends upon the uninterrupted disposition of its sewage and wastes, to maintain its inhabitants' good health.

Ample pure water—sufficient fire protection—and efficient sewage disposal are matters of sufficient dependable pumping capacity.

Over a period of a great number of years, "American" Centrifugal Pumps, Sewage Pumps, Deep Well Turbines and Deep Well Plunger Pumps have come to be standard equipment for the day after day reliable service required in municipal pumping.

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Aurora, Illinois

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IT'S Sir Walter speaking. What, Sir Walter Raleigh? The same.

Some months ago he offered pipe lovers a free booklet on "How to take care of your pipe." And the poor chap's been buried under requests ever since.

However, we've succeeded in engaging two of Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting to help the old boy out with his mail—so don't hesitate to send for your copy. It tells you how to break in a new pipe—how to keep it sweet and mellow—how to make an old pipe smoke smoother and better—the proper way to clean a pipe—and a lot of worth-while hints on pipe hygiene.

If you're a real pipe smoker, you'll want to read this booklet. If you're not a pipe smoker, you'll be one after you read it. A post card or letter asking for it is all that's necessary. It's free. Just write to the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

It's 15¢ and *it's milder*

A WOMAN LIKE YOU

(Continued from Page 17)

be intellectual brooding, but across the breakfast it's just sulks." But she wished the play hadn't reminded her of so many things.

At supper she was separated from Marlow. She was between a man who didn't seem to know she was there, and another who ate and drank overheartily and had the same expression in his eyes when he looked at the food and at her. She was glad when she could go home, though it wasn't home. Marlow drove her back to the hotel in the car which she had refused to let him put at her disposal; but they went first through the Bois, which can be particularly magical between midnight and sunrise, when all the shadows grow blacker and the trees seem higher than by day.

"Tomorrow is going to be mine, isn't it?" he asked.

"I'm afraid it can't be. I've promised to go out into the country to see some people."

"Must they be seen?"

"Yes. They're friends—old friends. They've a little villa at Vernon near Tours, and they telephoned to know if I'd come tomorrow. I've promised."

"Driving out?"

"No. I don't feel that rich. I'll take a train."

"Let me drive you out. Or would they mind me?"

"They'd like you," Carolyn said eagerly. "They've always got people coming and going. And you'd like them. Margery and Jim Culver are rather splendid."

"Then that's settled."

"By the way ——"

"What way?"

"I've not told them about Allan and me. They're Allan's friends, too, you see."

"They'll have to know, won't they?"

"Of course. But I'd like to choose my own time to tell them, and this may not be it. That's why I mention it. There are things I'd have to explain to the Culvers. They're fond of Allan."

"I see," said Marlow thoughtfully. He took her hand, laid his lips upon it and went on: "You must stop sentimentalizing your husband. You must realize that you're through with that episode. And you must make up your mind to marry me as soon as a dull law allows."

"Another episode?"

"I think it would be a very pleasant one. There are a great many things it would be delightful to see and do with you. I've never known a woman like you, Carolyn."

"But you've known many."

"Well, a man of my age is bound to."

Honest, she thought. Not like Allan, who had sworn right up to the end that he never looked at another woman. And, of course, he had—looked at them most dramatically. This was the honest way. But it didn't sound like marriage, somehow. It sounded as if he were asking her to take a walk or something equally impermanent. This was not even a promise, even if it was an offer of marriage. But, of course, she knew his philosophy about marriage. Emotions and laws were there, for citizens to use. He'd been married before—twice. As someone had said tonight, he could afford it.

She turned the lovely dark oval of her face toward him and was still warm with the consciousness of having deeply stirred desire, of having waked passion, when she went into her hotel. That, at least, would be there. She could count on that.

It was past one by the court clock, and stars in the black sky made a pretty ceiling. Carolyn walked softly, for the place was very quiet and the echoes of her heels seemed noisy and disturbing. Then she saw that she was not alone. The woman in the yellow fur coat was in her usual rocking-chair.

She must have gone away for a while and come back again, for now she had a traveling rug over her knees. Her face looked white and sunken, as if she might have dozed and wakened. She was a little untidy, and an empty brandy glass stood beside her on the table. But for the first time Carolyn saw that this woman was not very old. Old for gayety and love, perhaps, but there would probably be years ahead of her yet—years of brandy and the rocking-chair, or things and places like them.

There was no overture in her glance at Carolyn now. It was the blurred, sullen stare of the half drunk, but there was hostility in it. Carolyn felt it pursue her upstairs into her very bedroom, and even when she tried to find sleep under the down pouf, she could still see that attempt at arrogance in the other woman's face. It was haunting, and yet there was no reason, she told herself, why that stranger should be on her mind. Nor was there any reason why, when she shifted her thoughts, phrases from that letter of Allan's should start repeating themselves. If only he didn't believe that stuff when he wrote it! If only they both hadn't believed it once!

The morning was golden, a last generosity of October. The holiday look which Paris gives to Sunday, even while it crowds its cathedrals with the devout, was in full effect. Marlow was in excellent spirits. There was a briskness in his manner and firmness in his mood, as if he had closed with decision and was determined to be its master. And the car slipped along, out of the city into country which was very happily at leisure.

"Oh, I'm glad I'm here!" exclaimed Carolyn.

That was what he asked of her.

"So am I glad," he said.

"Just think, I might be back there now. Sundays were so dull."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing much. Allan played golf. There wasn't much one could do. One year there were some army horses in the town—stabled there. We used to get a couple and ride once in a while."

She stopped, struck by a memory. Of course she couldn't tell about that ride—not to another man—but it had been great fun. It was on a day like today, and Allan had been at his best. When he was like that——

Marlow said, "We must ride a lot together."

"I'd love to."

It was a long trip. They had déjeuner along the way in a little inn, where, according to Marlow, the food wasn't very good. But Carolyn was hungry and liked it. Even at the swift speed of the big car, it was mid-afternoon when they arrived at the Culvers' villa. The villa was just the sort of place the Culvers would be ingenious or lucky enough to find, as Carolyn thought and said. It wasn't big, but it had a garden, and there happened to be fine pieces of furniture to take the curse off the atrocious ones, and the servants were benignant and, as Margery whispered, cheap. Carolyn hadn't realized how she would feel at seeing the Culvers. They took all that feeling of being a stray out of her, which had been intermittently pressing upon her ever since she had left her home, or what had been her home. They knew all about her, and she knew all about them and liked them and their two amusing, unspoiled children. The Culvers, even in a French villa, brought back memories of Sunday-night suppers in America, of intimate discussions, of friendship that was warm and dependable, that wasn't subject to change. There were, as Carolyn had expected, other guests, but they all mingled easily in the cordiality of the Culver friendship. Marlow found points of contact with the rest of the company almost immediately. Carolyn admired that. She watched him in this somewhat scholarly group, a trifle classic compared to the one they had been in the night before, and certainly far less affluent, and saw how adaptable he was. Or was it a beautifully polished detachment which refused to let any group or habit claim him? She wasn't sure.

It was a little difficult when they asked about Allan. Carolyn only said that he was well and let it go at that. She hoped for a chance to talk to Margery alone, but there was none. The talk was general—of what she was doing in Paris, where she was staying.

"That's a nice old hotel," said Margery. "I have some friends who always stay there."

"Everybody has friends who stay there," said Jim; "it's what keeps it going—the endless chain of friends."

"And Cynnie Aldis," said someone else.

"Poor Cynnie," said Margery.

Carolyn asked who she was.

"I wonder if you've seen her there," remarked the other woman; "she's often there this time of year. A tallish, dark woman—used to be very handsome."

"Wasn't she!" agreed Margery.

"But you still haven't told me who she is."

"I don't know what there is to tell. After all, her name isn't even Aldis now. What was the name of that man she married? Wasn't it Hilding?"

They began to piece it out with comments.

"I don't believe she ever cared a thing about him. But she had a good time while it lasted."

"Why didn't it last longer?"

"I'm still an ingénue," said Margery. "I don't believe it can last unless you care. And Cynthia Aldis really cared for that husband of hers—I mean the first one, of course."

"But he wasn't any good."

"Oh, I know that," Margery said. "No one could possibly blame her."

Carolyn felt as if she were hearing an echo. So many people had said that to her lately.

"I don't think anyone did blame her."

Marlow remarked, "I think I met her once. She was a very handsome woman. I haven't seen her in years."

"You wouldn't know her," answered the woman who had brought up her name. "She's just gone downhill. When I saw her last, on the Rue de Rivoli one day, I was simply shocked. She looked ten years older than she is. Of course, she drinks a lot."

"Who are her friends now?"

"I don't know. I don't think she sees people much any more. There's always Aimée Vaucourt, of course—the damaged countess. She's usually at your hotel, too, Mrs. Field."

"What does she look like?" asked Carolyn. "I haven't picked out all the countesses."

"She looks like a haystack," said Marlow—"fuzzy straw-colored hair and a puffed face."

"I've seen her."

"I think she stayed by Cynnie Aldis."

"Well, she would."

"And there was that boy of Cynnie's husband's by his first wife."

"I've heard that he just bleeds her of what little money she has left."

"It wouldn't be hard to do that with Cynthia. She was generous."

Carolyn had a memory of a young man with a dissipated-looking woman, a bored young man and a woman rocking slightly back and forth.

"Of course, he has no claim on her at all."

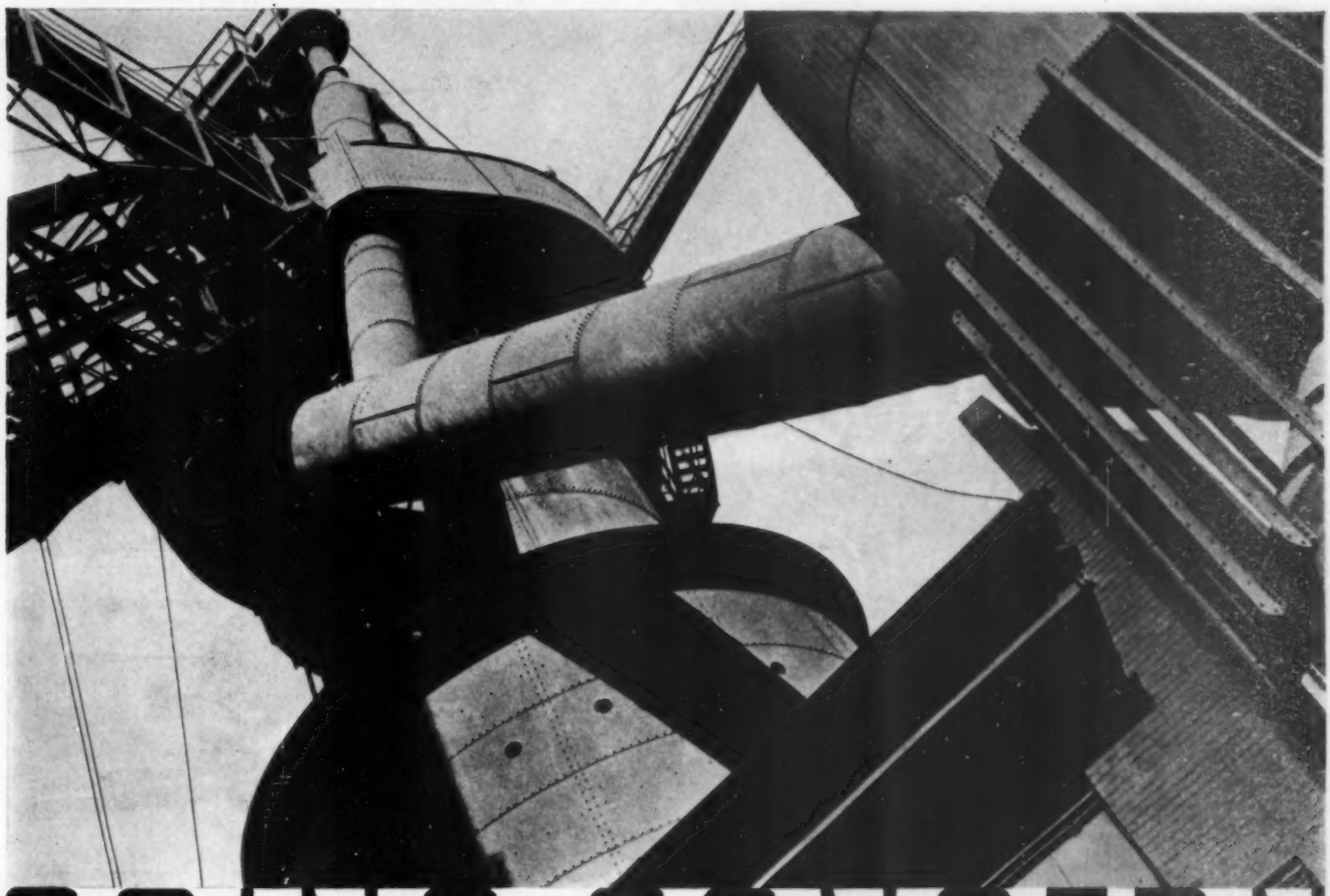
Jim drifted off from that discussion, stretched out to his long brown length, blowing imperfect rings toward the ceiling:

"If he had, he probably wouldn't get the money. Some people are like that. It's part of their generosity to yield to the unjustified demand." He turned to Carolyn and grinned. "That was a great theory of Allan's. He was always talking about the quarrel between generosity and justice."

Carolyn wondered if she had really smiled as she tried to.

"Allan has lots of theories," she said; "lots of them don't work."

(Continued on Page 97)



GOING CONCERN

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Fortunate is the factory which has such a complement of demand-producing power. As long as its product is worthy of its place and as long as this outside structure is renewed with consistent advertising, that factory will be in a favored position. It will have every advantage which business foresight can give.

To today's manufacturer, advertising is not simply a herald to introduce new wares, or a weapon to be flung into the breach of sales quotas, but an integral, structural part of his business with as definite a function as the physical power which drives his machines.

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The World Champion **President**

NEW SERIES STUDEBAKER EIGHT

(Continued from Page 94)

"I should say they don't," answered Jim, with the frankness of friendship. He spoke to Marlow, who was sitting next to him: "You know Allan, don't you?"

"No, I've never met him," said Marlow. He added, "I've heard about him from his friends."

"That won't help you," Jim chuckled. "You have to know Allan Field before his actions mean anything."

Carolyn was very taut. She knew that Marlow was about to turn the talk, and she wanted to hear the rest of this.

"And then what do they mean?"

Jim gave it a second's thought. "They either don't mean as much—or they mean more," he answered. "I've always believed that Allan never quite accepted the general ethics and thought that he could do a better job if he worked his own out. Of course, he's a dreadful egotist, with all due apologies to his wife. I've often wondered what would have happened to Allan if he hadn't come upon a woman like you."

The people at the other end of the room were not listening, for a cross discussion had been started. Marlow had risen with a certain impatience, lighting a cigarette, looking out of the darkened window to see if his car had been brought around yet.

"What do you mean by a woman like me, Jim?" asked Carolyn.

Jim smiled at her. He was really very fond of the Fields.

"I've never forgotten one thing Allan said about you to me," he told her. "You know how he is. He gets talking just because words sound so agreeable. And then your name came up, and it seemed to halt his terrible fluency. And he said with—I can't describe it, but I had a sense of his sudden knowledge of the things he never could have—'she's a steadfast person.' You know," said Jim, becoming literary again, "that's an adjective I shall regret becoming obsolete. But I think it hasn't got a chance."

"I think, if we're to get back to Paris tonight, we'd better start," said Marlow.

Back to Paris on the dark roads, the unknown roads, in the strange car, with the strange man. That was what it was like. She could feel his hand on hers, but there did not seem to be any contact.

"It's depressed you, hasn't it?" he asked. "I felt from the first that visit wasn't the wisest thing in the world. Under the circumstances, anyhow. Tomorrow you and I must have dinner together. I know a place that you don't know. If you like, we'll ask Signe. Is that all right?" His voice was a little anxious under its casualness.

"I don't know," said Carolyn. "I don't seem to know anything. I'm such a mess."

"You're beautiful. And lovely. I've never known a woman like you."

"Like me?" she repeated. "What am I like?"

Again there seemed to be no contact as he tried to tell her.

It was a still night, with a threat of rain, as if the weather had been cheerful long enough. The court of the hotel was dark and exposed and cold as Carolyn crossed it. She saw, surprised at her own relief, that the woman was not in the rocking-chair, and realized that she had dreaded seeing her there. As she got out of the lift and made her way across the red-carpeted corridor, with her magnificent brass key ready, she saw her neighbor unlocking the door of the next room.

This time their eyes met, glances closed together. The hostility was still in the stranger's face, but it melted as Carolyn spoke, changed to a kind of desire to please that was almost pathetic.

"Good evening," said Carolyn. "Here we are, both late again."

"I nearly always am."

It must have been a rather beautifully muted voice once, before alcohol fogged it.

"Won't you come in and talk for a minute?" asked Carolyn.

"I've got my door open," said the other half humorously. "Come in here, why don't you?"

Carolyn went. It was a little room, serving for both bedroom and sitting room. It was a room of economy and of a woman who did not care very much about her surroundings. Yet there were some astonishing things. Was it possible that the brushes were gold? A couple of shabby, once expensive trunks, patchworked with labels, took up much of the scant space. How far she must have gone to look for satisfaction, thought Carolyn, and how futilely, since she came back to the rocking-chair.

She introduced herself, and knew, before the woman mentioned her name, what it would be.

"But a good many people still know me as Cynthia Aldis," said Mrs. Hilding, with something like a laugh and a touch of strange pride.

"I've been wondering who you were," said Carolyn.

"I'm sure you thought it was queer—my staring at you," answered the woman who thought of herself as Cynthia Aldis—"but so many of my friends have spoken of the resemblance between us. The Countess Vaucourt was saying the other day that we might be sisters, you and I."

It was a horrid blow, that almost silly statement, that vanity which refused to acknowledge facts. And yet Carolyn realized then what she had been running away from, why she had stared for reassurance in her own mirror, why the woman's face pursued her. She took it without wincing.

"I've noticed it too," she said.

Cynthia Aldis' fine, bleared eyes went over Carolyn with the pride of one looking at a satisfactory photograph.

"Of course, I am older than you are," she said, "but I was like you when I was younger."

"Not so much older."

It wasn't much. It wouldn't be more than ten years. She came back from fear to answer the woman's next question:

"Are you staying here long? It's really quite a good hotel. Especially for a woman alone. I've always come back to it. I kind of make it my headquarters. Aimée Vaucourt feels just that way too. Will you be here for some time?"

"No," said Carolyn. "I'm leaving tomorrow. My husband wrote yesterday that he wanted to meet me in New York about the fifteenth, and I can just about make it."

She knew she was right. She didn't have to learn it from Cynnie Aldis' left-out look. She didn't know whether it was generosity or steadfastness or self-protection. But she knew it was what a woman like herself must do.

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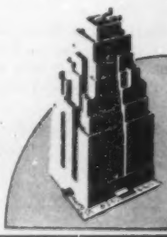

THE NEW YORKER

Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel
34th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City
RALPH HITZ · Managing Director

LADY-KILLER

(Continued from Page 30)

They swung around the floor and Harry the Harp faced the blonde's companion. A dark, sallow man of thirty-five or so, with plump little blue jowls hanging down over a blue collar. The Harp stared at him frankly, appraisingly. The man unhooded his flat dark eyes for a moment and returned the stare. Unpleasant eyes and an unpleasant stare.

Harry the Harp, as he whirled away, decided that he had never seen a tougher-looking greaseball—or maybe wop. He grinned in the changing light. The redhead looked up.

"Happy, honey?"

Harry the Harp laughed merrily. "Like a lark, baby," he assured her.

Back at their table, the half light began to dim. The black draperies which covered the walls began to lose their air of dirty make-believe and take on a mystic, velvet softness. Shapes which had been people—ordinary and worse—suddenly seemed to huddle over their little tables like blobs of wax suddenly imbued with life and color and romance. Across the way the blonde was a swimming brush stroke.

A thin young man bounded out into the center of the dance floor into a white circle of radiance and announced something or other that the fat man at the next table thought was the lousiest thing he had ever heard.

Then a girl in a white dress moved into the circle, now suddenly bathed in moonlight, and began to sing:

"I looked down and you were there,
Baby.
You looked up and sealed our pact,
Lady.
The world stood still,
As it always will,
When your red lips parted and Cupid darted
Into my waiting hear-r-rt."

The redhead expelled her breath slowly.

"That was wonderful," she whispered.

But the Harp did not hear her. Above the applause which followed, he sought the blonde's table in the rising light. She was looking at him.

Harry the Harp fingered his red-and-gray-striped necktie and smiled. He hardly heard the erstwhile Zama as she murmured something about powdering her nose, or noticed her leaving. The blonde was still looking, beckoning, it seemed to the Harp. He picked up his glass and finished it in one gulp. Then he arose. The music was starting again. He buttoned his coat and pulled it to a flawless front. Then he skirted the rapidly filling dance floor and made his way to the blonde. He stood over her and bowed.

Across the way the fat man was trying to sing. In a back corner two men in a party of eight were beating their table with empty bottles in a vain attempt to drown out the brasses.

A little man was standing on his chair, holding unsteadily to a pillar as he popped a cluster of swaying balloons with the glowing end of his cigarette. The Club Spain was at the peak of the evening.

"Imagine seeing you here," said Harry the Harp easily. "How about a little dance?"

The blonde, halfway out of her chair, a welcoming smile for an old friend on her carefully etched lips, halted irresolutely as the flat voice of her companion bit into the situation.

"She's not dancing, lady-killer."

The Harp grinned. "Says you."

"Says me," rapped out the sallow man. "Back to your own trained seal."

"Friendly boy," said the Harp to the blonde. "Nice even disposition. Mad all the time."

"Don't be a fool, Benny," urged the blonde. "I used to know—Charlie when he played in the—the Rialto orchestra, didn't I, Charlie?"

"Sure," agreed the Harp. "I was a wow with the tuba in those days."

"Be a wow with your feet," advised the sallow man, "and get back to where you came from."

"Be a good sport," pleaded the blonde. "It's ages since I seen—Charlie."

"If I had my tuba here I'd play for you," promised the Harp. "I'm a friendly guy myself."

"Please, Benny."

Benny pressed the remains of his cigarette into the tray before him and slowly unhooded his flat eyes.

"Beat it, lady-killer," he commanded, and something in the tone sent the blonde back into her seat with a little half cry of fright.

But love rode with loose reins astride the Harp. He unbuttoned his coat and folded his arms. A waiter was staring anxiously over his shoulder.

The sallow man dropped his fingers from his glass.

"Goin'?" he inquired casually.

"Go back!" cried the blonde suddenly. "You don't know him! He—he ——"

"Sure I know him, baby," said the Harp airily. "He's one of these tough greaseballs that ——"

"Look out!" screamed the girl.

As swift as the soft brown hand of the sallow man was the right foot of the Harp. It caught the edge of the table just as the hand, covering all but the ugly snout of an automatic, jerked itself free of the alleged greaseball's coat. The crash of table, glassware and greaseball which followed the sudden push of the Harp's natty patent-leather foot was illuminated by a series of vicious red-orange streaks as the soft brown hand went over backward, pressing automatically on the trigger.

The Club Spain is not a polite place where men with spring in their veins and their pride to consider are unknown. The blaring of the dance band ended in a sudden clatter of hastily dropped brass. Screaming women and men, their heads drawn down between their shoulders, scuttled across the dance floor.

Somebody was bellowing for the police, the police, the police!

A frightened waiter, acting at the curt command of his captain, tried to throw the switch which lighted the main lights and pulled the master switch instead.

In the sudden darkness which followed, Harry the Harp reached over and took the blonde by the wrist.

"Come on, baby," he whispered tenderly. "I got your coat."

Women began to scream, high-pitched exclamation points of hysteria to punctuate the din. Somewhere a man lit a match and began to curse. As he moved swiftly toward the outer door, twisting this way and that, to avoid stumbling forms less sure of direction, Harry the Harp heard the hoarse voice of the fat man announcing that the whole thing was the loushiest thing he had ever seen.

There was a milling jam in the middle of the entry. The Harp guided the blonde around it and eased her into the hall. Then the lights flashed on.

Harry the Harp moved sharply forward and held out a dirty yellow ticket to the blinking, frightened girl behind the half door.

"Make it snappy," he commanded, and laid a dollar bill on the tin tray.

A moment later they were through the door and into a waiting cab.

But in that moment a girl forced her way through the growing crowd about the entryway and ran down the hall. The outer door had hardly settled to its customary position before her white hand was on the knob. The door of the taxi had hardly slammed when she ran down the short flight of steps.

"Harry, honey!" she screamed and then, as the receding point of red light swung around a corner and disappeared: "You cheap lady-killer, you."

III

THE cab swung over to Fifth Avenue and sped uptown.

"Let's just ride," whispered the blonde.

Harry the Harp leaned forward. "Central Park," he directed the driver, "and take your time."

Presently the blonde began to laugh.

"How is your tuba, Charlie?"

Harry the Harp laughed too. It was a night to laugh. The soft rush of warm air, the hiss of moving rubber, the lights flitting past the windows, and lastly the blonde in the corner, bathed in a fragrant atmosphere of May violets, smiling.

Harry the Harp sniffed hungrily.

"Why speak of music, baby?" he inquired gently.

"Before I even know your right name?"

"What difference does a name make?"

"Not much, but I don't like Charlie and I hate tuba players."

"Call me Harry, baby."

The blonde smiled. "Mine's Margie. I—like Harry."

"I like Margie," said the Harp. "How about Benny now?"

The blonde sighed. "Poor Benny. He gets so upset. A boy ought to be more reasonable. A girl gets tired of being tied down." She ran a slim hand over her small, sleek head. "A girl gets nervous traveling around with a gun all the time."

Harry frowned. "A girl like you oughtn't be playing around with a greaseball. It ain't American."

"He ain't a Greek," said the blonde indignantly. "What do you think I am? He's a Italian. What are you?"

"Irish."

"I might have known that."

"You have Irish eyes," said the Harp, and began to sing softly:

"When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure 'tis like a morn in spring.
Through the lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the angels sing."

They turned into the park in silence.

"I think I like the Irish better than I do the Italians," whispered the blonde. "They make you feel so wonderful."

"You are wonderful, baby."

"I guess that's Irish too!"

Harry the Harp reached over and took the hand that lay across her wrap. His eyes were bright. "Sure it's Irish," he admitted tensely. "But it's true. Ever since I looked across that room and saw you, it's been true. I had to come over to you, no matter what happened—no matter what happened. Do you believe in love at first sight, baby? When everything else backs up and there's nothing out in front but something that chokes you all up? Do you?"

The blonde did not move her hand. "Do you?"

"Sure," said Harry the Harp simply.

And the blonde knew he meant it. She crept closer. An hour later she crept out of his arms and sighed.

"I guess I better be getting home."

"Where to, baby?"

"Tell him to drive over to Sixth. We won't get out at the door. I'm afraid of Benny. We can walk ——"

"That poor wop." The Harp laughed happily.

"You don't understand," said the blonde, and the Harp thrilled to the suggestion of protection in her small voice. "Being an importer of jewelry is different than being a gun. A business man like you wouldn't understand—and besides, I want to walk now."

"Sure thing, baby."

Harry the Harp gave the man a ten-dollar bill and waved away the change. He peeled the bill from a handful of yellow currency. The blonde smiled warmly.

(Continued on Page 101)

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Test Organisms	Control	15 seconds	30 seconds	60 seconds	Culture Media
Bacillus coli	+	0	0	0	Witte Peptone Broth*
Bacillus typhosus	+	0	0	0	" " "
Bacillus pyocyaneus	+	0	0	0	" " "
Bacillus proteus	+	0	0	0	" " "
Staphylococcus albus	+	0	0	0	Beef Infusion Broth
Staphylococcus aureus	+	0	0	0	" " "
Bacillus hofmanni	+	0	0	0	" " "
Streptococcus hemolyticus	+	0	0	0	" " "
Streptococcus viridans	+	0	0	0	" " "
Pneumococcus Type I	+	0	0	0	Brain Infusion Broth
Pneumococcus Type IV	+	0	0	0	Witte Peptone Broth
Micrococcus meningitis	+	0	0	0	
Micrococcus gonorrhea	+	0	0	0	
Spirillum metchnikovi	+	0			

+: Growth; 0: Sterile.
*American Public Health Association standard, Amer. Jour. Pub. Health, 1918. 8, 508.
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Temp. 37°C.

This chart shows that under the conditions of this test Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 kills the major types of harmful bacteria on less than 15 seconds' contact. 15 seconds is the minimum time in which this test can be carried out accurately.

SCIENTISTS worked for years to discover an antiseptic powerful enough to destroy disease germs in wound tissue on contact, yet entirely safe for regular daily use in mouth, nose and throat.

At last, in the laboratory of an internationally famous university, Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 was discovered.

Its active ingredient is 70 times stronger than carbolic acid; it kills germs almost instantly on contact, yet it is non-irritating when poured into open wounds, and harmless even if swallowed.

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Twenty-seven mouth washes were tested for antiseptic power

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To guard against both minor and serious infections, Solution S. T. 37 should be used twice daily as a mouth rinse and gargle. It is odorless, it does not stain, and it has a sweet, pleasant taste. Make it a practice to use it after exposure or the minute any irritation is felt in nose or throat.

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SHARP & DOHME

This product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

(Continued from Page 98)

"I—I like to walk on a night like this."

"I used to go May walking when I was a kid," the Harp told her. "We used to go out in the country and everything."

They strolled slowly down town. Only the occasional rattle and roar of the elevated disturbed their midnight idyl. They stopped to stare in the windows which remained lighted, talking and laughing. The Harp thought it was funny the number of things that they were laughing about. Presently they came to a brightly lighted window, heavily barred. The blonde stopped before it with a little cry of delight.

"I love jewelry," she said innocently.

The Harp laughed contemptuously. "Junk," he appraised it.

"But look at that watch, Harry. That isn't junk, is it? Isn't it wonderful?" There was no mistaking the thrill it gave her.

Harry the Harp stared at it indulgently. "Five hundred at the outside," he said critically.

"But the diamonds in it; aren't they wonderful, Harry? And see how small it is! Like a wonderful blazing star or something." Then, with a little face: "But I suppose in your business beautiful watches like that are all in a day's work."

The Harp nodded carelessly. "All in a day's work," he admitted.

The blonde continued to stare into the window. "If I had a watch like that," she murmured dreamily, "I—I ——"

Harry the Harp looked up at the sign over the window and made a mental note of the name.

"You'll have it tomorrow night, baby," he assured her tenderly. "Is seven o'clock too early?"

On his way home the Harp stopped in an all-night restaurant on Broadway below the roaring forties. A pasty-faced little man was eating a bowl of chili through a drooping brown mustache. The Harp dropped on to the stool beside him.

"I want to know about a little tin-horn joint over on Sixth Avenue," he stated briefly. "Place called Snitkin's. I want it for tomorrow."

IV

AT FIVE O'CLOCK in the afternoon Harry the Harp hung up the receiver on the little stand beside his bed, tossed his pajamas on the bed and went whistling to his shower. In two hours he would be waiting at the little speak-easy on Thirty-ninth Street for the girl of girls. He shaved with special care, twice over, feeling carefully for missed stubble. He dressed carefully; first silk underwear and accordion-pleated socks, then a shirt of delicate lavender set off with a faint blue line. He held up a smart suit of gray flannel and eyed it critically. As he began to dress he went over the message the pasty-faced man had sent him:

Between 5:30 and 6:30. The old man who owns the place is out to dinner, and the store is in charge of a girl. The bell over the front door rings from the back of the store. Keep up in front.

A wine-red necktie completed the picture. Harry the Harp surveyed himself carefully in the tall glass set in the bathroom door. Gingerly he arranged a light gray hat at a snappy angle and picked up a pair of chamois gloves which lay on the dresser. Then, just before leaving, he lifted the pillow from the bed and picking up the small blue weapon which lay beneath it, placed it carefully in his vest pocket.

"See you later," he advised the smiling figure in the mirror.

It was twenty minutes to six when he crossed Fifth Avenue on Forty-second Street and walked toward Sixth Avenue. It was five minutes to six when he crossed Sixth Avenue above the Snitkin Jewelry Company. It was exactly six o'clock when, with a light blue topcoat covering his sartorial splendor, he walked into the store and smiled in friendly fashion at the girl standing behind the counter.

"I would like to see that watch in the window—the one set with diamonds."

The girl smiled. She had dark hair and great dark eyes.

"Surely," she said.

Harry the Harp hummed a brisk little air as he waited, having taken the precaution to unbutton the topcoat.

The girl came back with the watch in her hand. A shapely hand with long, tapering fingers. She held it out.

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"I—I saw it last night in the window," Harry the Harp explained. "My—my sister and I were looking at it. I—I thought I might get it for her for a birthday present."

The girl nodded. "I—I think it would be great to have a brother rich enough and thoughtful enough to buy a watch like this."

Her voice had a husky quality—a quality which seemed to fit her measured way of speaking. There was music in it.

"Don't you want to look at it?"

Harry the Harp brought his eyes down from her face with a muttered apology.

"It—it looks very nice."

"It is very nice," said the girl. "The very nicest watch we have in the store."

Harry the Harp looked at his wrist watch. It was ten minutes after six. Fifty minutes to complete his little job and get down to Thirty-ninth Street!

He took the watch in his hand—his left hand. He grasped it firmly. He reached slowly for his upper vest pocket with the other. His hand, halfway withdrawn, halted. Something had frightened the girl. Her great eyes seemed to the Harp to fill with moist pleading. Her lips—red, it seemed to the Harp, as hothouse roses—quivered in sudden fear.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

The girl tried to laugh. "I—I don't quite know," she confessed. "Something in the way your hand moved, I guess. Oh, I know it was silly, but just for a moment—a second—I thought m·ybe you were—were ——"

"A—a thief?" Harry the Harp suggested.

The girl nodded. "I'm sorry," she said.

Harry the Harp laughed loudly. "Ain't that funny?" he said finally. "Know what I was reaching in my pocket for, baby?"

The girl shook her head, and then, as the color crept into her cheeks like a timid tide, she dropped her eyes.

The Harp leaned forward over the glass display case. "To see if I had enough money with me to take you out to a nice little dinner, baby," he whispered softly.

The girl's eyes came up slowly. In them the Harp read the story he was accustomed to read. He smiled tenderly.

But the girl did not return the smile. Staring over the immaculate shoulder of the Harp she saw a big man filling the doorway. A big man with a derby hat tipped forward over his broad face and an untidy trickle of ash on his bulging, wrinkled vest. His necktie was stringy and its dingy blue bore no relation, in tone or effect, to the spot of shirt underneath. The collar of his nondescript gray suit jerked itself away from his beefy neck as if he had just been unhanded from some meat hook. He was smiling. The smile irritated the girl; there was so much of good-natured tolerance and understanding in it.

"Something for you?" she snapped.

Harry the Harp swung around. His right hand moved toward his upper vest pocket.

The big man did not move. His hand still lounged easily in the gaping pocket of his gray coat.

"Better not, Harry," he advised. "Every lad to the job he does best. Yours is lady-killin'. Come along."

UNEMPLOYMENT OR LEISURE?

(Continued from Page 19)

as a department of human activity does not exist merely to support men; its primary purpose is to create goods that will serve the people.

It seems to be taken for granted, however, that spreading the work of a factory over six months when that same work might be better done in three months is somehow aiding the provision of work for men—that it is preventing unemployment. That is not so. Any plan which comprehends doing work in less than the best way and in the least time will only in the end decrease the number of men employed at wages high enough to make them consumers.

The trouble in all this is that everyone is talking about the wrong thing. It is not employment or unemployment that matters. It is work that is of consequence. The progress of the work in any industry may be interrupted by:

1. Seasonal demand for the product; only a few products are consumed equally during twelve months of the year.

2. The closing of a factory to make changes in the design of the product or of the machinery. These changes may also involve the employing of more men or of less men, according to the circumstances.

3. The general depression of industry due to one or more of a number of causes.

The thought is quite general that if work, and consequently employment, were not interrupted by any of these causes—or if indeed it were not interrupted at all—we should have an even flow of prosperity. The cry is to stabilize. The program in many respects seems to be attractive—any program is attractive which holds the promise of an easy future. Social reformers invariably promise a life of ease and plenty if only their formulas are adopted. If, however, we accept the possibility of stabilizing industry and, therefore, employment, do we also know the exact condition that we desire to stabilize? Have we as yet had any condition which, all things considered, is so good that we can ask nothing more than to continue it forever? Or is the general desire to sit amid peace and plenty and at the same time to progress to a still higher condition? Is that possible? Is permanency in the nature of things? And how great a price are we willing to pay for it?

And what is to be considered as *steady* work? There are jobs which offer steady employment of fifty-two weeks a year, seven days a week, and ten hours a day, but there is no insistent demand for such jobs. There is no question that these would be steady jobs! Who is going to decide how many hours a day and how many days a week and how many weeks a year make a job steady?

Obviously no one can decide this. No one has ever decided how long the day's work should be. Machinery did the deciding, and we have the eight-hour day only because we have been steadily cutting off the hours through the use of machinery. The eight-hour day has no force of reasoning behind it. Eight is not a kind of sacred cubit. Someone brought forth the notion that eight hours marked a good night's sleep, and so custom has now divided the remaining hours of the day into two parts—eight hours for work and eight hours for relaxation. The division is convenient, but it has no scientific basis. If the day be made too short, time required in merely getting to and from work becomes disproportionate, and rather than make the day shorter in our own industries, we took a day off the working week. Is a job less steady because it calls for five days a week instead of six or seven?

The present length of the working day and of the working week has been a development. In the future it may be feasible to work fewer days a week, or again, it may prove best to work steadily six days a week for some months and then stop. The only point on which one can now be certain

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is that we do not as yet know enough to fix any working period as exactly right—and I doubt if we shall ever know enough to do that. It may well be that some sections of industry are better off working on the highly seasonal basis, and that the trouble is not with the industry but with the men who look for a year's support from an industry which can give only half a year's support. If an industry or any industrial unit can work steadily through the whole year, so much the better, but the steady work through the year must not be gained by spreading the work and also the wages thin. Nothing is to be gained and a great deal may be lost by thinking in that direction.

It is not in the eventual interest of the wage earner and hence not in the interest of society ever to "make work" in order to retain unneeded men. The sentiment may be sound, but the method is false in that it works an economic wrong in the hope of protecting an economic right. Both the employers and the workers must be made independent and the thought must be downed that industry exists to support people. We have been forced in some emergencies to depart from this policy. We have had to spread work among a number of men, giving each man a few days a week. But we regard it as a makeshift, and surely in this scientific age industry ought to be through with makeshifts. We ought at least to be as proficient in organizing human livelihood on a secure basis as we are in coördinating the various lines of shop supply. The home, to say the least, should be on as sound a basis as the factory. Every makeshift suggested by our sympathy is another proof of the present insufficiency of our science.

Worthy of Their Hire

A make-work policy is most insidious and will creep in under many names. A company will construct buildings which it does not need—just to employ men in the construction. A city will embark on hastily considered, badly planned, crudely executed public works for the sake of the reputation of having employed the workless. I am not saying that these things are wrong, but they certainly spring from roots of wrong, and by their fruits we may know them. The employment of men at useless tasks is only bringing about a condition worse than the one which is sought to be avoided. The best that can be said is that it is doubtless cheaper to meet emergency conditions in some charitable manner than to give charity under the guise of work. Neither course, however, is necessary.

There is plenty of work for everyone, and it is not possible for any man to do useful work without in some fashion receiving adequate payment. I have often thought that if the jobless who are at times in the big cities would set to work at work they see everywhere waiting to be done, they would quickly find that they had made good jobs for themselves. The work is always there, but what men wait for is employment. It is not their fault; they have been taught for ages that it is employment and not work that counts. An employer is usually a man who has tackled the work; an employe is usually a man who is satisfied with the security of a job on another man's work. More men seek wages than seek work. If work be put first, then we shall get somewhere, for the amount of work to be done is always unlimited. The amount of work to be done never fails, only the money to pay for work seems to fail. But the money will not fail if the mind be constantly on the work instead of on the wages or the profits. The work will then provide both the wages and the profits.

In the Ford industries we are steadily trying to put the work first. Inside the shops we have the best conditions that we know how to create, we make the jobs as economical of human energy as we know how to make them, and we pay the best wages that we know how to pay. But we do nothing at all outside the shops except when it is demonstrated that our employes are being imposed on or otherwise exploited by some group. Then we aid in getting rid of that as we would aid in fighting a pestilence. In the shops we, for years, had a system of transfers by which a man who did not like his job could make application for a shift to some other job. This plan was an experiment in keeping men satisfied. But we have abandoned that plan, for we found that some men had great stacks of transfers and that, instead of searching for jobs that better fitted them, they were searching for jobs without work. And since we have no such jobs we simply abolished the transfer system. Now, if a foreman sees that a man is not fitted for the work he is doing, he sends him to the office to receive another job. This is simply putting the work first. And it seems to give more general satisfaction than the old transfer plan.

In the ordinary course of a progressive business, machines and jobs must be continually shifting. These changes displace men, and if the men displaced have viewed their jobs as ends in themselves, then they are sure to suffer hardship, and this will continue until they gain a different point of view. A job is not in the nature of a permanent endowment. It is an opportunity to gain experience in a certain kind of work, and the man in the job ought to be pressing forward to make further use of the experience he is gaining. It only makes for eventual poverty to regard a man in a job as a dependent who must be kept in his job or to regard a specific job as something that must be retained because a certain man occupies it. That can be done in politics but it cannot be done in business. Customers are freer to retaliate than are taxpayers.

In our industries we have steadily increased the total number of men employed, but have steadily decreased the number of men employed per unit of output. Our problem is to get first-class men who are capable of earning high wages, and each shift that we make gives an opportunity for sifting out men. We recently abolished a whole department that employed 650 men. Of these men, we absorbed more than 550 in other departments. The other 100 were men who we felt would be better off in another industry. It is not helping anyone to encourage the belief that a workman or a salaried man is entitled to a living out of any certain job regardless of what he does. The responsibility is on the employer to pay the very highest wages he can arrange. The responsibility is on the employe to make certain that he is not being overpaid, for a wage that is simply accepted cannot long continue. It has to be earned, and this applies equally whether the wage be one dollar or one hundred dollars a day.

Sweeping Changes

If a shift in the business has to be made or if any extensive changes have to be made, they ought to be made as quickly and as sweepingly as possible, and without regard to other than the general welfare. The immediate welfare of everyone affected is, of course, of moment, but the interests of the few cannot be protected at the expense of the many. Stopping production to make changes need not always involve a very general unemployment, but rather a shifting of jobs, for a great number of men are required to make the changes. When we discontinued the production of Model T and made the sweeping changes—which are described in a later installment—in order to produce a different kind of product, we might have extended our changes over a longer period. In that case the unemployment would have been just as great, but it would have been so distributed that it would not have been noticed by outsiders. However, it would have been harder on the men, for it would have been longer drawn out. As things worked out, we are using, directly and indirectly, as a result of our complete changes, more men than at our highest previous peak. And we are supplying work for 3500 American concerns besides our own. That, I believe, is sufficient proof that the public has gained—and

(Continued on Page 105)

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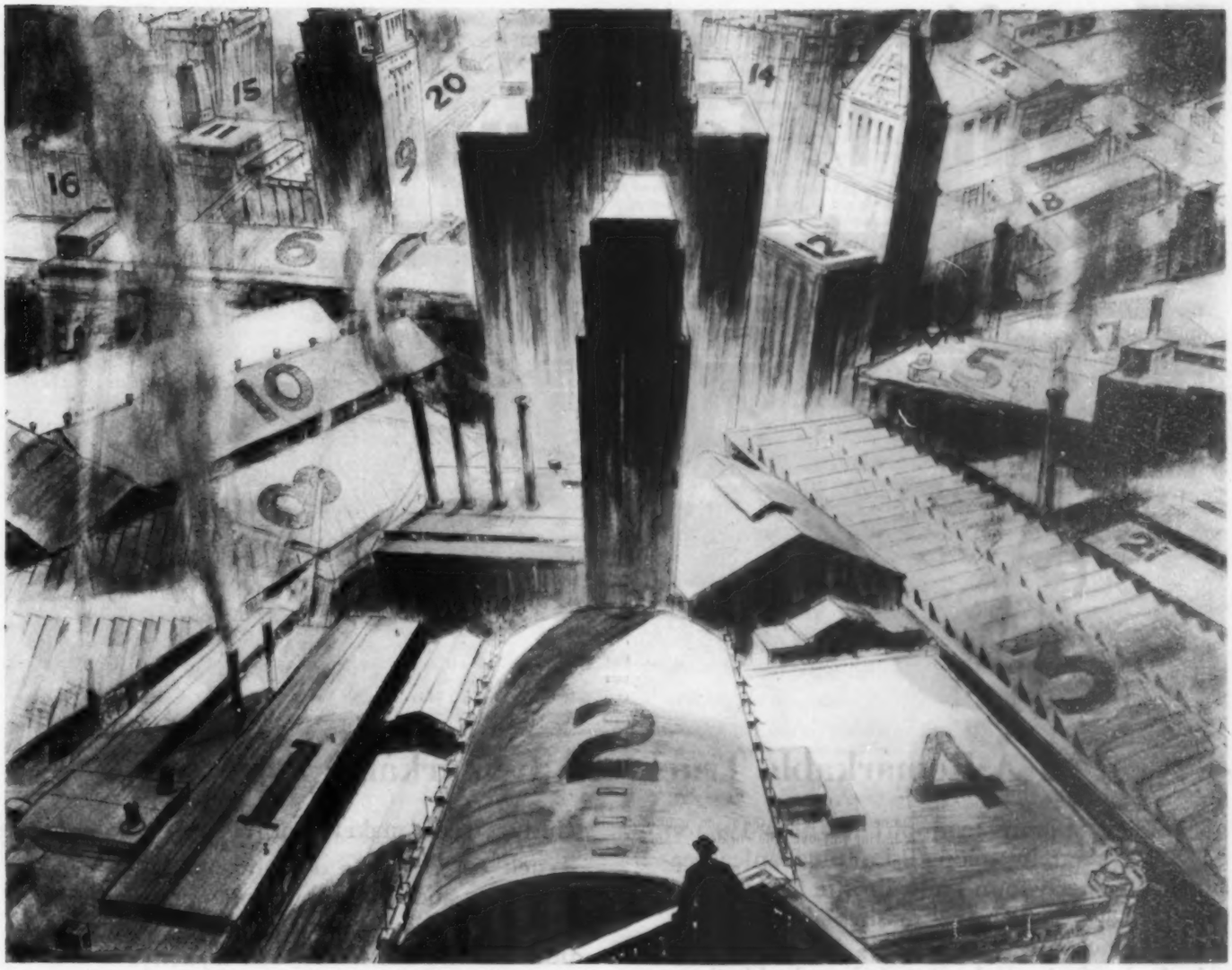

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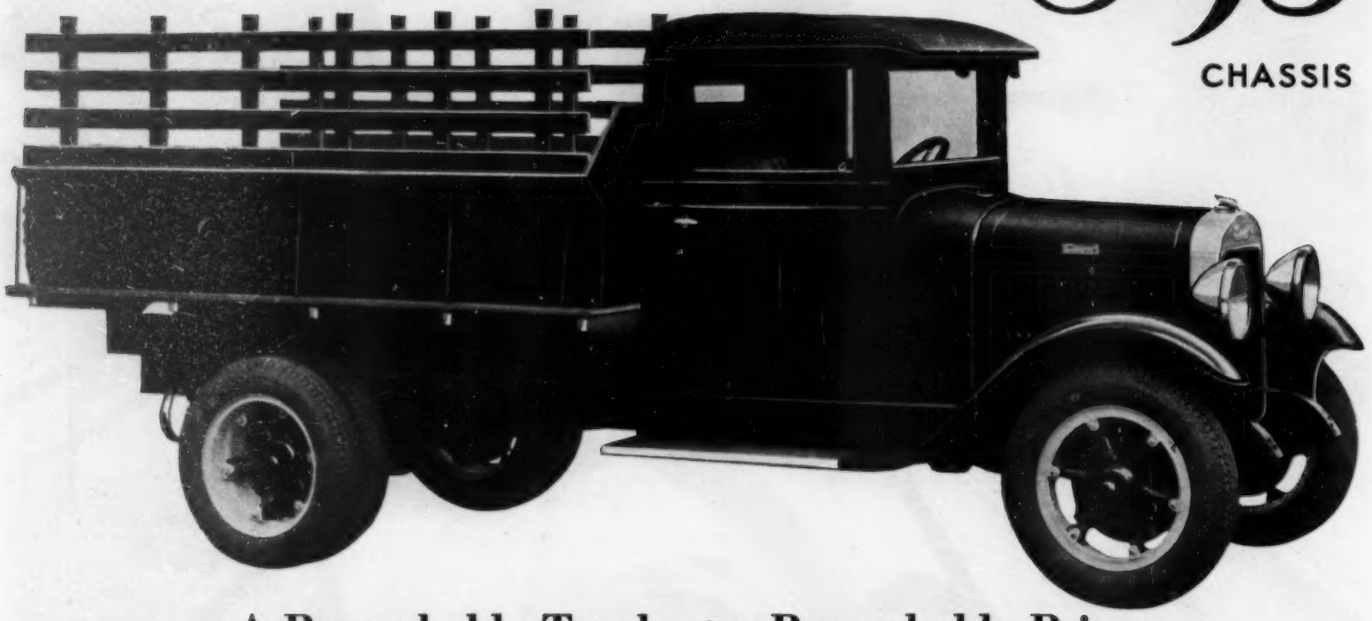

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ENGINE—Four cylinder truck motor. 3¼" bore. 4½" stroke. Six cylinder motor $100 extra.

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TRANSMISSION—4 speeds forward and one reverse. Shafts mounted on annular bearings. 11" clutch.

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REAR AXLE—Truck type, full floating; heavy cast housing. Heavy type differential mounted on Timken roller bearings.

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SPICER DRIVE SHAFT—3" tubular, for standard wheelbase with metal covered, dust proof Spicer joints. Three joint shafts on 145" and 160" wheelbase chassis.

TIRES—6.50—20 balloons, dual rear.

WHEELS—Metal. Six spokes, demountable rims.

WHEELBASE—Standard wheelbase 130". 145" and 160" at extra cost.

Stewart Trucks have won—By costing less to run

(Continued from Page 102)

we also—by attacking the problem as entire instead of temporizing. If a thing must be done, it is well to do it and get it over with.

Our experience has been that the permanent displacing of men by machinery is not a fact. The phrase "technological unemployment" has been invented to cover this condition and, though no one has suggested that improvements in machine equipment should not be made, it has been seriously suggested that the machine which once created more jobs by reason of the increased business which cheap production made possible is now actually displacing more men than business in general can reabsorb. It is not claimed that this is a sudden thing, for it is not possible to make changes quickly enough to displace any considerable number of men suddenly. But the slow increase in the numbers of displaced men over a considerable period is cited as the commencement of something serious. Now, it may be possible to show that in manufacturing plants there has been, say, something like a 1 per cent decrease in employment annually over the past seven years. And unless you know that manufacturing does not constitute the nation's largest employment opportunity, the figures may impress you. But surely the American, above all men, should realize that manufacturing is just the fountain of hundreds of forms of employment not remotely related to manufacturing. Industry is only the starter on the employment machine. The making of automobiles has created scores of kinds of employment which have nothing to do with automobiles.

Facts and Vision to Use Them

In a town of eight hundred people, an industry employing sixty people at modern wages would create many kinds of employment for the rest of the town. So, when considering employment, you must look beyond the industrially employed, because the chief usefulness of industry to our economic situation is that it is not a whirlpool sucking all into itself, but a geyser constantly giving out; it has created more jobs outside industry than it has inside. That is a healthy condition. If progress displaces men in industry, all right. That same industry has already created places for them outside. These things are clear once they are analyzed. The difficulty is that we talk so much about industry we forget that it is only one form, though a very important form, of American activity. Technological displacement is quite a different thing from technological unemployment. And I would hazard the guess that unemployment is more common where there is no technological displacement than where there is. Our own experience is directly contrary to what the theorists say. Our employes have increased in number and our pay roll in amount, and even then we have to let work out. In 1929 we were giving work to 2200 concerns; this year we constantly use 3500 concerns out of a total of 5800 who supply us. Work is spreading instead of contracting. That is the paradox of economy. Our products have made at least ten or twenty times as much employment outside of our company as they have in it, and the lower we price our product and, consequently, the more we produce, the more useful jobs outside are created. I am referring not to the jobs in the chain of production nor to the jobs created in the servicing, the supplying and in the use of the finished thing, but to all the business consequent upon a mobile public—that is, the car on the road. The automobile industry is in itself an answer to the emotional belief that machines permanently displace men.

It is often asserted that in dealing with this whole subject of providing useful and therefore remunerative work for men we only need more facts. That is only partially true. We need more facts, but they must be universal facts and not only the facts of a local or a temporary situation and not the confirmation of traditional errors. But we need more than facts. We also need vision. For facts may be merely paving stones, but vision is the road—a road first trodden by the pioneer and afterward paved by the plodder. Not that facts and vision are opposed to each other, but the value of facts depends entirely on our vision of them. We never go forward on known facts; we learn the facts afterward. The world is the fundamental fact. How little we should ever have known of it, had we not gone forward on faith! But those of us who spend our days getting and giving experience do need facts. And also we need some rather special thinking apparatus for discarding as fact that which has ceased to be true.

A fact is a changeable thing. By the time anyone has assembled a large collection of facts on any subject, the value of the facts has usually so changed with their number and new relations that the facts are only records of the past and not guides for the present. I doubt if actually anyone has ever assembled all the facts on anything without, in the process, changing the character of every fact he possessed before. The value of facts cannot be overestimated, if they be properly used. But falsehood masquerading as facts, or facts used without imagination or discrimination, are wholly destructive.

The affairs of our people in general would be greatly benefited if our business men were better readers of the signs of the times. To be a business man is to assume the responsibility of economic leadership. When a man undertakes a business in his community, he virtually says: "I am taking upon myself part of the direction of your economic life, just as the physician takes upon himself part of the direction of your health, and the schoolmaster part of the direction of your children, and the minister part of the direction of your attitude toward spiritual realities."

If the physician were to urge upon his people every medical vagary, if the schoolmaster were to supply the frivolities more than the necessities, if the clergyman were to make confusion, extravagance and irresponsibility the end of his calling, everyone would feel that these men were outraging their professions. It is exactly the same when the business man does foolish things. He has more opportunity to do harm than anyone else, because his contact with the people is constant, while that of the others is only occasional.

Success Through Service

It is, therefore, part of the business man's duty to his community to read the signs of the times so that he may be a good and helpful leader of his people in their economic interests. He has no more right to mislead them, to lure them into wrong practices, than has the clergyman, the doctor or the schoolmaster. As things are, however, the local business men are the agents on whom the inventors of wrong economic practices depend for their popularization and spread. No wrong economic practice, no disastrous system of doing business, could possibly get a foothold except through the local business man.

We are learning that a business, to be successful—which is another way of saying "to be of the highest service"—must be in a position to control not only its prices and its wages but also its profits, and that it is the primary duty of management. An entirely new conception of business in all its relations is on the way. We are growing out of little business, with all its little thoughts.

Service is the foundation of successful business. But the word has taken on so many meanings and so often is used in such a cheap way that it is beginning chiefly to be used for the masking of hypocrisy. That a business must be devoted to the service of mankind is entirely beyond the comprehension of the man who sees things only from day to day and cannot see business or anything else in its larger aspects.

The only difficulty that anyone will meet through an absolute devotion to service in business has to do with profits. These will be embarrassingly large. Following the policy of service means directing a business instead of permitting it to be directed by outside forces. And until a man is master of his own affairs he is not really in business. A man is scarcely in business if he makes a product no better and no worse than do his fellows, pays the going rates of wages, and sells at the market prices. He may own his plant, but he does not own his business. To follow a policy of service a business must have leadership that is willing to work and to think. Then service will go through every part of the business. It will design the product and its making, sell at its own prices and pay its own wages. Inevitably it will control its own finances. And unless the finance of a business comes about as the result of its own progress—no matter what may seem to be its condition—it is heading backward and not forward.

Poverty Inexcusable

The continued success of any business is not the result of a series of lucky accidents. Plain luck may make a company apparently successful for a time, but as a business matures there need be in it no uncontrolled factors. Some outside factor such as war or political interference may change or check the progress, but otherwise a business can be its own master to a very large degree. If a dozen of the largest companies in this country were to act together in certain essentials, then it would be clearly possible to prevent those hard times that come, not through necessity but through departing from the fundamentals of service, and particularly from that fundamental of always giving value. The first sign of approaching hard times comes when prosperity seems so great that shortsighted manufacturers either lower quality or, which is more usual, raise prices in the hope of taking advantage of an undiscriminating public. The men who do this are the first to run to cover and cry hard times when the public discovers that it is being cheated and stops buying.

There is little excuse in this generation for what we call bad times. There is none at all for abject poverty. Everything that man can use is in the world waiting to be taken. All that is left for man is to extract, convert and distribute those things that nature has provided. And yet when man falls down on this job he complains of bad times, as though they are decreed by a force over which he has no control.

There are directions in which the Government can help in preventing periods of widespread unemployment due supposedly to lack of work, but actually due to the breaking of the money link between production and consumption. These will be taken up in a later article. Such measures can be helpful if they look toward the preventing of waste—waste in transportation, in the generation of power or in any other direction. But in the long run, real progress in providing well-paid work for men must come—as it has come in the past—from the insistent pressure by the leaders of business for lower prices and higher wages. As we decrease waste we increase work.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Ford and Mr. Crowther. The next will appear in the issue of August 16th.

Your Car Washed
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THIS red, white and blue metal can contains the chemically treated Las-Stik Polishing Cloth, all you need to keep your car clean all summer.

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You can earn these prizes—and plenty of spending money, too—just by serving *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to your friends and neighbors.

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I am glad to have my boy take advantage of your business training.

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ANOTHER REDSKIN BIT THE DUST!

(Continued from Page 32)

may or may not have included them as the lucky participants. Sometimes, during these gentle little feasts of reminiscence, an inquisitive person would ask one of these bad men why, since he was so horribly vicious, he did not match revolvers with some other bad, bold individual with a reputation for bullet embroidery. Often the answer would be, since any other might have caused trouble:

"Me fight him? Him with fifty notches on his gun and me only eighteen? I ain't no fool!"

The excessive number of notches on a rival's gun saved many a frontier bad man from mixing it with a person of whom he was afraid. Since most of those bad, bad boys were a fine bunch of murderers who never shot unless they were sure that their bullet would hit first, the easiest way out of trouble for one of them was to admit that though he was bad, another man was badder and by a reverent compliment reserve to himself the friendship of someone who otherwise might have been an enemy.

This writer has no affidavits on the subject, but there is a sneaking suspicion that the number of notches that were cut on gun butts in the old days, just to pass the time by whittling, were far more numerous than those that claimed a receipt in the form of a newly made grave in the local cemetery. And when one considers the notches cut by admiring friends, the number of corpseless killings swells considerably.

High above Deadwood, in lofty Mount Moriah Cemetery, lies what is left of Wild Bill Hickok. His grave is surrounded by a steel fence, while beside the headstone is a statue of what once was meant to represent Wild Bill. It is a sad representation now. Someone has knocked Wild Bill's nose off, a goodly portion of his flowing mustache has departed, and instead of being the dominant figure which he was supposed to be, the statue now shows him as chinless as a ground hog. Tourists have done it, admirers, souvenir hunters, and this isn't the first offense. In fact, until the bright idea of fencing in Wild Bill came into being, the job of furnishing mementos for worshipers at the gunman's grave was a heavy one.

A Tamer Wild Bill

At first there were only wooden headboards, but since it fell to the sexton to put up a new one every few months to take the place of the whittling stick which formed the only remainder of the marker which had gone before, a more permanent reminder was conceived in a bust of the killer. That departed also, and the statue took its place. But when a nose fled and mustache disappeared, when an ear was chipped, the six-gun mutilated and a strong firm chin became concave instead of convex, they corralled Wild Bill as the only means by which he could rest in peace. All this because some books said he had killed thirty-six men, while others, setting a minimum, made it only thirty-two. In this number, however, was included a grand holiday when ten members of an alleged gang led by Dave McCandles had tried to kill Wild Bill when he wasn't in dying humor.

Of Wild Bill, several things are certain. One is that he was just as interested in gambling as in spending his life as a crusader for law and order. Another is that he was about as talkative as a mince pie and as full of humor as an income-tax report. Wild Bill never talked of the McCandles affair—he never talked of any of his killings in fact; and in those days there were, indeed, few persons curious enough to make the request: "Bill, show me just how you killed them last three men that we buried day before yesterday."

Being a literal soul—literal enough in fact to order "five dollars' worth of limelight and smear it all over me" the first time that he ever saw his comrade, Buffalo Bill, on the stage—Wild Bill might have demonstrated without taking the bullets out of his gun. Therefore the McCandles affair was solely one of contemporaneous history, in a time when rumors were accepted as fact, barroom gossip looked upon as anything but that, and sycophants eager to enlarge upon the glory of an idol. Of the "McCandles Gang of ten men" only three graves ever have been found, as far as this writer can learn. One is that of Dave McCandles. Another is that of James Woods, a cousin, and the third of James Gordon, an employe at the stage station where the killing occurred. Thus do notches disappear.

Indians of Fiction

Thus it was also with the history of practically every frontier character. During an association of some years with William Frederick Cody—Buffalo Bill—I personally heard him deny at least a score of narrow escapes and heroic rescues with which he had been credited. But the fact that he had repudiated the stories didn't harm them at all. They went merrily on, gaining courage and dead Indians as they went. There's a reason for that, too—the fact that the general public, looking to the West as the one great romantic spot of America, wants its West as raw as possible. So why serve it well done? Indians, as an example.

Perhaps James Fenimore Cooper was responsible for it in his Leatherstocking Tales, and perhaps there really were Indians at one time or another in America who did all the wonderful things with which Cooper's noble red men were accredited. According to those standards, an Indian was the real superman. With hardly time for aim, and with a running shot, at that, he could hit anything but a fly in a circus tent. He was stoical, his features never changing expression—so stoical in fact ——

I once knew a certain motion-picture star who had read all those tales. He had played the part of an Indian in a stage production or two, according to the old familiar Uncas standards. So Indian had he become that he even felt that he looked like one, and while in Chicago one day, following an argument, he offered a wager that he could ride in the parade of a Wild West show with the rest of the Indians without a single spectator penetrating his disguise.

The bet was taken and the necessary publicity engaged in. The parade started. The only person who didn't guess correctly was a blind man. All along the route of march the cry rose constantly: "There he is! There he is—that fellow that keeps looking straight ahead all the time!"

Out of a grinning, interested, befeathered, chatting group of red-skinned persons, one sat straight as an arrow and as grim as granite. There wasn't a rule of the old traditions about Indians that he didn't observe. But someway it was all wrong.

For the Indian isn't stoical—I've seen more than one so-called brave sob in time of misfortune. He isn't flat-minded as regards emotions, particularly humor. Many of the queer stories about Indians have come from those Indians themselves, and the older and more wrinkled the brave, the better he likes a good joke. He isn't universally a perfect specimen of humanity,

and as for the old, dangerous stories of his shooting ability, the average frontiersman in his more confidential moments will assert that as a shot, the Indian was a distinct failure. He usually aimed with both eyes shut, jerked the trigger instead of squeezing it, pointed the gun in the general direction of the enemy and counted on the noise of the explosion to do as much damage as the bullet itself. As for the dangers of the plains from these same Indians, there were, of course, plenty. But there were also many deaths which were wholly unnecessary, if the word of plainsmen and wagon masters is to be accepted.

"The trouble was that we couldn't educate tenderfeet that there was always danger," an old bullwhacker of the Black Hills told me recently. "They seemed to think that the Sioux would send us a telegram before they attacked. The result was that when things had been quiet for a few weeks, they would refuse to stay where there was plenty of protection, and stray out into the foothills. Then we'd have to bury some scalped bodies—of men who had literally committed suicide by refusing to observe ordinary precautions."

But that doesn't sound so good as the whooping circle of redskins and the corralled wagon train, with bursts of yellow spitting from between the spokes. There are certain things which just must be; every old-timer must be chock-full of reminiscences and every place that looks interesting must be crammed with more history than a place situated unfortunately as regards geography.

Almost the first thing that strikes a visitor's imagination in the Black Hills or the Rocky Mountains is the thought of Indians. That same visitor, however, can ride through the thickly populated, well-farmed districts of Kansas without ever mentioning the subject. Yet there were practically no Indian battles in the Colorado Rockies, and the number of settlers killed during the entire history of the Black Hills would not equal the killings for one year during the building of the K. P. Railroad in that district of Kansas which now is passed by the tourist without ever a thought of olden times!

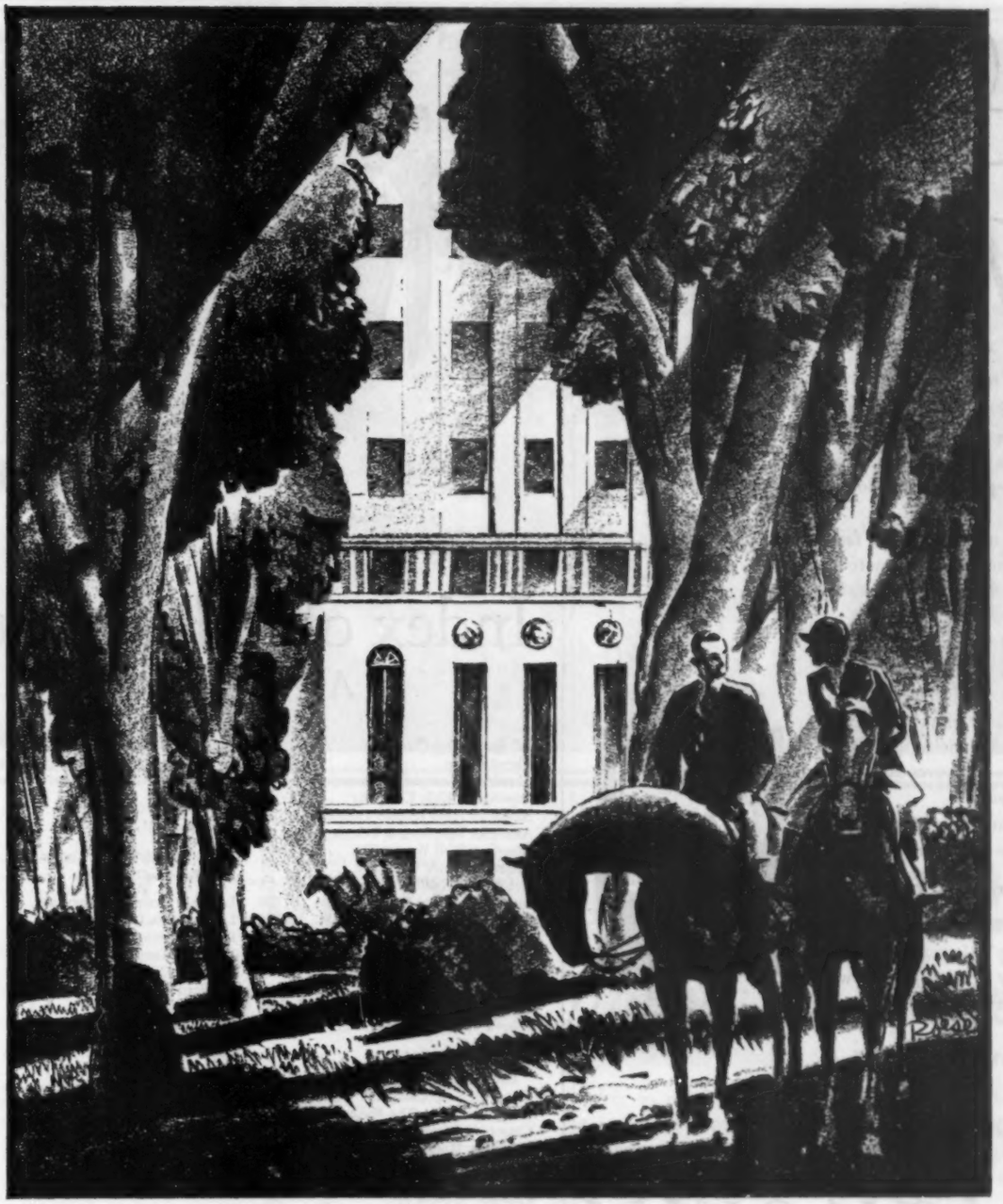
Giving 'Em What They Want

But it is tradition, and as tradition it must live; just as it is necessary that every mining town must have been a lawless, brawling camp with vigilantes working overtime and every tree decorated with human fruit. I realized this rather keenly several years ago when a town had placed me in charge of a celebration in which was reënacted the discovery of gold in Colorado. So I went into the district's history. No, there never had been a really bad man in the town. Neither had there ever been a legal execution, much less a lynching.

But with a true reverence for tradition, I couldn't stop at that. At last I found what I wanted—a nice large cottonwood tree in the center of town, with a limb jutting forth at exactly the right height to accommodate an unfortunate with a noose about his neck. When the celebration blared into being, there was a constant crowd about that tree; it bore a carefully painted sign which read:

THE OLD HANGING TREE
1859–1872

After the celebration, that others might reap the benefits, the sign was allowed to stand. During the tourist months cars stop there often and the occupants gaze and shiver with the thought of the terrible days that were, while tradition has built up, together with names and dates, a list of eleven men who dangled from that jutting limb, back in the 60's, when life was cheap and the West was in the raw. There is only one conflicting note about it—that old hanging tree is exactly thirty-six years old!



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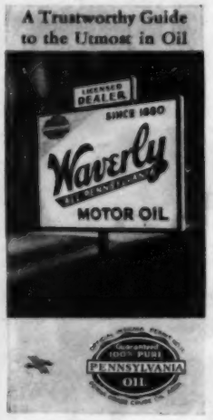

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1880
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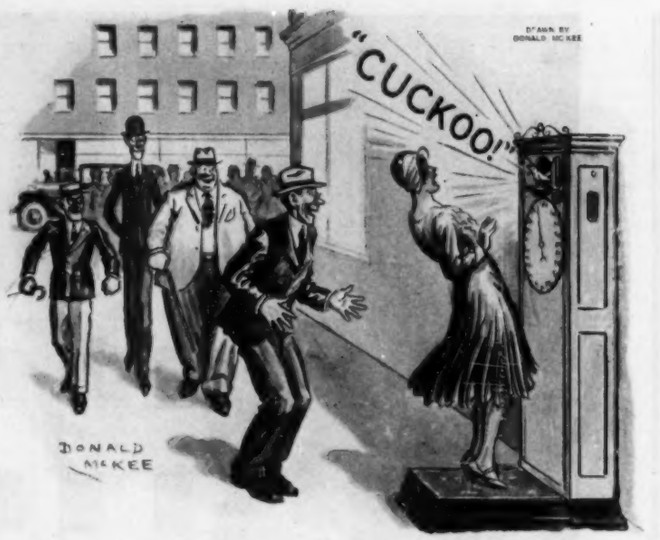
FIFTY YEARS
of Faith, Effort and Ambition to Excel



If the Weighing-Machine Magnates Did Their Duty

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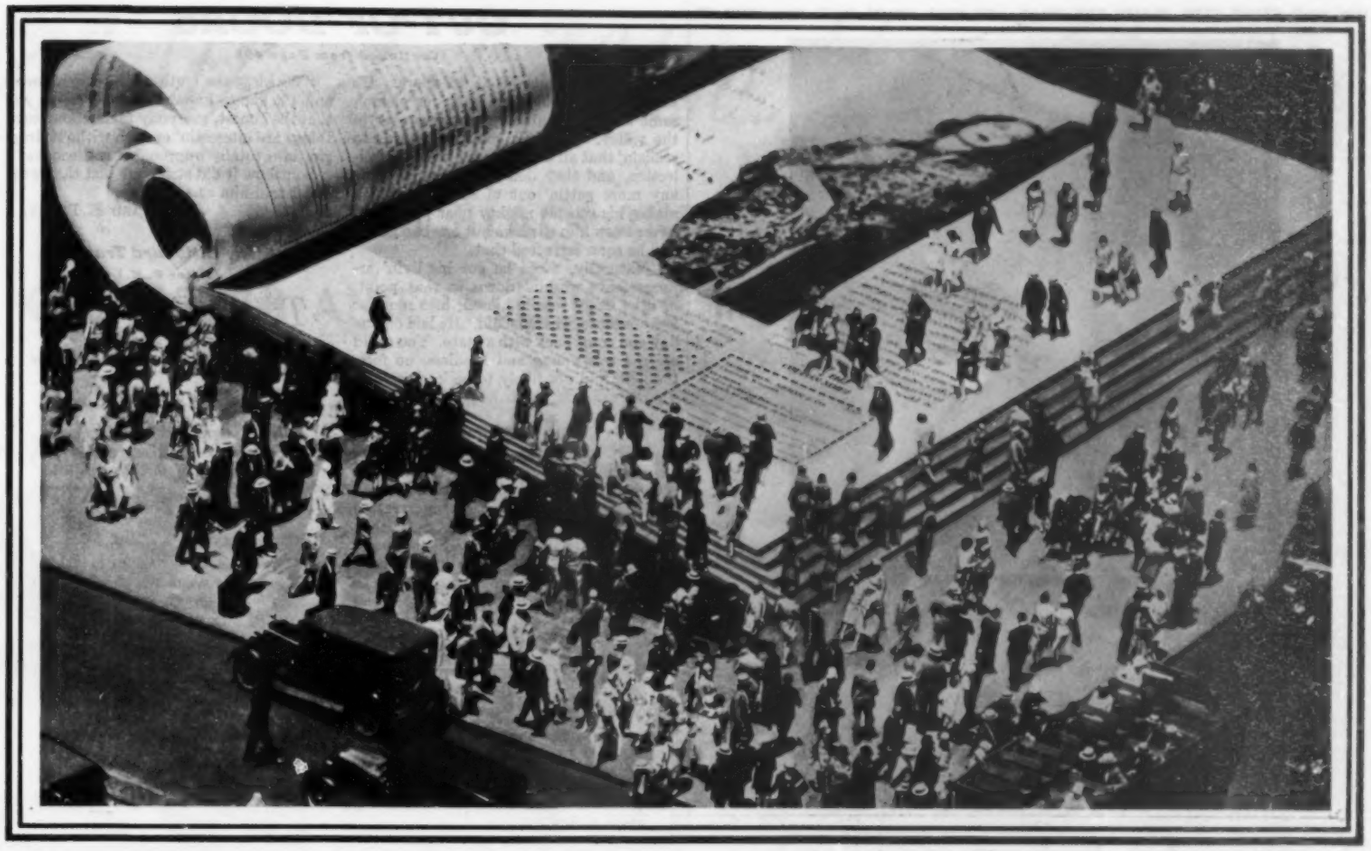

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to the most useful library in the world

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Many people do not know yet that through the coupon in the corner of advertisements they may enter the most useful library on earth.

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If it were not for Better Paper you could not get this Better Printing.

It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

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The result is better printing on better paper at lower costs to printers and buyers of printing.

So, when a good printer suggests the use of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, he is thinking not alone of a better piece of printing, but also of the savings that will result.

If you are a printer, or if you sell with the help of printing, our coupon clipped and returned will bring details of this Warren program, and a series of mailings that will help in the planning and preparation of printed pieces.

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Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

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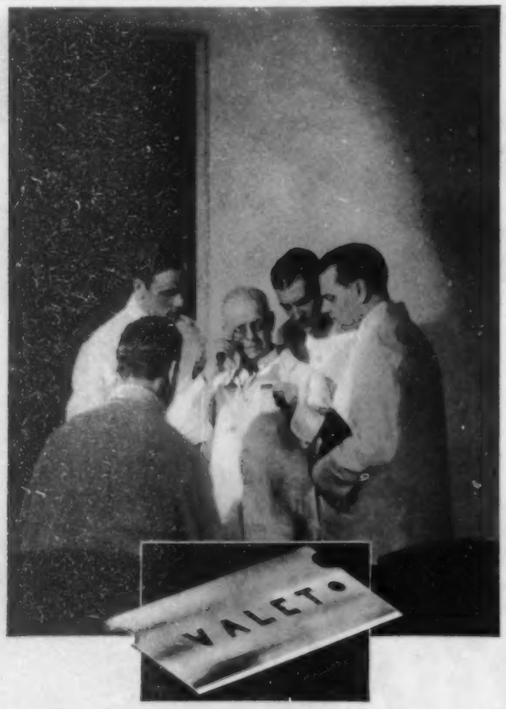

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Physicians and dermatologists prescribe Valet for relief of skin troubles caused by harsh shaving.

Valet's advanced precision methods finish triple-hardened steel to a micro-perfect edge of marvelous keenness. Magnetic testing and magnifying mirror inspection assure utmost uniformity.

The new Valet blade is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—the only razor that does not require removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning, and always holds the edge at a friendly shaving angle.

Keep your face young—your skin clear. Shave with this amazingly keen blade—preferred by men who know steel and prescribed by those who know faces.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET
Auto-Strop BLADE

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 43)

until there's plenty of it to spare. He knows exactly when it's ready for pickin', same as them cantaloupe farmers over in the valley. And he's got them lizards to realizin' that all he's after is his regular collection, and they don't waste much time any more gettin' out of his way; which makes his scheme mighty near perfect. I never knew him to make but one bad guess, and he soon corrected that.

"Naturally, when he got his livin' arrangements workin' down to that point, he'd be likely to idle himself into more or less nonsense, which he did. He laid off one day and come back with a mate. You could see she was young and heedless, no forethought, and not likely to be interested in a goin' concern which was payin' reliable dividends.

"When she found one of them reconciled and trustful lizards, she'd just gobble the whole reptile, no matter how generous he shed himself. The old boy done his best to explain and demonstrate his conservation system, but she only laughed at him; then she grew proud and haughty. So he chased her down the trail, feathers flyin', and I never saw her again. That was a lesson to lots of married folks, too, if they'd been there to benefit by it.

"Which is the truth as to road runners, and I'd like to know if it don't strike you that the honest, everyday facts about such things are interestin' enough without draggin' in a totally improbable rattlesnake?"

Somehow it did strike me just that way, and I told him so.

—EDWARD E. PERRY.

The Billboard Trail

(After R. K.)

THE wind-swept grade for the mountain fan,
The dune for the seaside rover,
And the billboard marring the scene we scan,
Ever the wide land over.

Follow the trend of the state highway
Through forest and vale and wold,
And the posters lift through the dust cloud's drift
To shut out the views of old.

Ever the billboard trail, dear lass,
And memory mourns in vain;
So come with me and we'll travel by sea
Or tour the world in a plane!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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THAT TAKES BLACK AND WHITE, KODACOLOR AND TELEPHOTO MOVIES

Weighs only 3 lbs. 11½ ozs.

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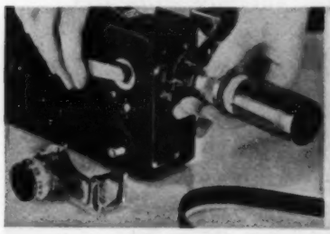

It's a matter of seconds to slip one lens off and another on the new Model K Ciné-Kodak. Takes *f*.3.5, *f*.1.9, and *f*.4.5 (long-focus) lenses.

Half Speed—

Pressing a handy button automatically reduces the speed from 16 exposures per second (normal) to 8 per second. This is a big advantage in dull light.

YOU'LL call it marvelous . . . nothing less. Marvelously complete . . . marvelously compact! It's all you can ask any home movie camera to be . . . yet hardly larger than a novel.

It's the new Ciné-Kodak Model K. With it you can make black and white movies, telephoto movies, and Kodacolor—movies in full color.

Two features of the new Model K give it this wide range of use . . . interchangeability of lenses, and half-speed operation at the press of a button.

For ordinary use, the *f*.3.5 lens is completely satisfactory. But instantly interchangeable with the *f*.3.5 is the faster, more versatile, *f*.1.9 lens. The *f*.1.9 is required for Kodacolor.

Still a third lens, fitting the Model K, is the *f*.4.5 long-focus for telephoto effects.

The half-speed feature gives each picture a longer exposure, a great help in overcoming poor light.

The capacity of the Model K is 100 feet, though 50-foot reels may be used. Its spring motor is crank-wound and will run as long as a half minute at one winding.

The Model K is richly finished in beautiful leathers—black, brown, blue and gray—and is sold in a combination carrying case with room for extra film, Ciné-Kodak Filter Outfit and long-focus lens. Equipped with *f*.1.9 lens, the Model K camera weighs only 3 pounds, 11½ ounces.

For Distance-Telephoto Effect

Use of the *f*.4.5 long-focus lens gives a telephoto effect by enlarging the size of the image on the film to three times the width and height the other lenses permit.

Takes Movies in Full Color—

Model K with *f*.1.9 lens takes movies in Kodacolor—full, natural color—when used with Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film. As easy to make as black and white.

Your Ciné-Kodak dealer is now showing, in addition to the Model K, the new Model M Ciné-Kodak. A 100-foot capacity camera equipped with *f*.3.5 lens only. The lightest camera taking 100 feet of 16 mm. film. It is finished in black only and sold with carrying case to match.

Model K with *f*.3.5 lens is $110, with case . . . with *f*.1.9 lens, $150 with case. Long-focus lens for telephoto effect and Kodacolor Filter are sold as accessories. Model M, with case, is priced at only $75.

Complete outfits—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector, and Screen—as low as $143.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Ciné-Kodak

MODEL K

An "Energy" Breakfast *in a Hurry*

In summer as well as winter, 70% of the day's activities fall in the morning hours, say authorities. Here's a breakfast that protects against hot weather's drain on vitality. And provides zestful, delicious flavor to tempt summer appetites.

Two Quaker Oats enthusiasts, Buddy Ryan and Bob Foerster, get an early morning start on a vacation cross country trip.

"Mornings are busy on the farm," says Mrs. Allen Routley, mother of five. "So I always serve Quaker Oats. My husband says that they stand by better."

A delicious breakfast that cooks faster than toast or coffee and provides needed energy for vacation activities.

DON'T lower health standards in summer with inadequate breakfasts!—warn nutritionists. In summer it's more important than ever that breakfast provide sustaining energy. Energy that protects you against hot weather's drain on vitality. Keeps you feeling alert, at your best all morning long, instead of dull and draggy. As an energy breakfast, nutritionists agree that Quaker Oats stands unsurpassed.

Not like ordinary oats

Quaker Oats protect against fatigue . . . give more sustaining energy . . . because the Quaker process retains the vital part of the oat. The very part where Nature stores the choicest portion of her 3 great protective foods, proteins, minerals and vitamins. Thus in Quaker you get half again as much protein, the repair material for wornout nerves and muscles, as you do in ordinary highly milled cereals. You get 65% energy food—abundant vitamin B—rich minerals . . . plus the roughage to make laxatives unnecessary.

Fastest of all quick cooking oats

And Quick Quaker is ready without fuss, bother, or double boiler in less time than it takes to make toast or coffee. 2½ minutes from the time the water boils it's deliciously done, ready to eat. That's because Quaker Oats are not only heat seasoned in closed containers for 36 hours, but in addition the choice whole oats are roasted in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This roasting so perfectly pre-cooks the oats that they cook done. And also gives Quaker that rich, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Protect your health against summer's morning fatigue with this energizing, sustaining breakfast. Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Both packages give you ⅓ more oats than most millers pack. Look for the Quaker figure and the Quaker name on the box. They are your guarantee of finer flavor . . . richer nutrition. The Quaker Oats Company.

Unsurpassed in nutrition qualities

1. ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.
2. ***Fastest*** of all quick cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.
3. ***Health qualities unsurpassed*** —16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.
4. ***Rich flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Just as Quaker Oats are superior – all Quaker products are superior to others of their kinds. If you do not agree, we shall gladly remit you the cost of the package. Treat the family to Muffets, the whole wheat biscuit with sunshine vitamin.

Quaker Oats . . . *two kinds . . . Quick Quaker Oats*

Your Strongest Suit~ A FACE THAT'S FIT!

Before Face Fitness come character, health, intelligence. But these qualities are seldom associated with a man unless he is scrupulously careful of his personal appearance.

And for those who know the value of Face Fitness, the Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva—is, indeed, their strongest suit. It begins the day for some millions of men.

First, Williams Shaving Cream. Lather that is quick and moisture laden. Cool, with the coolness that comes from a perfect blend of proven ingredients. Without sting, *then* or *thereafter*. Lather that soothes and softens. Unclogs pores. Lather for the skin as well as for the beard. Standard for ninety years. Why shouldn't the drug clerk say, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Then, Aqua Velva, just for after-shaving. Gives a stimulating thrill that makes you *want* to shave.

Tones up. Invigorates. Protects. Takes care of tiny nicks and cuts, hardly ever seen—but *there*. Conserves the natural moisture that's essential to a good complexion.

At the end of the shave, where shaving happiness belongs, this rare Aqua Velva blend gives a sparkling sense of pleasure. And it lasts all day long. For Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit.

Let this Williams Shaving Service prove that it can be your strongest suit in keeping *your* Face Fit. Try the Free Samples. Send the coupon or a post card.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very quick. Very cool. Very new. Ask your dealer.

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. P60, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 3882 ST. PATRICK ST., MONTREAL

Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

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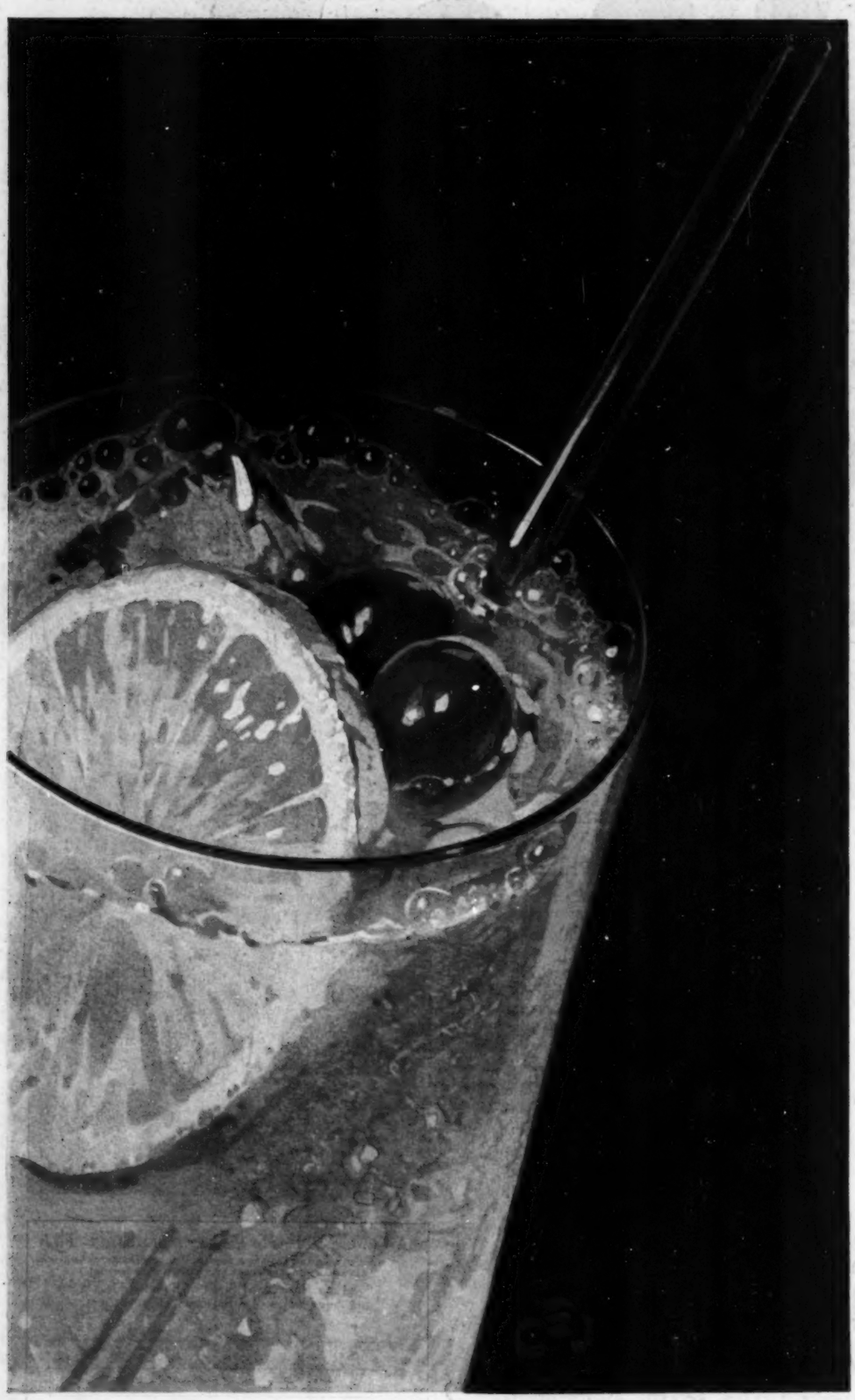
COOL...Cooling
healthful Sunkist Lemonade



THIRST-QUENCHING honors have long been awarded to *fresh* California Sunkist Lemonade. Now scientific research has proved that Lemons are among the chief sources of vitamin "C", which, it has recently been found, cannot be stored in the body and should, therefore, be taken in adequate amount daily.

Science not only advises the drinking of fresh fruit Lemonade, but urges that you drink it liberally every day. Now you know what is safest and best—*fresh* Lemonade helps answer the problem of keeping physically fit whether you're young or old.

Instantly satisfying and lastingly refreshing, the energizing tartness of Sunkist Lemonade goes direct to the spot—you enjoy immediate natural "pick-up"; fatigue, headache, logginess pass off. Drink it at home, with meals, or order it at any one of the more than 55,000 fresh fruit drink stands that display the big Sunkist Extractor. See it made!

Sunkist Lemons, like Sunkist Oranges, are rich in vitamin "C", hence this valuable health hint—add the *fresh* juice of half a Lemon—or more—to a glass of Sunkist Orange Juice. Two eight-ounce glasses of these blended juices will give you an adequate daily supply of vitamin "C". Many prefer the combined flavors.

Besides, both these California fruits are *alkaline in reaction* in the body and are potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis. Write for the new edition of "Telling Fortunes with Foods" which discusses Acidosis and gives normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an authority.

California Sunkist Lemons are fresh in your market every day in the year. Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper—it assures dependable quality.

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Sunkist
California
Lemons

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor. Simple to operate: only two instantly removable parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the Lemon or Orange Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Obtainable with alabaster glass bowl, $14.95 delivered in U. S. A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. Canada delivery price $19.95. Send for new free catalog of "Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories".

Dealers using the Sunkist Extractor make drinks to your order from fresh Lemons or Oranges rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. PROSPECTIVE Buyers: Write to address below for full information about the unusual profit-making possibilities and practical merchandising cooperation offered with this speedy, efficient machine. Please state business.

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